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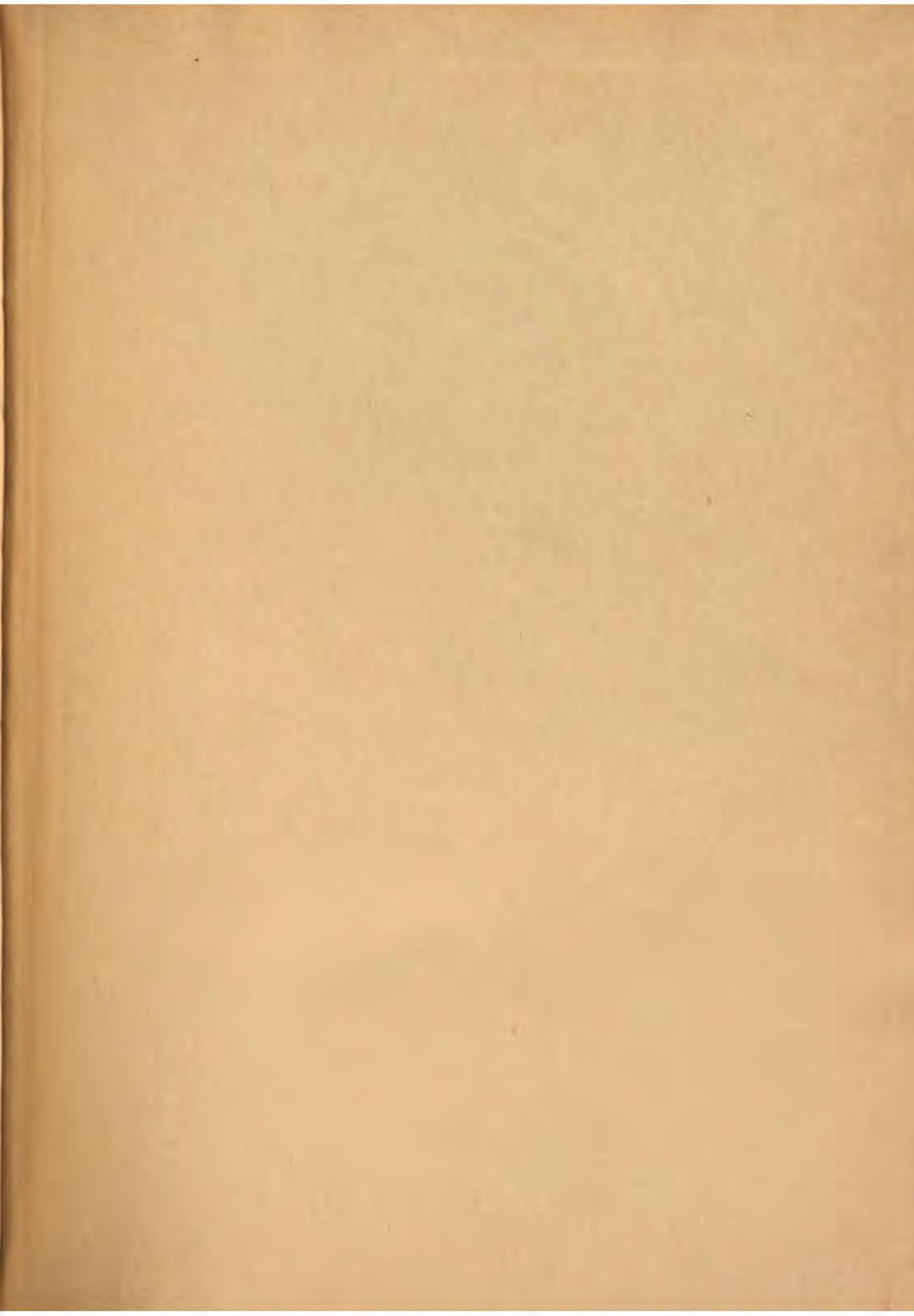
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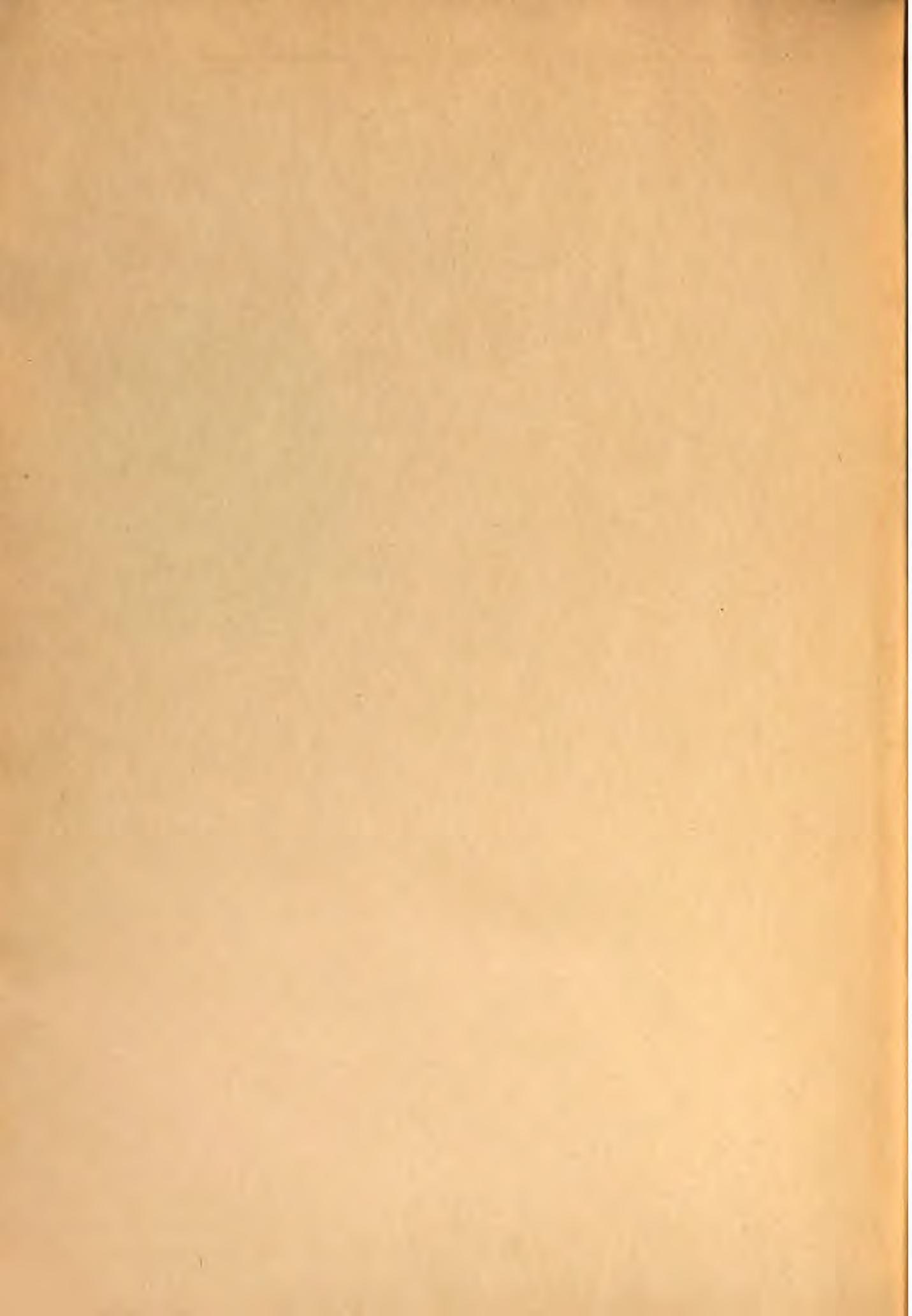
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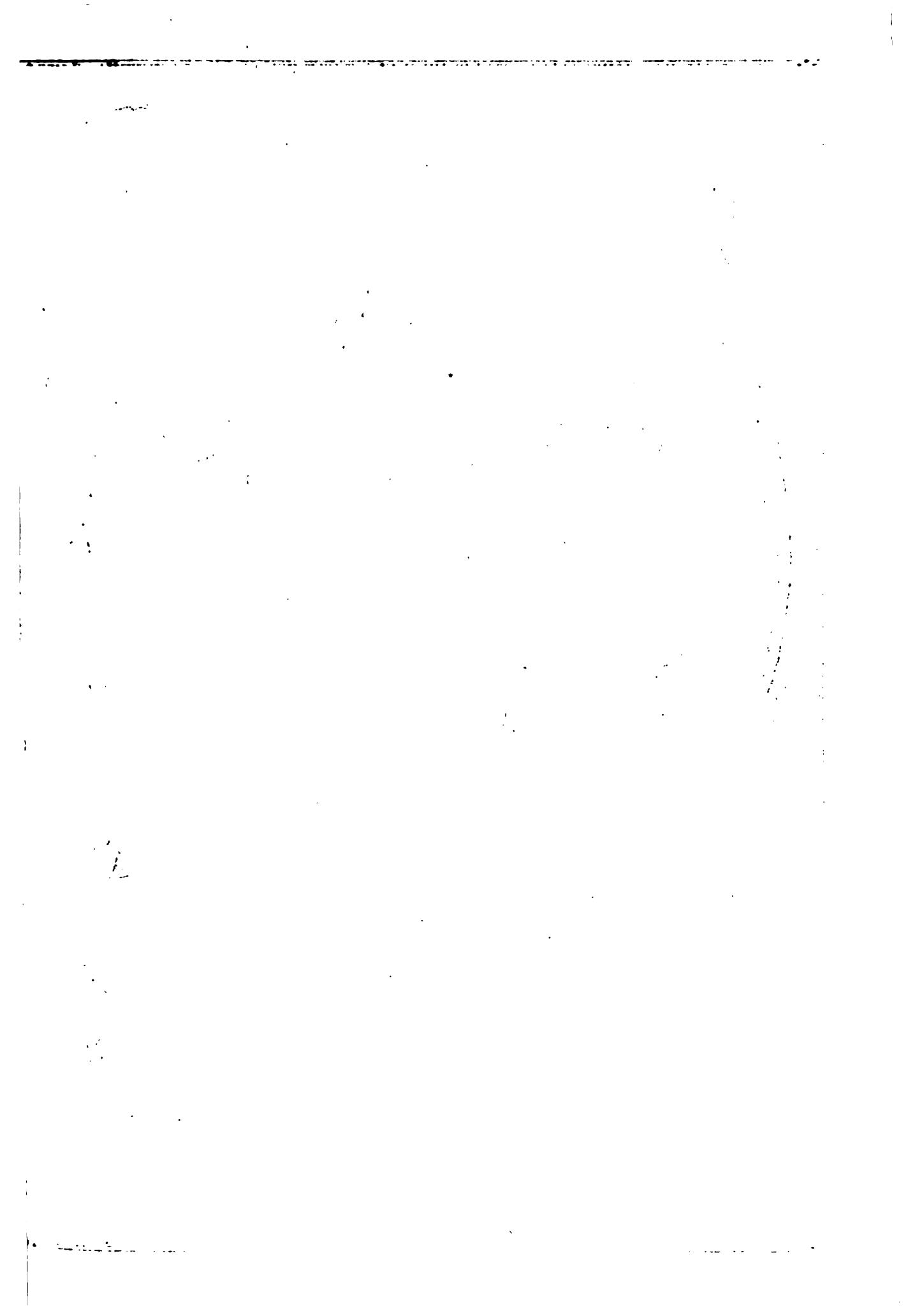
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YANKEE NOTIONS.



VOLUME THREE.

NEW-YORK;
PUBLISHED BY T. W. STRONG,
66 NASSAU STREET.

1854.

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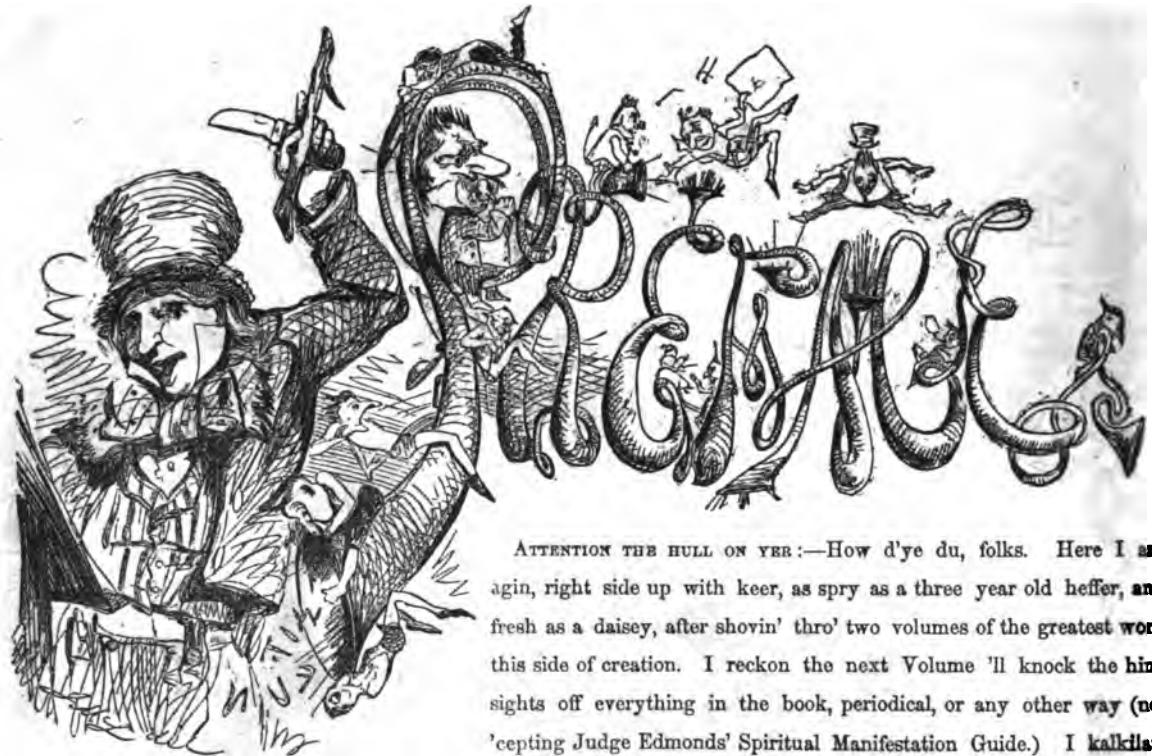
Vol. III.

JANUARY. 1854

No. 1.



Halt! S-t-a-n-d, the hull on ye; can't ye hear? Feller citizens and sogers in arms, we've been tu the country, met the enemy, an' we bored 'em, (the target, I mean.) Feller sogers, you've 'quitted yerselves gloriously, The prizes hev bin won (I am happy to inform yeu) by them that won 'em! Yen Peleg, can't yer stand in ranks, darn yer, an' not be waverin' about like a stick stuck in soft mud? (I kalkilate he traded off that copy of the Yankee Notions he won for sperits.) Feller sogers, the eyes of the hull population is on yer (here yen Soapy, yen needn't be lookin up that to the Herald Office, HE can't see yer) we've proved ourselves the pride of the Target Kumpaines, and a terror tu furrin nations and other countries—let's always be so. (I'll put 'em thru the revolutions.) Sogers! 'ten-t-i-o-n! file rite; forr'd march! (blow your trumpet, Gabril,) back in the rear three steps, halt—go ahead—carry, shoulder, an trall arms—eyes right an left, make ready, charge bagnets, fire, murder, ramrods retreat, charge, camps, cannon balls, powder an shot! Halt! the hull on yer. Talk about yer Scott tack-ticks, what do yer think of Uncle Jonathan's revolutions, eh? Sogers, disperse! git out! go hum the hull on yer!



ATTENTION THE HULL ON YER:—How d'ye du, folks. Here I am agin, right side up with keer, as spry as a three year old heffer, and fresh as a daisey, after shovin' thro' two volumes of the greatest work this side of creation. I reckon the next Volume 'll knock the hind sights off everything in the book, periodical, or any other way (not cepting Judge Edmonds' Spiritual Manifestation Guide.) I kalkilate

on increasin' my supply of Jack Knives and Shingles, and am goin' to whittle down the blue devils, and them kind of things to a sharp point, and tack up the Yankee Notions all around the country with them. So look out.

Why, one of our fust chop 'scribers from away up in Persimmen County, called on us the other day and after introducin', said:

"You're Jonathan, ain't yer?"

Says we, "yes!"

"Wall, Jonathan, I've 'cribed tu that paper of your'n ever since it kem out, and I've only one objection to make tu it."

"What on yearth can it be?" says we.

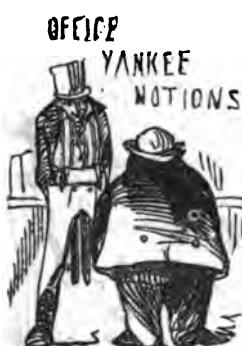
"Why, I'll tell yer," sez he; "it's almost ruined me. It's been makin' me tu fat," sez he. "I'm a most busted buyin' clothes; fur every



time the Yankee Notions cum in the door, in the mornin', shure I hev to hitch up old Dobbin and cum down tu town, to order a new suit, with an inch or tu added on to the waist band."

I pitied that feller, but couldn't help him eny further than reckomendin' a few doses of Picks, Pickayunes, or something soothing to the nerves. But it's no use talkin', I want you all to laff and grow fat. I want you to kick the doctors eout and take the Yankee Notions in. Consult it, ef you feel weak. Why, jest look at it, and ef you don't git strong, why take my head fur a foot ball.

I see Turkey and Roosha is a pitchin' intu each other like fits. Now I know it's all on account of the mail failing, and them fellers not getting the Notions reglar. Cause Nickles has rit me, that as long as the Yankee Notions was about, a kitten might play with him, he was so good humored. I can't say ef he would like a Turkey to roost en him or not.





But hold up, I had a most forgot to wish you all a glorious Christmas and Happy New Year. Gosh a'mighty how I'd like to shake yer all by the hands, but that 'ud be impossible, ten buisey, without I'd hire some feller with the fever and aggy to do the shakin' fur me.

I suppose you've all hear'n tell of the Big Fire that was rumagin' up our affairs, a usin' up presses, type, wood cuts, building and all, haven't yer? Hot times was about that day; sitch a gittin' up stairs and down agin, was never seen afore. It was orful to see how our big press was gittin' licked out



of shape. The walls a fallin' and smashin' up things—men a hollerin' fire—engines at work—and the fire a jumpin' about, jest like a hull swam of big red Injins a cumin' down on some unfortunate back-woods settlement. I tell you what, Jonathan's back was up, to see all the rich jokes and chunks of fun a fryin' up, and thinking what a disappointed world ther'd be in loosin' them.

But we ain't a cook'd Yankee yet. It only gives us a new chance tu begin, and git out a paper that'll lick all its predecessors. New type, presses, &c., ain't a goin' tu spile a paper. So look out fur the next volume. It'll be an eye opener and side shaker, I tell yer. So o'river.



Grace before Meat.



one time ago, in the days of King Charles and the Puritans, when the latter were in their craziest state, they were noted for the queer names of their generally ponderous writings.

"A spoonful of mush for Gospel babes." "The Spiritual Bottle, or every man his own wine merchant." "The magic lantern of Godliness," such were some of their titles, and by no means the worst of them.

From that day to this the custom has prevailed, though not, we are happy to say, to

any great extent. N. P. Willis, however, seems determined to do all that he can to bring it into vogue again, and make it as ridiculous as possible. One of his volumes published a year or two ago he christened "Hurry-Graphs," and now he comes out with another entitled "Fun Jottings, or Laughs I have taken a pen to."

Can the absurd go farther? Laughs I have taken a pen to? what kind of laughs are they, Mr. Willis, horse laughs, or laughs in the sleeve, or what? Pray enlighten us on the subject.

And, by the by, while you are about it, just let us know why you changed your old initials "N. P." into "N. Parker." Was it because Cooper set the fashion by changing his "J. F." into "J. Fennimore," or because it sounds more aristocratic? Whatever the reason, you have made a mistake, and had better be the old N. P. Willis again, or even plain "Nat Willis," the nattiest of all our scribblers.

The Fox Hunt.

Mr. Bourcicault, the popular author of "London Assurance," is now in our midst, superintending the production of his new play, "The Fox Hunt," at Burton's Theatre, and delivering a series of bright and sparkling lectures. Mr. Bourcicault is not a great dramatist, but as things go now a days, he is a fine one, and his plays are pretty sure to play well. "London Assurance," is heartless, but witty and pointed. "Old Heads and Young Hearts," full of kindly feeling, and its happiest character, old "Jesse Rural," is really a beautiful creation.

"The Fox Hunt," Mr. Bourcicault's latest, is founded on an anecdote related of Garrick. The critic of *The Daily Times*, has made the discovery that the subject has been worked up by a French dramatist, and accuses Mr. Bourcicault of having stolen from him. The coincidences which he points out as existing between the plays of the French and English authors, are certainly in favor of the charge though hardly strong enough to convict the latter in the face of his denial to the contrary. The anecdote upon which both plays are founded demanded a peculiar treatment before it could be rendered dramatic, and both dramatists, if they understood their profession, would naturally hit upon it.

Admitting, however, the fact of theft, it is nothing more than every dramatist of the present day does, and will do to the end. There is absolutely nothing new, in new plays. The modern French Theatre is a mine to the play writers of England, and one of which they avail themselves without stint. What the public want is good plays; French, English, or what not, it is nothing to them, so that the plays are only good. If Mr. Bourcicault's "Fox Hunt" has merit, and it certainly has, it is nothing to the people of New York, and the rest of the world, whether it be French, English, or High Dutch—the critic of "The Times" to the contrary, notwithstanding. Whether it would not have been better for Mr. Bourcicault to have acknowledged the coincidences between his "Fox Hunt," and M. D'Ennery's "Sullivan," is a matter of opinion. For our part, however, we think it could, and are sorry that Mr. Bourcicault did not do so at first.

The following is one of the toasts given at the celebration of the Fourth of July, out west; "American Youth—may their ambition reach as high as their standing collars."

ITEMS.

It is said that Alexander Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, intends taking up his residence in America. Considering that Dumas has negro blood in his veins, we don't think he will make much by the operation. He may succeed as a first rate barber, or mammoth oyster house keeper, but he will hardly get into our best, viz., into our good fish society. Stay at home Monsieur, and give us inimitable novels, don't come over, and subject yourself to insult.

The excitement loving portion of the community are death just now on the Irish patriot John Mitchell, trying to get up a public procession, a public dinner, and any amount of champagne and turbid eloquence, (the latter their own). This is well enough, as far as it goes, but if they wish to be of any real service to Mr. Mitchell, there is a shorter and easier way of doing it viz., by putting their hands in their pockets. Mr. Mitchell is a poor man, and a collection would be more serviceable to him just at present than a large number of processions. Hand round the plate.

It is said that President Pierce and the Cabinet still have a sort of regard for Bennett of the *Herald*, notwithstanding his daily abuse of them, and think of giving him the French Mission, and recalling our present Minister to England, leaving Bennett to look after that at the same time. If there is any man in the state capable of fixing his eyes on ten things at the same time, it is James Gordon Bennett, and we hope that he may get what he deserves.

A Circle of table-tippers, the other evening, says the *Tribune*, after receiving much profound knowledge concerning the planets, asked the spirits to tell them "the use of comets?" The following philosophical and satisfactory reply was received—"To eat their tails."

ACTORS AND PREACHERS.—"Pray, Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop Sancroft, of the celebrated actor, "can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real, while we in the Church speak of things real, which our congregation receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know, unless we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

Judge B——, in reprimanding a criminal, among other names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied:

"Sir, I am not so big a scoundrel as your honor," here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be."

"Put your words closer together," said the Judge, reddening.

When a handsome young man marries a vinegar-faced old maid with four thousand dollars, it is all for love—of her money.



A FELLOW FEELING FOR A FELLOW BEING.

"I wonder how he feels."

Yankee Ingenuity.

In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets—in others we do—and where it is agin law, it is two dollars fine in a general way. Well, Sassy went down to Boston to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So soon as he gets off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on, smoking like a furnace-fire. No sooner said than done. Up steps a constable and says:

"I'll trouble you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the streets."

Sassy was as quick as a wink on him. "Smoking?" says he. "I warn't a smokin'."

"O, my," says constable, "how you talk, man. I won't say you lie, 'cause it ain't polite, but it's very like the way I talk when I fib. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?"

"No," says Sassy, "you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes, they can't be depended on more than other people's, I never trust mine, I can assure you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I liked the flavor of tobacco, but not to smoke. I take it, it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seemin' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and his own subject too. No I warn't smokin', and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it ain't so. It hasn't got no fire in it."

Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it in his own mug, and draws it away, and out comes the smoke like anythin'.

"I'll trouble *you* for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff's representative," says Sassy, "for smokin' in the streets; do you understand, my old 'coon?"

Well, constable was taken all aback, he was finely bit.

"Stranger," says he, "where was you raised?"

"To Canady line," says Sassy.

"Well," says he, "you're a credit to your broughtens up. We'll let the fine drop, for we are about even, I guess. Let's liquor;" and he took him into a bar and treated him to a mint julep. It was generally considered a great bite that, and I must say I don't think it was bad—do you?

Cuvier and Satan.

It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the tooth of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a personage, whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly "rich":—In the Gentleman's Magazine for this month, an article called "Traits of the Trappists," and bearing the signature of "John Doran," concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "Horns! hoofs! graminivorous! Needn't be afraid of him!"

"My tale is ended," as the tadpole said when he turned into a frog.



HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD.

It is pleasant to come home late at night, and find the new boarder has taken possession of your bed.



Julian's Concerts—BEATING TIME.

The Snake-bitten Dutchman.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighooffer—of German descent and accent, too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighooffer had once served as a member of the Legislature, and “no fool,” and as he had long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon young Peter and old Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman’s farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day, in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out,

“Oh! mine Gott, Peter!”

“What’s de matter, fader?” answered the son, straightening up and looking toward his sire.

“O, mine Gott, Peter!” again cries the old man.

“Donder!” echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man. “Fader, what’s de matter?”

“O, mine Gott, Peter, der shnake bit mine leg.”

If anything in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes, for he had once crippled himself for life by trampling upon a crooked stick, which broke his ankle and so horrified the youngster, that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back nimbly as a wire dancer, and bawled in turn. “Where is de snake?”

“Aup mine trowsis, Peter—O, mine Gott!”

“O, mine Gott!” echoed Peter junior, “kill him, fader.”

“No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come, come quick.”

But Peter, the youngster’s cowardice overcame his filial love, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started, like a scared locomotive, to call the old burley Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give the father a lift with the snake. Old Jake, the farmer’s assistant, came bumbling along, as soon as he heard the news, and passing by the fence, whereon Peter and his boy had hung up their “linsey woolsey” vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

“O, mine Gott! Come—come quick, Yacob!”

“Vat you got, eh? Shnake?”

“Yaw, yaw. Come, come Yacob! He bite me all to pieces—here aup mine leg.”

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a “pizen” reptile is making a levy. Gathering up the stiff dry stalk of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill it stone dead—and old man Peter, less loth to have his leg broken than to be bitten to death by the viper, designated the spot to strike and old Jake let him have it.

The first blow broke the weed, and also knocked old Peter off his pegs on a haycock.

“O!” roared old Peter, “you have broke mine leg, and te tam shnake’s got away.”

“Vere? vere?” cried old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon.

“Never mind him, Yacob; help me aup, I’ll go home.”

“Put on your vhest den; here it is,” said the old crout-eater, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment on his humpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in his face—his hair stood on an end, “like squills upon the frightful porkenhime,” as Mrs. Partington observes; he shivered; he shook; his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked a *staccato* accompaniment.

“Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I’m dead as nits!”

“Vat? Isch nodder shnake in your throwers?”

“No, a—look! I’m swelt all aup! Mine vhest won’t go on mine back! Oh! mine Gott!”

“Tonner and blixin!” cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main lugged and carried the boss some quarter of a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinced it for home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in high strikes when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in and began to die, natural as life, when in cometh the old lady in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up his pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

“Call dish a shnake? Bah!” says the old woman.

“O, but I’m pizhened to death, Molly. See, I’m all pizen, mine vhest not come over mine body at all.”

“Haw! haw! haw!” roared the old woman. “Vat a fool. You got Peter’s vhest on.”

“Bosh!” roars old Peter, shaking off Death’s icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up. “Yacob, vat a old fool you must be, to say I vas shnake-bit. Go bout your bishness, gals. Peter, bring me some beer.” The old woman saved Peter’s life.



Our bashful young man gets a chance with the object of his adoration and tells her that—the weather has been much colder for the last few days.

The object of adoration, who has given him all reasonable encouragement, is intensely disgusted at his stupidity.



An aggravated case of Yellow Fever.

The Arkansas Judge.

In one of the small towns in the cotton growing part of Arkansas, the merchants ship cotton for the planters of the back counties, on commission. One of the most respectable merchants of said town—whom we will call Smith—received, last year, eight bales of cotton from one of his customers from a neighboring county, Jesse Morris by name, and gave his receipt therefor. In due time the cotton was sold, and the merchant wrote to Morris to come in and settle their accounts, which he did, and, on settlement, it was found that Morris was still indebted to his merchant \$68—having overdrawn his crop to that amount—for which he gave his note to Smith.

Some months afterward, the note having become due, and remaining unpaid, Smith sent it, amongst others, to one Stokerly Hefler, a justice of peace in Morris's county, for collection. The justice accordingly brought suit on it, but, before judgment, he died; and the said Jesse Morris was appointed his successor, and took charge of his docket, papers, &c.

In due time his court day came on. After disposing of several small cases, he reached the case of Smith *vs.* Morris, and, although he was a party to the suit himself, he decided that as his predecessor had commenced the suit, he had, as his successor, a right to finish it, and called out:

"Mr. Constable, call the plaintiff,"—who, of course, was not present; and the case proceeded as follows:

Justice (Morris).—I want you all to take notice that I try this case by the strict rules of eternal justice, not the rules that these young lawyers have brought up here to fool honest men out of their rights.

Young Lawyer (modestly looking on).—I would take the liberty of respectfully suggesting to your Honor, that, under the law as laid down by Blackstone and the Statutes of Arkansas, you are not allowed to try your own case.

Justice (fiercely).—Blackstone and Statutes? H—ll! Who cares about them? I know more about this case than Mr. Blackstone or Mr. Statutes either; and I'll be d—d if I don't intend to try it, too, or whip every lawyer within the jurisdiction of this Hon-o-ra-ble Court.

Lawyer (very modestly retiring with Blackstone under his arm).—Well, proceed, sir, I have nothing more to say.

Justice (pompously).—Mr. Constable, notify the crowd that, in this case, Smith has my note for \$68, and I have his receipt for eight bales of cotton, which, at \$80 per bale, is \$640, which I plead as an offset, and give judgment against Smith for \$172 and my costs; and, Mr. Constable, if you don't collect that amount and have it here before this Court,

forthwith, I'll make you smoke; d'y hear me? And, Mr. Constable, it is ordered that Jenkins and Jones, who owes Smith \$50 each, be garnished and commanded to pay to me on pain of imprisonment for life. Adjourn Court, Mr C.

Wilson (excited).—Stop, stop! Mr. Court you've not tried my case yet. That same d—d fellow, Smith, has sued me for \$72.

Justice (meditating).—Here, Wilson, I'll assign you this receipt for a valuable consideration; there's just \$72 left on it, which you can plead as an offset, and I'll give you judgment against Smith for costs. Constable adjourn the Court *sine die*, and bring that bottle under the bench, there, down to Squire Higgins' tavern; and I can beat any fellow in this crowd at a game of *seven-up* for the best cow and calf in Arkansas! Hurrah for Squire Morris, Justice of the Peace!

And thus ended the case in a general treat; but I am glad to say, for the credit of the country, that the Circuit Court promptly awarded a writ of *certiorari* to bring the proceedings up for revision.

The language of love is universal. Let your heart beat for a Choctaw squaw, a Chinese squab, a French grisette, or a South Sea collection of black hair, yellow skin, and plantation feet, and you can talk to her with the eloquence of an orator, the sweetness of a poet, and the understanding of a philosopher. Love can speak through seven barn doors and several meeting houses.

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, my darling," and the father's hand ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like thunder; you should just have heard him holler, dad."

"Dad" looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not imply a case like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a walloped me," retorted Bill.

"Better," expostulated his sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes," argued Bill, by way of a final clincher; "but Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself and a sermon reconciling Practice with Precept.

People who fall in love, generally injure themselves for life. Injuries to the ribs are perpetual.



RATHER FOXY.

"Dad, if I was to see a duck on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you lick me?"

"Oh, no! my son; it shows you are a good marksman, and I would feel proud of you."

"Well, then, dad, I plumped our old drake as he was a flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."



A Dey's Sheetng.

A Musk-Rat Tale.

We have read Baron Munchausen and Gulliver's Travels, but we are certain that if Old Hess could only locate upon paper the necessary chirographical characters, he might give to the "anxious public" a more *astonishing* production than either of them.

Old Hess lived—at the time of which we write—somewhere above, or north of, Mason and Dixon, and was, by *instinct*, a mighty hunter, before the Lord, and a mighty liar before the "gentlemen in black." He—that is, not the "gentleman in black," but Old Hess—was an acquaintance of ours, and frequently regaled us with stories which indicated an almost unlimited experience. We remember one or two of them yet.

Hess, in his capacity of hunter, used to trap musk-rats on a branch that ran hard-by his shanty. To use his own words, he "ketched cords of 'em." There was one old female "aboriginee" (to use his own expression again,) who was a stockholder in the branch bank, and who never allowed Hess to get more than a slight squint at her before she "made tracks." She was unusually large, and Hess assured us that he would "willin'" have given the best box trap he owned, "for one copious look at her." Finally, he determined to have her, cost what it might.

Accordingly, he one afternoon went to the adjacent town and procured a strong steel trap; and having baited and tied it in a spot, where the aforesaid musk-rat "most did congregate," he slept soundly, waiting the result. The next morning the trap was gone, the rope had been cut, but whether by a musk-rat or a man, Hess was not able to testify. A year passed on, and Hess still trapped musk-rats on the branch. One morning, when looking in his traps, he found in one of them a musk-rat with a steel trap hanging to one of his legs. He thought he recognised the trap, and on examining it closely, strangely, found his private mark upon one of the jaws. He was sure that he had never set but one steel trap, and that trap had disappeared the first night it was set. His trap was not *that* trap, for *that* trap was a great deal larger. Hess was a man who did not trouble his brain with much intricate thinking, and being satisfied with his success in having caught a trap and musk-rat, too, he concluded to leave the validity of the former to be proven by whoever would "pay charges, &c." The next morning, Hess was astonished *wonderously*, at finding in the same trap another rat with another steel trap fast to one of his legs. "By the wars," swore Hess to himself, "this is curius." Again, the next morning, in the same trap, another rat with another steel trap. His oath now, was a little more strictly irreligious than the one of yesterday. Looking about, he saw a hole in the bank a few feet off, and stopping up its mouth, he brought a spade and commenced digging into the bank about three feet from the water's edge. Pretty soon he broke through into a nest "and there sure enough," said Hess, "was the same old aboriginee that I wanted to ketch the year before, with my steel trap to her right hind leg, and

two young 'uns with smaller editions of the original to their right hind legs. I took the young 'uns away and 'lowed the old 'un to evacyate."

Hess has been doing a profitable business in the steel trap line ever since. A short time ago, he told us that the last time he saw "the old 'un," the trap which was fast to her leg had grown large enough to hold a fox.

"Talking of children, reminds me of another childish anecdote, which I have lately heard in these New England 'parts.' You no doubt know what a Yankee 'muster' was in the older time. Well do I remember my boyish glee when my mother gave me 'nine-pence,' and I revelled in untold wealth and "dreams of glory," on 'Muster-Day.' The story is anent the youthful Websters. Their father had given them each a small sum, and they had been to the Militia 'Muster.' At night fall, they returned home; Don, as usual, somewhat ahead of his brother. Their father met them, and, addressing the first, said—

"Well, Dan, what have you done with your money?"

"Spent it!" was the sturdy reply.

"And what have you done with *yours*, Zeke?"

"Lent it to Dan!"

"POMPEY, did you ever go a fishing?"

"In course I did."

"And what did you catch?"

"What did I catch—two nibbles and a chip."

"Anything else?"

"Yes—bat over de head."

"What else?"

"A pair of breeches, and a cigar box."

"Any thing more?"

"Yes—the breeches having had the measles, I catched them to."

Lucky nigger that. So much for being born the fore part of the week.

The last curiosity is a few hairs taken from a brush between a party of Americans and Indians.



OLD WOMAN ON A BIRD ORGAN.

"I TURN to thee in time of need."



TELL you what it is Jake, I'm down on old maids. I never will be anything but an enemy to them all the days of my life."

"Why so, Counsellor?"

"Why, Jake, I'll just tell you. Do you know, when I was a young man, of about eighteen, I had a great liking for William Oldboy's daughter. I used to see her to church, go to visit her almost every week evening, and what do you think the old Tabbies would do? They'd watch me, and follow me to Oldboy's door, peep in at the windows, and then off with a long story to father!"

"How did you discover they did that, Counsellor?"

"Why, I knew without they had seen in, they could not tell what they did."

Jake said he was satisfied the Counsellor had kissed her.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"Well," said the old lady, the other day, as she was engaged with her knitting work, "I wonder if I ever shall be able to express myself correctly. It seems to me I can never use the right word. Every time I undertake to say anything, I make some blunder or other. Whenever I open my mouth I am sure to put my foot into it!"—and she drew a deep sigh as she spoke, indicating that her mortification was inexpressible.

"Hans, where was you born?" "On the Haldorbarrik." "What! always?" "Yaw! and before too." "How old are you, then?" "When the old school house is built, I was two weeks more nor a year, what ish painted red, as you go home mit your back behind you, on the right hand side, by the old blacksmith shop, what stands where it was burnt down next year will pe two weeks."

We still have a lively recollection of the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned, his face radiant with joy. "Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian." What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."



ONE OF THE MISFORTUNES OF HAVING A HIFALUTIN UPPER SIXTY-TWO-AND-A-HALF CENT DARKEY SERVANT GAL.

SOCIE.—(Time 9 o'clock, P. M.) Raining in torrents—Hall door bell rings—Filly (the gal) in bed, and no body to answer but Mr E., who is supposed to be suffering somewhat with gout, &c.

HIGHLY SCENTED AND VERY DAMP DARKEY.—Is Miss Feliciana to home, dis ebening?

OLD GENT.—Don't live here, nobody of that name.

DARKEY.—Yes, sir, dis is de place, 'cordin' to de correction. I b'lbe she cultivates de kitchen.

OLD GENT.—Oh! you mean Filly, the cook?

DARKEY.—Yes, sir, dat's de familiar name ob de young lady. You hab de goodness to 'press to her dat de Ball is gwine to be spososed; cause ob de suje; ill-tai: domes; ob de wedder, to some previous time—good evening.



Our Artist wonders how an Ancient Greek would look smoking a Sigar.

A waggish fellow, and somewhat of a stammerer withal, one whose quips and quibbles have been relished by many of us, while dining at a public table one day, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the crushed peppercorns were in no wise inclined to come forth.

"T-th-this p-p-pepper-box," he exclaimed, with a facetious grin, "is so-something like myself."

"How so?" inquired a neighbor.

"P-poo-poor delivery," was the reply.

The following is the pun that took the silver cup at a late fair "down east."

When does a man rob his wife?
When he "hooks" her dress.

Why Men Drink.

Mr. A drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little suthin'.

Mr. B because his doctor ordered him not to, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D because he's dry.

Mr. E because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I because he's so hot.

Mr. J because he's so cold.

Mr. K because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. L because he's got a pain in his stomach.

Mr. M because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S because he's married.

Mr. T because he isn't.

Mr. U because he's going to be.

Mr. V because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z. We should be very happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.

The man who couldn't trust his feelings, is supposed to do business on the cash principle.

Wanted to Shave!

While undergoing a tonsorial operation in Ciprico's fine saloon, a few evenings since, a jolly, unsophisticated youth from some healthy rural vicinage pops in.

"Want a shave, sir?"

"Take a seat, sir?"

"Cut your hair, sir?"

"Your turn next, sir."

"Shave, or your hair cut?"

Were the vollies that received the young gentleman from the country.

"How much do you tax a feller for taking off his baird?"

"Sixpence, sir, only sixpence."

"An' how much for choppin' off one's hair?"

"Twenty-five cents, sir—two shillings!"

"What? twenty-five cents?"

"Yea, sir, that's all," saip one of the tonsors.

"Two shillin'! Great Goliah! Why, I never guv over six cents in my born days, to have my hair chopped, iled, per-sassed, and frizzled up, with a fust rate shave in the bar-gain."

"Oh! but, dear sir, we're artists, we are, and do it up a leetie browner than they do in the country!"

"Well, praps you kin, but I'll be darned if I gin more'n a sixpence, no how. Do it? Won't, eh? Well, then, you ain't goin' to have my custom by a darn'd sight!"

And off went the rural gent.

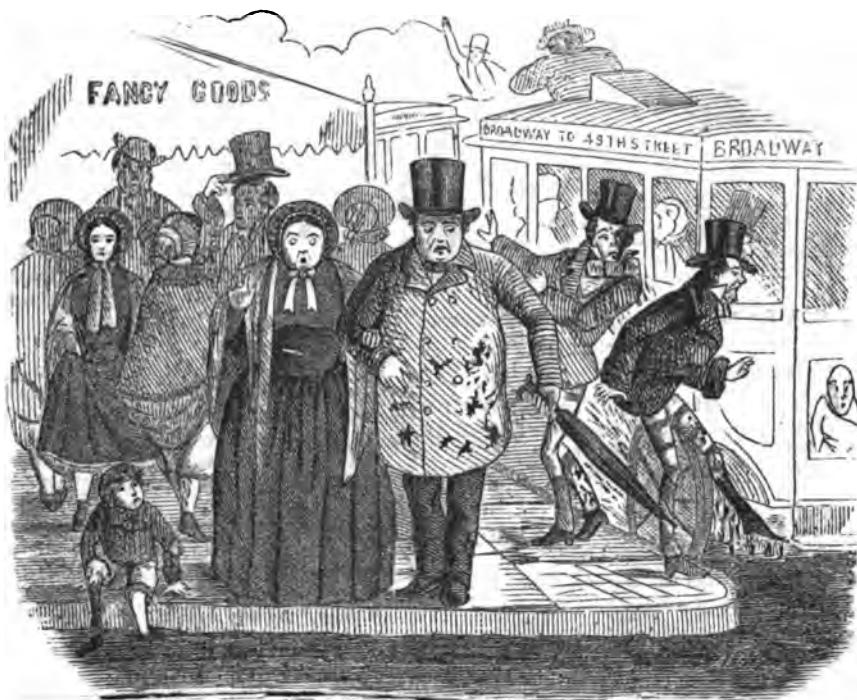
A lady was asked the other day why she chose to lead a single life, and gravely replied, "Because I am not able to support a husband."



SPRING FASHIONS, IN ADVANCE.

Respectfully dedicated to the Vegetarian Society.

THE PRESENT PECULIARLY PLEASANT PREDICAMENT OF PASSENGERS IN PUBLIC PROMENADES.



ELDERLY LADY.—Oh dear! how are we ever to get over this mud?
SMART BOY.—Why, Mum, if I was you, I'd jump it!

Hard Stories.

Some of our Western "river men," are not slow coaches in telling long yarns. During the late low water times, the river folks had nothing else to do than sample fluids and solids, whittle, smoke, and spin yarns. About a dozen well-known river captains, pilots, etc., congregated the other day, when one of them led off with—

"Capt. Mac, thundering cool morning."

"Cool," says Mac, "don't begin to be. Why, boys, I've seen the water so cool up the Missouri, that when I and Bob Graham got into a skiff to cross the river, a Norther swept down the stream, and the water began to chill. 'Pull,' says I; 'Bob, stick in your paddle, it's going to freeze.'

"Tis freezing," said Bob.

"Pull," says I; and the ice began to get thick as window glass, afore we got out ten rods in the river. 'Pull, Bob,' says I; but Lord a massy, boys, afore we got out ten rods further the ice was as thick as a beef steak, and though Bob and I kept a breaking up the ice, and pushing the boat, it got so ahead of us that we dropped the skiff; she was froze in; we got out on the ice, and run like — to get ashore before we froze to death!"

"Not so very cold, that warn't, nuther," says a weather-beaten pilot; "now, there's Jimmy Galfilian and I were once driving a flock of sheep across a prairie, near the Illinois river; about the time we got half way across the prairie, one of them north winds swept down upon us; the sheep huddled together; we found we were going to freeze, so we takes to our feet and runs about two miles to a woods, where we started a fire, and laid up for the night. It was awful cold—a feller would roast on the side to the fire, and freeze on the other. Well, boys, the next morning we goes out to the sheep; they were huddled up together; we commenced starting 'em up; none of 'em would move; and by thunder and Goliah! we found 'em all dead—froze together all in a lump!"

"That sheep story," said a well-known river man, who, with a dirk knife, was giving the finishing touches to a white pine dolphin, "is some; it is cold on the prairie now and then; but I can tell you of a cool snap I once knew in the dead of summer time, out here in Shelby, Kentucky."

"Cool snap in the dead of summer," said several of the incredulous.

"Why, yes; you see, we were out harvesting; the frogs were mighty thick round there, and it came on to blow and freeze so that in ten minutes the ground got as hard as ever you see it in the middle of winter. Well, the frogs were so suddenly took by the cold snap, that they were froze in the mud afore they could get their heads under, and we walked over an acre lot, and kicked off the heads of more than *two thousand frogs, frozen in that way!*"

A housemaid, boasting of her industrious habits, said, that on a particular occasion, she rose at four, made a fire, put on the tea-kettle, prepared breakfast, and *mads all the beds* before a single soul was up in the house.



INQUIRING YOUNG LADY.—Do tell me, Mr. Binks, how many dog-days in a year?

ANSWERING OLD GENT.—Well, I declare, Miss Jinks, I could not tell until I count all the dogs, as you must know that **EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY**.



A bad BOX for the author of "London Assurance."

Forget how to Mix it.

An old fellow in Missouri, who was in the habit of "not belonging to the Temperance Society," was in the act of taking a nip one day before a young Virginian.

"What do you drink?" asked the latter.

"Brandy and water," was the reply.

"Why don't you drink mint juleps?"

"Mint juleps?" queried the old man. "Why, what in the name of drinks is that?"

"A most delicious drink" was the answer, "and I'll show you how to make it, as I see you have mint growing almost at your door."

The young fellow soon produced the julep, and the old man was delighted with it.

About a month after, on his return home, the Virginian thought he would stop at his old friend's and indulge, but judge of his surprise when his enquiries at the door for his friend, was answered by an aged female darkey, with—

"Oh, Massa's dead and gone dis two weeks!"

"Dead!" exclaimed the young man, "why, how strange! What did he die of?"

"Oh, I d'no," returned the woman, "only a feller come along about a monf ago, and larnt him to drink grass in he rum, and it killed him in two weeks!"

Texas Courtship.

"Hullo, gal, how's your Ma?"

"Hain't got none here—reckon she's dead by this time."

"Well, how's Pa?"

"He was hung last May."

"Humph. What are you doin'?"

"Just looking about."

"Zackly what I'm doin'. Sposin' we hitch and provender if you can go the other beat."

"Well—but I've only got a counterfeit note."

"Jest zackly, my own premises. Come, if we can't cheat one judge we can another—so, come on, gal—here take my arm—we'll try any how."



The effects of going to Fires.

Good Put In.

"Bob," says one of the heroes of the recent war, filibuster, &c., to our gallant and good looking friend, Col. Wheat, 'tother day, in the Astor House. "Bob," says he, I'm going home to-morrow—God only knows when I'll see you again, probably never—can't you give a fellow something to remember you by; don't care what it is, something that's got your name on?"

"Well, upon my honor, Charley," says the Colonel, "I don't know what the devil to give you. Let me see—"

The gallant Colonel was here interrupted by Captain Foster, who whispered in his ear—

"Give him your name on a note, Bob!" Not a bad put in, was it?

DOING WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.—Crossing Hempstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully flogging a miserable bare-boned pack horse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:

"Why, it's my own, mayn't I use it as I please?"

As the fellow spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick?

"Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"



A Jolly Old Cock.

Nonsense.

To attempt to clean your teeth with a shoe-brush.

To suppose that a work table is capable of performing hard labor.

To suppose that the fever and ague can transform a Philadelphia Quaker into a Shaking Quaker.

To think of getting the cream of a joke by skimming the milky way!

To set up pennies for stars to shoot at.

To endeavor to draw an inference with a piece of charcoal.

To imagine that the frame work of society is constructed with moon-beams.

To suppose it would be necessarily fatal for us to swallow one of our own jokes, however poisonous they may be to others.

"Good morning Mr. Brig."

"Briggs, sir, if you please; my name is Briggs."

"I call you Brig, for I consider you singular."

"I am plural, sir; I added one to myself yesterday."

"Ah! I see, married, in the plural now, more singular still."

**Specimens of a new Dictionary.**

Account.—A curious animal that blooms at Inns.

Beauty.—An ingenious mantrap.

Directors.—People appointed by the shareholders of a public company to read newspapers, in a room fitted up for that purpose, and dine at the company's expense.

Friend.—A sort of horse-leech, which sticks to you as long as it can get anything to draw.

Genius.—An animal with long hair, very fond of dining at other people's expense.

Gentleman.—A thing made by Tailors.

Honor.—A principle in Human nature which sometimes makes a man shoot his friend.

Intellect.—A thing which keeps its possessors in poverty.

Key.—An instrument by which Boarding House keepers make the best part of their *money*.

Lead.—The material of which peoples heads are lined. It is frequently a substitute for brains.

Milliner.—A substance much used in experiments on starvation.

Nobody.—A thing that does the most mischief in this World.

Obituary.—A place in newspapers where are advertised people's last movements. In this place eminent virtues are discovered to have been possessed by the dead which were not known when they were alive.

Soldier.—A living Target.

Wisdom.—A thing which everybody (except those who have) thinks they have got.

The Newspapers at the present moment calls upon the public to refrain from Rail Road Speculation on the ground that many schemes will be unfinished for want of necessary Iron, but we anticipate no stoppage for want of Iron, though we expect there will some day or other be a frightful smash for want of Tin.

The Musquito Question.

We have never seen the following in print. Old Elder I——e was famous for good stories, and when a number of young fellows would get together relating stories of a humorous nature, the old man would invariably put on the "cap sheaf," and demand the "hat."

On one occasion, some of those who delight in seeing who can tell the biggest, had exhausted their imagination in describing the effects of mosquito bites, and how those annoying "varmints" would sting through anything. The old man stated that he couldn't believe many of the stories related, but would tell one which was true.

He knew a young man who had a remarkable fine head of hair; he had a habit of wearing his neck bare. On going into the pinery on one occasion, he was cautioned about wearing no neckerchief, to which he paid no attention. "Well," said the old man, "I saw him about three days afterwards; I saw his hair was quite grey, almost white."

On asking him the reason he said—

"I wish I'd taken your advice

about covering my neck; I laid out one night and the darn'd musquitos *girdled* my neck and *wilted* my hair!"

The old man took the hat.

Did You EVER.—Did you ever know a strike which did not hit the workman worse than the employer?

Did you ever know an omnibus too full to hold another passenger?

Did you ever know New York to be free from mud or dust?

Did you ever know a jury to find anybody guilty in the case of a railroad smash, or a steamboat accident?

Did you ever know an Alderman to leave office poorer than he went in to it?

Did you ever know a defeated candidate for any place whatever who cared a d—— about it?

Did you ever hear anybody confess he had lost money by policy gambling?

Did you ever go to Windust's without having to wait half an hour for the waiter?

And lastly. Did you ever know finer weather for the season, or go out without being told of it?

When "Chippendale" had the Theatre in Cincinnati some years ago he announced the Theatre to be "illuminated with Gas made from Lard." One Evening the Chandlers played a number of fantastic tricks, and were about taking their entire leave of the Audience when the manager was favored with a suggestion from the "Parquette."—"Drive on another Hog."

PAYING FOR THE HOOK.—A gentleman of Boston recently married a woman reputed to be rich, who turned out to be poor, and some seven hundred dollars in debt, which debt he had to liquidate. She assured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry-goods, which she bo't to captivate him. Think of a fish paying for the hook with which it is caught!

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

'Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head: stir your stumps or you'll make no progress in life.' 'Why, father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to *scratch a-head!*'



SCENE.—IN A DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

OLD WOMAN.—Dew yer take dog-ry-tips here?

ARTIST.—Yes, marm, we do!

OLD WOMAN.—Wal, the mate to this ere child died weak afore last with the measles, but he looked so bad, that I kinder hated to take a likeness on him; but he had HAIR AND EYES just like 'this one, when he was well. Dew yer think yer could take anything of a portrait from this discription.



MUCH FOR A LITTLE.

"What did you have, sir?" inquired the barkeeper of a sixpenny eating house of a semi-repleted customer, as he laid a dollar bill on the counter.

"Let's see—I had beef-steak, onions, roast beef, corned beef, mutton, pork, veal, and I don't know what all."

(Barkeeper, somewhat astonished.) "How?"

"Why, to put it all in three words, I mean to say, sir, that I have enjoyed a PLATE OF HASH."

"Your change, sir—seven and sixpence. Call again, sir."

"Keep your head out of the window."

We were a good deal amused the other day at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no good thing ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

On a seat, two or three "removes" from me, sat a smart Yankee looking woman with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man of somewhat foreign air and manner.

The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him :

"Do you see that hand bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-window?"

The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half of his body from the car window.

"Do you understand English?" asked the woman.

"Yaw!" was the reply.

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?"

There was no reply of any kind to this query.

At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed :

"Do you understand English!"

"Yaw—yaw!"

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?"

No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped collision with some passing object.

The woman could stand it no longer.

"Why don't you keep your head out of the window? The next thing you know your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've got any—and I don't much believe you have!"

We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude, which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive "leaked out," coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels.

An Irishman seeing an acquaintance reading, exclaimed—"Arrah, honey, and who's the arther of that work?"

"Faith, my jewel, and how can I tell that same?"

"Why, my dear, look to the ind on't, and ye'll see that."

"It's Finis," rejoined the other.

"A clever fellow, that said Finis; why, he's the arther of every book."

The man who was struck by a remark, had his skull fractured. It is his intention to bring an action for assault and battery.



OUTRAGED DANDY.—Aw, fellow, domme, you—aw—have—aw
waited me—aw. Ef'aw you—aw—er—I must leave—the house.
HIGHLY ENTERPRISING AND NON-INSULTING YANKEE.—
Well, stranger, whar on earth are you going to when you leave?

"Are you in love, Mary?"

"Yes, mother."

"How much, my dear?"

"Well, I don't know exactly; but I should think five feet,
or thereabouts, for I feel all-overish."

A waggish member of the Rhode Island legislature plumes himself upon the wise legislation which he says has settled the liquor question in that State; a compromise to which both sides have agreed, viz:

"The temperance men have got the Maine law, which is all they want; and everybody else has plenty of rum, which is all they want."

Handsome is that handsome does. Just let the ugliest woman in the thirty-one States sew on your buttons, hem your pocket handkerchiefs, keep an eye on your dry goods generally, tuck up your bed on cold nights, send you bouquets and smiles weekly, and she becomes a first class Venus. A man's judgment of a woman depends very much upon how she looks after his buttons, shirt-collars, comfort and umbrella.

We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow, about six years of age, a short time ago. The subject of wedding cake had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why not?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours!"

During the representation of the last act of Richard III, at the Varieties, in St. Louis, recently, Mr. Neafie called lustily for Richmond to "come forth" and meet him hand to hand. On the appearance of Richmond, Richard gazed at him as though in doubt of his identity. It was soon settled, however, by a boy in the gallery calling out—"Go in, old hoss, that's the man!" Thus assured, Richard "pitched in," and got "lammed out of his boots."



SKETCHES OF PROGRESS.

YOUNG LADY.—You dance, do you not, Mr. Percy?

Mrs. PERCY.—No; I've given it up entirely. I think we ought to leave it to the young men!



ANKEE COURTESY.—A love-sick swain broke a wish-bone with his "heart's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Neow what did you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was hansum," replied the fair damsel, "hansum as Queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan, "when you're hansum 'nuff neow. But I'll tell yer what I wished, Sally, I wished you was locked up in my arms, and the key was lost!"

A Reporter "Sold."

The late pronunciamento, says the Cincinnati Daily Columbian, or rather *bull*, (not a *double entendre*,) of Judge McLean, in prohibiting the publication of the testimony in the Martha Washington conspiracy case, has been the newspaper, street corner, fire-side, counting-house, and bar room topic since the ukase went forth.

About the most laughable circumstance connected with the sage conclusion of the learned Judge of the Supreme Court of these thirty-one streaked, striped, and star spangled States, occurred a day or two since, on Court street, between the Judge of the Criminal Court and the reporter of a morning paper.

The Judge, notwithstanding his eccentricities and vagaries, is a wag of the first water, quick at a repartee, and enjoys a joke with as much gusto as Joe Miller himself, or the veriest follower of Momus in Christendom. The reporter, who is generally called "Jack," for short, enjoys the reputation of being a lively, spirited writer, and the perpetrator of many excellent newspaper sketches and jokes. The duet were luxuriating on a "smile" in one of those abhorances of the followers of the "Maine Law," that abound within the precincts of legal dispensation on Court street, when the subject of Judge McLean's decision sprung up. As a matter of course, the Judge sustained the legal rights and dignity of the Bench, and the reporter the liberty of the Press and the unconstitutionality of such an order.

The conversation became exceedingly animated and heated, and a number of persons congregated around the disputants, listening with intense interest and avidity.

Finally, the Judge became excited, and said he would reject any reporter who would dare disobey the order of the Court.

Jack flared up, anathematised such a Court, and asked how he could turn him out. "Would you," said he, "call upon one of your supernumeraries, a deputy sheriff, to thrust me out?"

"No, sir," said the Judge, in the most excited manner, whilst the bystanders, with eyes open, expected a collision. "No, sir, I would come down off the bench myself and do it!"

"How, sir?" said the reporter, "by brute physical force?"

"No," replied the Judge, smiling, "I would simply ask you out to take a drink."

At this sudden termination of such a fearful catastrophe, in embryo, the outsiders exploded. The Judge looked calm and complaisant; Jack caved in, acknowledged himself "sold," and did the honors on the occasion.

Jonathan is a good doctor at times. He gives the following for the benefit of wart-wearers:

"Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word."

A friend of ours had to stay in bed while his trowsers got mended. "Oh, Lord!" said he, "I wish I was a cherubim."

The reader is requested to examine carefully the portrait of some cherubim; it will enable him to appreciate the full force of our anguished friend's remark.

There is a young lady in the upper part of New York so modest that she will not undress until a newspaper her mother subscribes to, is removed from the room. The name of the paper is the—*Observer*.

Our New Bill-Sticker.

Bill-sticking has of late years come to be quite a business here in America, as well as in the mother country. It is nothing now to wake some fine morning and find the whole side of your house, including the front door, covered over with mammoth advertisements. Vans, the size of the Ark, or the tower of Babel, perambulate the streets in all directions, setting forth the virtues of somebody's cough candy, or the nice fits of somebody else's five dollar suits. Gentlemen troubled with "the outs," (viz., out at knees, elbows, and pockets,) walk about bound in boards, like half finished editions of men. Others kindly consent to go into the editorial line and use the paste pot. The gentleman in the cut below belongs to our Establishment, is in fact the bill sticker and walking advertisement of "the Notions." Handsomer men there have been before now and doubtless are, but none that understand their business better. Mr. Mulgrubbin, for such is his name, has seen better days, (query? could he well see worse?) In his prosperous times he was a Jeweler, and did a large business, but having a tendency to warrant galvanized metal for pure gold, and sundry other weaknesses of the same sort, he gradually fell into disrepute, and finally, into the mock auction trade. Not finding that as profitable as he could wish he was compelled to adopt his present profession, which he selected as a forlorn hope, in preference to sweeping the streets. It somehow reminded him, as a sad dog of a joker discovered, of his old business, jewelry. To be sure he is not a jeweler now, not a real jeweler, but he comes pretty near to it, so largely does he deal in *paste*. Look on him, he is one of those on whom "Every god does seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a—bill sticker!"



Our New Bill Sticker.





What are you up for?

"ONCEST, an't your boss 'up' for somethin' this 'lection?"

"Yas! Councilman."

"Well, that is better than what he was 'up' for last 'lection."

"Last 'lection? Why, he wasn't 'up' for nothin' then—this is the fust time he's run for anything."

"Well, I don't know about his runnin' for anything—but I seen him 'up' for something."

"Well, what was he 'up' for?"

"Why, he was 'up' before Justice Stuart for being drunk."

An Irishman whose funds were rather low, had footed it all the way to Wheeling, and was still desirous to get as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place, where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of his old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of using "shank's mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing, and he became quite fascinated with such an easy mode of conveyance.

"Captain dear," said he, stepping on board of a beautiful craft, "an' what'll ye charge for takin' the likes of meself till Pertsmouth?"

"Seven dollars, in the cabin."

"Siven dollars! arrah! siven dollars! Why captain, dear, I haven't the half of that money!"

"Oh, never mind that, Pat, I'll take you as a deck passen-

ger for three dollars, if you'll work your passage, that is, help the hands wood the boat."

Pat mused a little while on this proposition, and then put another question.

"And captain, dear, what'll ye charge to take about a hundred and sixty pounds of freight?"

"I'll charge you seventy-five cents for that."

"Then, captain, ye see I'm jest the boy that weighs that, so ye can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough somewhere below stairs."

A proposition so novel pleased the captain highly, and calling on one of the hands, he gave directions to have Pat stowed away in the hold, and ordered the clerk to enter on the freight list "One Irishman, weighing 160 pounds."

Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of 356 miles, having shown himself but twice, and only for a few minutes at a time during the whole passage. There he paid his freight of seventy-five cents, honorably, and was next seen with his bundle, tramping along the tow-path of the canal for the desired destination.

To set a young man on fire, just show him a pretty ankle at the crossing, trying to run away from its protecting dimity. If he don't start off up the corner like a rocket, and run against the first twenty-three men and women he meets, it will be because he—cools. There is nothing so overturns the upper regions of young corduroy, as the lower ones of young dimity. Dimity will please make a note of it.

The sweetest sound in nature is said to be the voice of the lady we love. Next to this is the man who cries "lobsters."



The gentleman who had the meanness to return home safe and sound, after being blown up in a steamer, and killed dead in all the papers.

Dad's Experiment with Billy.



or more than a hundred miles from Syracuse lives an old farmer whose name is Zury—a hard working, honest old Englishman, owning a good farm of over a hundred acres, and two faithful boys, who have been brought up to wield the "agricultural implements,"—from one of these I have my story.

Old Zury had an old goat on the farm, who is not one of the most peaceful disposed creatures in the world, and on this account the boys take no little delight in putting his lordship on his taps, once in a while, by way of amusement; for a long time the old man noticed when Billy came home at night he was covered with mud and water, and old Zury could not imagine how he should become so; so he determined, if possible, that he would find out the cause of poor Billy's daily misfortune.

One day he left the boys—to pick up the rakes, &c., after a hard day's work of haying—and walked around to the ridge where Billy generally keeps himself; it was about time for the goat to go to the house, but there he lay quiet and dry; so old Zury seated himself behind a stump, determined to watch his movements for that night at any rate. He had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when who should be seen coming along the ridge but the two boys; his first impulse was to tell them to keep back, but upon second thought he said nothing.

"Take my load, Hank," said Dick; "it's my turn to take the feller to-night."

Hank took Dick's load from his back, and Dick going down the hill a little ways soon showed himself within a few yards of where the goat was lying.

Billy—had already caught a glimpse of the boys and was soon on his feet. Hank laid flat on the ground, and Dick on the edge of the ridge now presented a full front, which did not seem to please his goatship, for he pointed for him, and down went Dick, to aggravate Billy to a still more desperate plunge; again the signal rose, and Billy jumped, but just as he got within a few feet Dick lowered himself about two pegs, and Mr. Goat lowered himself about fifteen feet into a ditch of marsh, mud, and water. Hank had caught sight of a small corner of the old man's hat above the stump, and sloped for the barn, while Dick was not a little surprised at the sudden transformation of the old stump into a human being, and that too the old man, at fifteen paces, who, by the way, was not one of the most forbearing persons in the world; and as he looked around on the ground, Dick, thinking that a club or stone might possibly be the object of his search, started on a keen jump for the barn. The old man made up his mind that the mystery was solved. That night Dick and Hank didn't come home to supper.

I thought that I should not be able to hold myself together, as Hank related the surprise of old Zury and his son, as they stood face to face.

But hold on, said he, I havn't told you the best of it yet; about two weeks from that time, one day me and Dick had been working all day, and we made up our minds that we should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been in the field at all in the afternoon, and he always kept a good barrel of ale in the cellar; but when we had started, who should we see but the old man edging around the ridge; so Dick and me went over that way. There was old dad, and there was the goat.

We laid flat on the ground, anxious to know what the old man was going to do, when what was our surprise to see him take the exact position Dick had taken a couple of weeks before.

We said nothing, for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport in a long time; the old man presented

rather a formidable appearance, but Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for the mark; the old man lowered, but a little too late, for the goat took him "plump." We heard something strike in the mud, and it wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down over the ridge. Me and Dick pulled for the barn, and in a few minutes we saw old dad paddling for the house, covered with mire from head to foot.

That night the old man was dressed up in his best clothes. I ventured to ask him if he was going over to see the Deacon.

"See the Deacon? no! can't a man put on good clothes without going to see the Deacon?"

"Yes," said Dick, leaning out the door, "can't a man go and see the goat without tumbling in the mud?"

Dick was gone, and old dad looking at me, and then very significantly at a heavy wooden bootjack, I stepped out of the back door.

A singer, who led the psalm tune at a meeting a short time since, finding that his concluding word, which was Jacob, had not syllables enough to fill up the music adequately, ended thus: "J-a-a—J-a-a—sol de riddle—cob."

If you want to find the real object of a young lady's affections, just hunt up her lost bonnet and kids. Young calico invests her affections in those institutions, as naturally as a Frenchman takes to soup, revolutions, and ballet girls.

If all the babies in the world were seated together, and spanked at the same time, how many sugar plums would it take to quiet them?

Mrs. Swisshelm says that if a man wants his children to look like him, the fewer jaunts he takes to California the better.

The epicure who finished his dinner with the "desert" of Sahara, found it rather dry eating.

To make a tall man "short," just ask him to lead you a ten spot.



SCENE—NIGHT. Mr. Choles and Mr. Chubb, very much elated with the evening's enjoyments.

CHOLES.—Figgers (hic) won't lie, w-r-r-ill they, Chubb.

CHUBB.—Well—z-hic—don't—hic-zic—know, but I think ours won't hic—stand long, if we don't—z-z-z-hic-ind a lam-am-post soon.



Rum Sellers in Limbo.

A New Medicine

The following certificate, says the *Dutchman*, has been received by the author of the "Granicular Syrup":

"POTTSVILLE, July 20, 1858.

Dear Sir,—I will be ninety-three years old next October. For forty years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever; but blessed be God, a year ago today I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle smelt of the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve miles an hour, and throw eight double somersets without stopping.

P. S.—A little of your Alicumstoutum Salve applied to a wooden leg, reduced a compound fracture in eighteen minutes, and is now covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of white pine bark.

IMPRACHMENT OF A PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY.—Two Tynesiders met in the street the other day:—one of them a wag, whose name we suppress, and whose initials, even, we do not give, although if we have occasion to write a postscript to this paragraph, we must necessarily use them:—the other a steady going matter-of-fact man. "Hollo!" cried the wit, "how is this? I thought you were bound to keep your accounts straight?" "So I am," was the reply, "and" (with an air of injured innocence) "so I do." "No, you don't!" was the rejoinder: "you've got 'em rolled up under your arm!" And off the joker ran, leaving Mr. Matter-of-Fact in a mist and a maze.

DUTCH ENGLISH.—Jacob Felzer, a middle-aged gentleman of Teutonic origin, his apparel well incrusted with dry mud, and his hat looking like a collapsed steamboat cylinder with the top blown off, was brought up on a complaint of a dry goods man for stealing a piece of corduroy, valued at seven dollars.

The Mayor asked him if he understood English.

"Yaw, I talks him foorst rate."

"Do you know what steal means?"

"Yaw, him is iron vat ish made hard."

"Yes, that is one kind of steel, but not the one I mean. Do you understand this: How came you to steal this corduroy?"

"Because mine breeches vast nicht goot to go to church."

"Does it take thirty yards to make you a pair of breeches?"

"Yaw, ter schneider must have some for cabbage, and toddler vat's left might do mine vrouw, when I gets married. It would make her a goot coat."

"I see that you are a man of foresight, but don't you know that this way of getting the breeches and petticoats is against the law."

"I ton't care apout te law. Ise a tuich man."

"Have you got any friends who will go bail for you?"

"Blenty of friends, and more dan I suppose you have yourself. Dey come and dey schwear anything. Dey schwear ver I vas, and get me clear."

"Oh, we don't want them to swear, we want them to give security for your appearance at court. You confess you stole the corduroy, and there is no occasion for anybody to swear to it."

"Yaw; you find I niche dell any lie. Tutchman never do anything vich he fraid to tell. Yaw, I did steal der stuff, but I vas going to steal der monish to pay mit."

"Mr. Skeesicks, you say you lost a ring, was it a chased one?"

"A chased one—golly! I guess you would have thought it was, if you had seen me give leg after the thief down our alley."

"Stand aside, Mr. Skeesicks. Crier, call

the next witness."

A gentleman travelling in a section of country, which shall be nameless, stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover."

"Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the pious lady, "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible."

"Found it in the Bible!" quoth the gentleman. "Pray in what part of the Bible did you find it?"

The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and, turning to the text, read as follows: "Moreover the dog came and licked his sores."

"There," said she triumphantly, "have I not the highest authority for the name!"

DOWN ON HIM.—A dandy, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feeling or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garnished his mouth with a complete set of teeth, flippantly inquired:

"Well, my good sir, I have often heard you complain of your teeth; pray, when do you expect to be troubled with the toothache?"

"When you have an affection of the heart or a brain fever," was the reply.

A Western editor, speaking of the venerable appearance of a stump orator, says, "he stood up like 'one of 'em with his bald head and his hands in his breeches pockets."



That unfortunate Barnum has just discovered that his biggest Giraffe has tied his neck in a knot. How the darned critter ever did it is the question.



One of 'em.

VERDANT YANKEE.—Say' captaining, I THOUGHT I'D SMOKE ALL KINDS OF REGALIAS, I guess I'll try one of your ODD FELLOWS' REGALIAS.

Juvenile Invention.

A little boy had dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated papa and mamma, the gardener, and the servants to go down into the well to recover the drumstick. In this distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Francis. He secretly carried off all the plate from the side-board, and threw it down the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search was commenced. In the confusion, Master Frank runs in out of breath with the news that he had found the plate.

"Where, where?" was the cry.

"Down the well, replied the urchin. "I can see it quite plain, shining at the bottom, spoons, ladies and all."

The family hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, truly, the plate was visible. A ladder was got, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished for, Master Francis silently whispered to the servant at the bottom—

"As you are down there, John, I will thank you just to bring my drumstick along with the soup ladle."

DUELING.—Travelling in a stage-coach, Prof. V.—got into an argument with a fellow-traveller about duelling, the necessity of which the professor strenuously denied. The other stoutly maintained it, and insisted that there were many cases which could be decided only by a duel.

"I deny that," said the professor.

"Poh!" exclaimed the other: "quite clear! Why, what else can you do? Here are you and I talking together; and suppose we get into a warm argument, and I say to you, 'You lie!' what can you do then? You must fight me—there's no other remedy."

"I deny it," replied the professor, with provoking coolness.

"Well, but what can you do?"

"Why," he again replied, "if you say to me, 'You lie!' I should say, 'Prove it.' If you prove it, I do lie; if you don't prove it, it's you that lie. And there is an end of the matter."

The editor of the New Orleans Picayune has been to Lebanon Springs. While there, the locality was visited by a dandy dry goods clerk from the city, who came dressed in a real pretty hunting suit—game bag attached—and bringing a variety of guns, fowling pieces, fishing tackle, &c. The old settlers were astonished to see such a turn out of guns and other things, and one gentleman ventured to ask him what he intended to do with them in that region?

"Why, have you no game here," asked the dandy sportsman.

"Only three kinds that I ever knew of," said the old man.

"Three kinds! what are they?" asked the dandy sportsman, trying the trigger of his gun in anxious expectation.

"Whist, Bluff, and Ten-pins," said the old man, laughing.

This was enough for poor George. He had his implements conveyed to his room, and he sunk upon his bed, a disappointed young man in a hunting suit.

A gentleman having a remarkable long visage, was one day riding by a school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad—

"That gentleman's face is longer than his life."

Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation.

"Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length."

The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad a sixpence for his wit.



TRYING TO GET ON.



BROWN, Ieq.—Spriggins, that Maine licker and anti-Maine licker business is a kickin' up a d—l of a bobbery all thro' the country.

SPRIGGINS, with feeling.—Yes! it just looks like a revival of the old wars between the RED and WHITE NOSES!

Superstition among Sailors.

Some months since, a worthy Connecticut clergyman, having been abroad on a parochial tour, took passage home in the brig—, of New York.

The voyage was an exceedingly rough one—it was nothing but storm after storm—and the sailors knowing there was a clergyman on board, declared that the — old parson was the cause of them all.

One night, during a terrific hurricane, as the good man lay in his berth, he overheard the chief mate say to the captain:

"The men work well, but they swear that the tempest is raised because that — old parson is on board."

"Well," replied the captain, with a tremendous oath, "I begin to believe it myself. Curse the old fellow! I wish he was at the bottom of the sea!"

Whereat the heart of the old man began to sink within him. He knew not what to do—he rolled on this side, then on that. At last a sudden idea struck him, and he rose from his berth, and said:

"I will even do as Jonah did—I will go upon deck and tell those misguided men that they may throw me into the sea; if by so doing they believe that their lives and their owners' property can be saved. But," he added with a sigh, "I fear me, there be no whales hereabouts."

The good parson dressed himself, and made his way, as best he could, to the cabin gangway, the brig rocking and pitching at a furious rate.

After many repeated attempts, he reached the deck. The wind howled, the rain fell in torrents, the sea ran mountains high, and a wave breaking upon the deck, the spray flew over the parson, and well nigh choked him.

The old man stood a moment in suspense. At the expiration of the moment, he turned, and carefully crept back down the stairway, saying to himself—

"I believe I had better take a pleasant night for it."

A severe instance of the use of the term "humbug," occurred the other day in one of our courts. A woman, in giving her evidence, repeatedly used the term. In the course of a severe cross-examination, the counsel (a very plain if not an ugly person) observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and demanded an illustration; to which she replied:

"Why, sir, if I was to tell you you was a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?"

The lawyer sat down, perfectly satisfied.

Squibs thinks that if so many of our uniformed companies continue to adopt the scarlet dress, it will be impossible to tell who to "lick" in the next war.

Never try to be sentimental with tight boots on your feet, or while a young colic is dancing your hebdominals in a double-twisted polka. It's no use. You'll break down if you try it. Flower enameled slippers and quiet regulations below the diaphragm, go together as naturally as old maid sighs, pictures of Cupid, indigestion, and Ovid's Art of Love.

If you want to live in solitude, just take to a diet of old cheese, fried cabbage, and roast onions. Mankind will shun you as though you had the yellow fever, cholera, hydrophobia, and tooth-ache.



YOUNG AMERICA.—SCENE—BARBER SHOP.

YOUNG AMERICA, having waited exactly half hour by watch, from time of face being soaped.—Damn it, Frizzle, is this the way you treat your customers? I came here to be shaved, not to lose my time waiting all day.

FRIZZLE, with a peculiar grin.—Why, I've done all I could, under the circumstances. I lathered your face, and now I'm waiting till your BEARD grows!



JONATHAN.—Hello, Mose! how are yer this mornin'? Wal, I'll declare, you're the very chap I wanted to see—hard at it agin. I hadn't a chance the other mornin' to thank you, when the Yankee Notions was gittin' a little warmed up. But you see I never forgot such chaps as you. All I can say, is that old Jonathan wouldn't a had a coat to his back if it wasn't for you and the boys!

MOSE.—Here, ole fell, put it there. (Shakes hands with the venerated Jonathan.) We done nothing but our duty; but there's one thing certain, the boys around in the Bunk-Room wouldn't know what to do with themselves if the Yankee Notions was ter stop. So pitch in, now, and go it! If Mose and the boys ever hear of yer gettin' in any tight place, you can bet yer entire pile that they'll see yer through!

The old Brown Jug.

Jonas Ricks, of Portland, was emphatically a good fellow, but he had a weakness. It could not be said to be a love of gain, for his heart was free, and his hand could never remain long closed over a sixpence. Neither was it the love of woman or Neal Dow, for at forty he was still a bachelor, and the originator of the Liquor Law he regarded with as pure a hatred as he did the law itself. It was a predilection, and a strange one, for an old brown jug, which was always well filled with Otard.

One night, meeting with some "kindred spirits," he got his ideas so completely elevated, that he was totally unable to "tread upon the vile earth," and at length, while attempting to balance matters and find his way home, he pitched into a very quiet looking individual, who, perceiving his situation, kindly assisted him to his apartments in the hotel where Jonas boarded. Being a watchman, and a rigid liquor law man, upon discovering the old brown jug conspicuous upon a table, he raised his club to demolish it. But Jonas seized his uplifted arm, and thus addressed him—

"Watchman, spare that jug. Touch not a single drop. It served me many a tug, and I will be its prop. 'Twas my forefather's hand that placed it in his cot. There, watchman, let it stand—thy club shall harm it not. That old familiar jug, whose credit and renown are known to many a mug, and wouldst thou smash it down? Watchman, forbear thy blow;

break not its earth-brown clay; nor make the liquor flow; but let that old jug stay."

The watchman could not stand so powerful an appeal, and, after leaving a pamphlet on the Maine Liquor Law, which Jonas used next day for shaving paper, he took his departure.

"What have you done to further human progress?" asked a sententious philosopher the other day of Farmer Jenkins. Jenkins' reply was clear and decisive:

"I've got seven girls and five boys, sir."

The philosopher departed, and for the first time in a wasted life—thought.

A man in Wisconsin, who recently inserted a long advertisement in the papers, offering his farm for sale, closed it in the following sublimely ridiculous style:

"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine—also two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers."

There is a man in one of the up town boarding houses so mean that he wishes his landlady to reduce the price of his board because he has had two teeth extracted.

A lady given to tattle, says she never tells anything except to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.



"I am glad you are going to stay here to tea this afternoon," said a little boy to a lady visitor of his maternal parent. "Why so, my boy?" "Cause we always get hot cakes when there's company to tea."

Fourth of July in Georgetown.

They have some original wags in Georgetown, Massachusetts. At the late celebration of the "glorious Independence," in that town, an original Declaration was read; after which, an oration "as was an oration," was delivered, from which we publish the following extract:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I suppose you all know that previous to 1776 this country belonged to the British country, and, notwithstanding the oppression to which we were subjected, we soon began to be *some*. This made the Britishers mad, and they come over here with an army to put us down. Just at this eventful period in our history, General Jefferson, General Scott, General Martin Van Buren, and a host of other patriots, ris in their wrath, and shouted a war-cry that shook the country from top to bottom, and reverberated as far as the eye could reach—and, fellow citizens, what was the effect of this alarm? Why, in a day or two every hill-top was bristling with the shining baggernets of the sons of the Pilgrims, and every valley was crowded with the fair daughters of America, laden with dough nuts, apple-sass, and such things, to satisfy the demands of nater, while we fit for our country's glory.

"Our fust battle was fought at New Orleans, which was then in possession of the enemy. In consequence of our army being entirely destitute of arms and ammunition, we built an immense wall of cotton bales clean around the city, and kept the British in there until the whole army died of yaller fever.

Fellow Citizens! Look at the battle of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, where General Ander Jackson, with one company of Green Mountain Boys, driv a hundred thousand foreigners out of the country at the pint of the baggernet.

"Look, too, at Waterloo, where General Low captured a whole regiment of Tartars, had 'em skinned, and their hides tanned; and my grandfather that was out in that war had a pair of cowhide boots made out of some of the leather; and fellow citizens, these boots that I've got on are the very identical boots.

"Think you, fellow citizens, our fathers would have thus destroyed the Britishers had they not sufficient cause? What man, with an American heart in his *bussom*, could stand still and see the enemy set fire to his wife and children, destroy his dwelling-house, and then enter his hen-roost and steal his darling chick-a-biddies?

"It was but a few years ago that it was considered very remarkable to have green peas and cowcumbers by the 4th of July. But how is it now? Why, the common people feed their hogs on 'em by the middle of June. In fact, all kinds of sass are more for'ard than they formerly used to be. Think of the luxuries we now enjoy that were never thought of before the Revolution. Ice-creams, spruce-gum, soda-water, peanuts, barberry-sass, potater-rot, erysipelas, and ready-made clothing."

Never abuse mosquitos—they are blood relations.

Tailors Defended.

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations:

1st. As an economist he cuts his coat according to his cloth.

2d. As a gardener he is careful of cabbage.

3rd. As a sailor, he shears off, whenever it is proper.

4th. As a play actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.

5th. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.

6th. As an executioner, he provides suspenders and gallows for many persons.

7th. As a cook he is generally furnished with a warm goose.

8th. As a sheriff's officer he does much sponging.

9th. As a rational and scriptural divine his great aim is to form good habits for the benefit of others.

By the above, the reader will observe that the old maxim that "it takes nine tailors to make one man," has been proven incorrect; and that it takes nine professional men to make one tailor.

A gentleman traveling in Ireland, said to an importunate beggar, "you have lost all your teeth." The beggar answered, "An it's time I'd parted with 'em, when I'd nothing for 'em to do."

A fop, just returned to England from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

The man who was struck with terror, has been arrested, and will be tried forthwith.



The Lover's Serenade.

This love sick swain having played "Thou! Thou" three mortal times under his lady love's window, receives a terrible damper, from a big darkey right over his head—who sings out, "O, go'long wid yer and yer tootin machine, missus been gone to de country dis tree weeks."

Improved Cookery.



To catch a young gentleman and lady, the best way we can; let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner table; put in a good

quantity of wine, and while he is soaking, stick in a word or two now and then about Miss ——; this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the gills, take him out in the

drawing room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea; then set them at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings; when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room, or on the sofa, and there let them simper together the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner table, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage great care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

A SHORT ANSWER.—A man very blunt in his speech, and troubled with a disease in his olfactory organs, once applied to Dr. Abernethy.

Meeting the physician as he was coming down the street, he accosted him:

"Doctor, can you tell what's the matter with me?"

The Doctor, who was noted for his brevity, and who was in somewhat of a hurry, glanced a moment at the disfigured proboscis and answered—"Can't sir!" (Cancer.)



DOMESTIC SCENE.

Pleasures of having an honest Servant gall!

Lady of the house, newly married, and particularly anxious to impress the select company present with an exalted idea of her great management of domestic affairs, such as Baking &c.—Pray, Miss G., can I insist upon your taking a Tart, one of my own making?

Miss G. is supposed to have helped herself, as also the balance of the party.—"Delicious," says Miss G.; "delightful," "Superb," &c., from company present. "What Fruit are those made from," is asked on every side.

Lady.—"Well, I declare,—ahem—indeed—hem—I've forgotten.—I have been so busy arranging everything about the house this week, that indeed I've forgotten. Biddy, (the servant gall) what are those?" (pointing at Tarts).

Biddy.—"Them things, six pence a piece, but if I'd went around the corner to the other feller, I could hav had them at four pence, by the quantity."

A slight squeal, with "Biddy go to the Kitchen," was all that was heard for a few moments.

A Pig in a Carpet-bag.

STRANGE incidents happen, sometimes, since people have got to carrying dogs, bundles, chests of tools, loaded market-baskets, and such like truck, inside omnibuses. We presume no regular patron of the Kipp & Brown, Murphy, or any other line, would be much surprised to hear of a pig being transported in a carpet-bag, and that carpet-bag bundled into a Broadway omnibus, besides. A pretty strong proof that such a thing could be done, was witnessed in a Broadway omnibus a few days since.

The day was rainy, and everybody out of doors in bad humor, of course—particularly such as, after waiting under a dilapidated awning, or in a dripping doorway, for half an hour, rush out into the rain and mud and run the risk of their lives to get a bus, and be told by twelve inside that it's "all fin'." As a

general thing, persons thus bluff'd off cypher their way back to the pavement the best way they can, and wait for another chance; but there are some who will not stand it, and force their way into the vehicle, no matter how many object.

One of these won't-be-refused persons paid liberally for his boorishness, as the story will show. An omnibus filled with its compliment of twelve, was hailed by a big man in a wet shaggy coat, and carrying a large carpet-bag. The driver stopped, of course. Who ever heard of a driver fancying his stage full?

"All full!"

"Go on, driver!"

"There's no room here, sir!"

And a dozen exclamations, came from the insiders; but the driver sat still on his box, and the dripping stranger pulled away at the door, which a man was holding together by the strap. The outsider was too strong for the insider, however, and pulling the door open, jammed in, and passed roughly along over boots and gaiters, to the front of the stage. Here he deposited his carpet-bag upon the feet of a lady passenger, and crowded about one-third of his huge person upon the bit of spare space on the opposite seat, and "faced the audience."

"A pretty *idea* to keep a man standing out in the rain and mud, wasn't it!" exclaimed the angry intruder.

The ladies looked at each other and smiled, while the men laughed outright.

"May be I've been amongst civilized people *some* time in my life," said the now fairly "riled" stranger, "even *if* they didn't have painted stages and painted *people* in 'em."

This drew a deprecating glance from the ladies, while the gentlemen looked as if they wouldn't mind pitching the fellow out.

"Wee-e-e-e!" came from the carpet-bag.

"Hello! what's that?" asked a little man with big hair and a thin voice.

"A pig in a carpet-bag!" shouted another.

"Wee-e-e-ooh-ooh-ooh-wee-e-e!" from the carpet-bag.

"Throw it out!" cried the man with the thin voice.
"There aint any pig there!" roared the shaggy coat.
"Them's my *close* and noth'n else."

"Wee-e-e-e!"
"The deuce there aint," from the little man. "Pitch him out, with his live pork."

"Let 'em try it!" roared the shaggy. "Who's agoin' to do it?"

"Wee-e-e-e!—ooh-ooh-wee-e-e!"

"Gentlemen, we can't stand this any longer—go out with your hog, you brute!" cried the little man, assuming immense indignation.

"Stop the stage and let me out!" cried one of the ladies.

"I tell you I aint got no pig in the bag," growled the shaggy man—"I'll bet ten dollars on it. The critter is somewhere else—in some of the seats, maybe."

"Wee-e-e-e!"

Here the alarm of the ladies began to be intense. Several insisted on getting out, and one improvised a very good faint at a faint.

"Sit still," said the little man—"I'll go out and see the driver. This nuisance is not to be borne any longer."

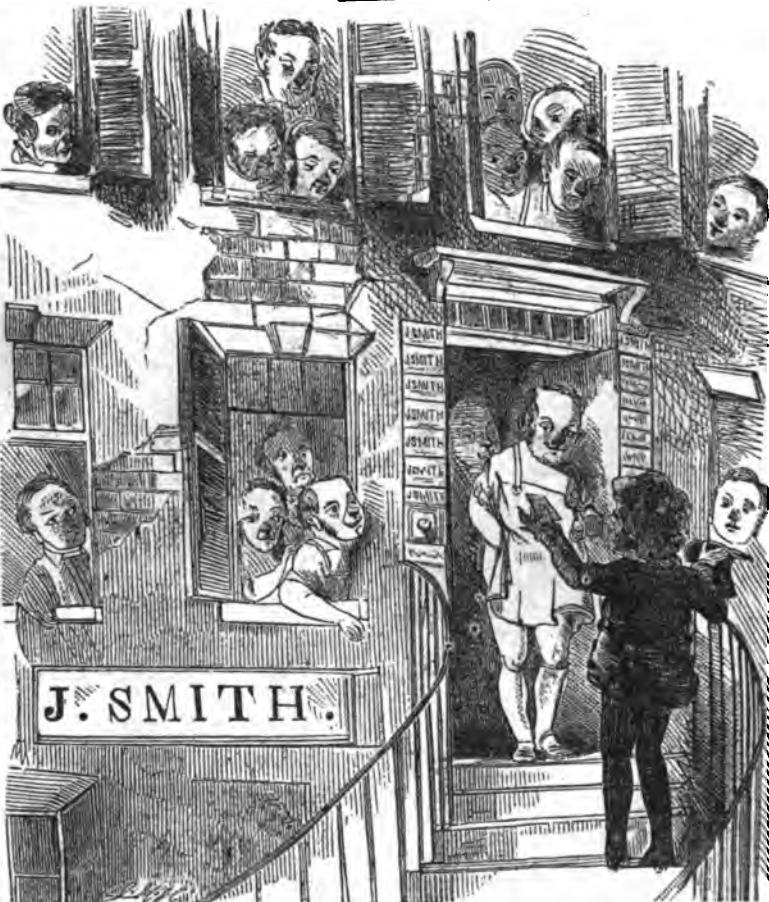
The stage was stopped, and the little man got out, and did see the driver—enough, at any rate, to hand up his sixpence—and then walked straight into Stuyvesant Institute, bestowing, as he entered the door, rather a quizzical look at the people in the stage.

"Who is that fellow?" growled the shaggy coat—"I've a mind to get out and thrash him. The *idea* of my having a pig in that carpet-bag!"

"That man?" answered the person addressed—"that is *Signor Elite*, the ventriloquist and magician."

"The devil!"

"No not quite; but rather a '*clue*' relation.



BOY.—Which is the Smith that's got the prize ticket to the \$100,000 gifts?

ALL FLOCK TO THE WINDOWS.—It's me—it's me—it's me—it's me.—sc. &c.

BOY.—Well it's only the description pamphlet, divide it between you.



Bear Headed.

A Fatal Case.

Old Polly Snaith was a terrible plain woman. She would have borne off the jack knife from all competitors, and given them the odds of fifty start in the race. She was endlessly complaining of her ailments of various kinds, was Mrs. Snaith, to the no small annoyance of such listeners as she claimed to hold, as did the ancient mariner the wedding guest, by the spell of her "glittering eye," and no one was more annoyed than old Dr. Bolus, a cynical old fellow of her neighborhood. Meeting Mrs. Smith one morning, he ventured to salute her with the usual compliment of the morning, with the accustomed, "How d'ye do?" Fatal mistake!

"Why, doctor, feel putty miserable, thank'ee. My old complaint is troublin' me. There never was a poor creature that suffered more than I do. Pains and aches, and aches and pains all the time."

"But," interrupted the doctor, growing impatient, "you don't look very sick."

"No," replied she, "I know I don't, I feel a great deal worse than I look."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, throwing up his hands, "then you'd better make haste home, for you can't live an hour!"

Mrs. Snaith had the good sense to know what he meant, and never made any more complaints to him.

• • •
Governor D. and the Scarecrow.

Governor D., of—no matter what State—was a plain farmer-like man, in fact, aside from his political office, his profession was that of a farmer. He had an orchard behind his house, to which he paid a great deal of attention.

In personal appearance, the Governor was not very prepossessing. He was tall and gaunt, and when about his work, was generally in the habit of wearing a faded dressing-gown, which was of exceeding length, coming nearly to his feet.

It chanced one day that a gentleman fashionably dressed called at the Governor's residence and inquired for him. He was in quest of a certain office which lay in the Governor's gift.

"He is not at home just at present," said Mrs. D., "but if you will come in and take a seat, no doubt he will be along soon."

The visitor accepted the invitation, and seating himself in the plain sitting room, entered into conversation with the Governor's lady.

"I believe," said he, "that this is considered a fine agricultural place. Does your husband own much land?"

"Some thirty acres. He is quite a farmer.

"I caught a glimpse of an orchard just behind the house. That, I suppose belongs to him?"

"Yes; he prides himself on his orchard."

"I see you find it necessary to use scarecrows to frighten away the birds."

"Scarecrows!" The Governor's lady was astonished. "No," said she, "we never employ any."

"Why, I am quite sure that I saw one in one of the trees rigged up in a long fluttering robe."

"I don't think Mr. D. has put any into the orchard. You can look from this window, and perhaps you will see the object which you mistook."

"There it is now," was the reply, as he pointed out a figure standing on a limb of one of the trees, dressed in a pair of overalls, with a faded robe fluttering in the breeze, "that's the scarecrow! I was sure that I was not mistaken!"

"That a scarecrow!" said Mrs. D., in amazement, "why, that's my husband!"

The victim of this embarrassing mistake had just enough voice left to inquire for his hat, upon which he immediately withdrew, thinking it best to defer his application for office to a more convenient season.

Mr. Pickles says, it is quite marvellous that when butter is going down so fast, it should at the same time be up so far. Pickles is a family man, and buys two firkins a month.

The politician who threw defiance in the teeth of his enemies, has been obliged to pay a bill for dentistry.

There is a man in Brooklyn so hot-tempered, that he burns his shirt to a tinder in one day's wearing.

One of the most "solid men of Boston," does not weigh over one hundred pounds.

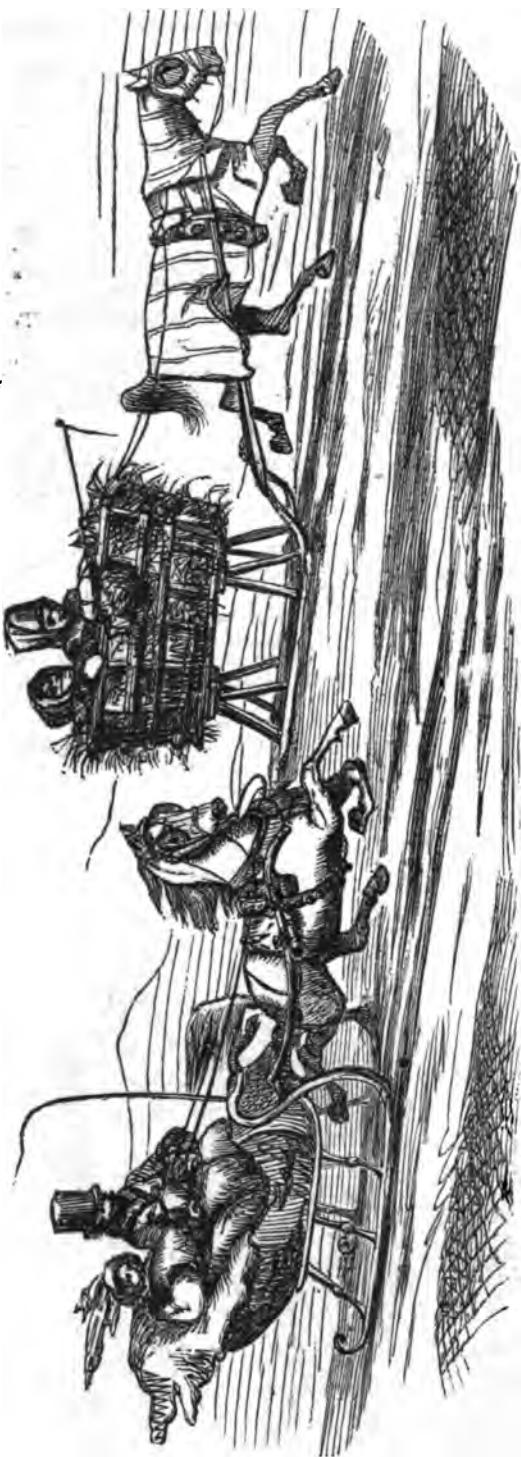
THE LIBERTY OF "THE PRESS."—Having your pocket picked in a crowd.



SCENE—SALOON ON WESTERN STEAMBOAT. River very low. Three inches in the Channel and falling. Boat advertised to draw one and a half inches. Mr. E., very blue! in fact perfectly saturated with Old Burden.

Mr. C.—Why, E., what in the name of common sense got you so tipsy?

Mr. E.—C-e, you (hic) see the w-w-w-hic-ators so le-hic-ew, that the Cap'n has fer-or-r-hic-bid us to drink any wa-hic-ter, f-f-for f-fear (hic) boat might (hic) on a s-s-and bar. S-e-o we (hic) have to (hic) nothing but old W-hic-lky till there's another raise (hic).



A "Loud" One.

Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than the Hon. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdote, he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them that no one can appreciate, who has not made his acquaintance. Among the "characters" that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Luckey, whose taste for bragging amounts, at times, to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide and spreads himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival" from Illinois.

"Major, I understand from Gen. Coombs, that shortly after the Revolution you visited England; how did you like the jaunt?"

"Capitally! I had not been in London five hours, before Rex sent for me to play whist, and a devil of a time we had of it."

"Rex! what Rex?"

"Why Rex the King—George the Third. The game came off at Windsor Castle—Rex and I played against Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke—and resulted rather comically."

"How so?"

"As we were playing the last game, Rex said, in rather a familiar manner. 'Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, do you not?' No, sir, says I, 'I do not, but I tell you who I do know, George Washington, the Father of his Country.' 'Father be d——d,' says he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, he would have been hung long ago.' This, of course riled me, and to that degree, that I just drew back, and gave him a blow between the eyes that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered, that I looked like Lazarus. This gave me rather a distaste for English Society, so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterwards I landed at Washington. The first person I met, after entering the city, was Q."

"Q! what Q?"

"Why, that d——d old federalist, Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play nine-pins with him, I did so, won \$300 at two shillings a game, and then had a row."

"About what?"

"He wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got angry, and knocked him into a spittoon. While I still had him down, Jim came in, and dragged me off to the White House."

"What Jim?"

"Why, Jim Madison. I went, played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in and insisted that I should go home with him."

"What Tom?"

"Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, would not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went into a fight. In the midst of it they fell over the bannisters, and dropped about fifty feet. When I left, they were giving each other h—l in the coal cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha ran in, and said I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon, to see George."

"What Martha do you mean?"

"Martha Washington, wife to George, the old boy that gave jessy to the Hessians."

About here, Coombs said the stranger began to discover that he was "swallowing things." The next stage that came along, he took passage in for an adjacent town. The Major, we believe, is still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave Louis XVIII is "the d——dest best thing on record."

CONCISENESS DESIRABLE.—A formal old gentleman finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted and called to his servant in the following manner:

"Tom, take off the saddle which is upon my bay horse and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy gray horse and put it upon my bay horse;—lastly, put the other upon thy gray horse."

The fellow gaped all the while, and at last cried out—"Leck-a-day, Sir! could not you have said at once 'change the saddles'?"

TEST QUESTION.—In order to test the witticism of the Irish, the following question was recently put by a knot of gents to a newly imported son of the Emerald Isle:

"If the devil should be told he might have one of us, which would he first choose?"

"Why me, to be sure?" responded Pat.

"And why so?"

"Faith he knows he could get either of you at any time." The gents were satisfied, and adjourned sine die.

COQUETTE.—A human Wasp that tries to pass itself off for a Bee.

COMPORT versus ELEGANCE.



HARF PASSENGER.—What is the fare to Chicago, sur?

AGENT.—Three dollars.

P.—Too much, sure an I can get fur two sur.

A.—How many are there of you?

P.—Meself an' wife, that's two, sur; me wife an' her brodder, Pat Rooney's four, sur; Pat Rooney an' his wife's six, sur; Pat's wife's widdy sister an' hersilf with two orphan childer, make tin, that's all, sur.

A.—I will send you all for \$30.

P.—Faith I'll give twinty, sur.

A.—Very well; there's a large family of you, here's a ticket.

P.—God bless ye, sur, devil the likes could I find like you in a two day's walk. Faith an' I'll write to me frinds to come be ye's own line, sur.

Some ladies appear to regard themselves as a sort of houses, and to think that the more they are painted the better they look.

If a small boy is a lad, will two small boys make a ladder?

A Discourse on Bricks.

How common it has been of late years, to say to a man whose virtuous tendencies are of the first order, "My dear fellow, you are a brick." It becomes, however, more emphatic in the usage of the third person. "Do you know Mr. So-and-So? Is he a good fellow?" The concise answer is, "He's a brick." The answer is satisfactory, in all senses, to the proounder of the question—indeed, a more satisfactory reply cannot be uttered. We have heard this kind of expression called *slang*—it really is not so. Take up your Plutarch, turn to the life of Agesilaus, and what do you read? You will find, if you understand Greek—and if you don't, set about learning it immediately, for the purpose of history, as well as poetry and elevation of thought—that when the ambassador of Epirus went to Agesilaus to have a diplomatic chit-chat with him, he said to him: "Where on earth are the walls of Sparta? In other states of Greece the principal towns have walls—but where are yours, dear Agesilaus?"

The ambassador from Epirus was answered by that amiable monarch:

"Breakfast with me, old chap; some of the best soup that Sparta can afford shall be put on the table; and I'll show you the walls."

They met; Agesilaus had drawn out his Spartan army before him, and with exulting look, and dignified mien, said to his friend from Epirus,

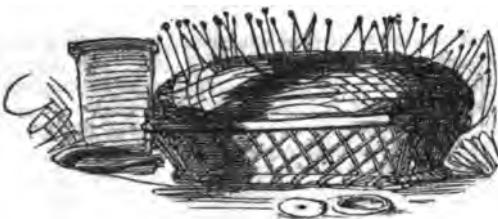
"Look! these are the walls of Sparta, Sir; and *every particular man you see is a brick!*"

How classical becomes the phrase! how distant from *slang*!



A MISTAKE, BUT UNPLEASANT.

SHORT SIGHTED WESTERN MAN.—Well, sir, I assure you it was quite a mistake. You see your hat was standing on the floor there, and 'pon my soul I thought it was a rotten.



PERSISTENCE.
"I carry all my points".

Hiring a Brakeman.

Many years since, soon after the opening of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, a stout-looking innocent about six feet in his stockings, with thews and thighs to match, stood in the depot at Worcester, gazing with evident admiration at the "brain new" cars and snorting locomotive, which had just arrived at the station. A roguish citizen who stood near him, watched his undisguised wonder attentively, and drawing near, entered into conversation with him.

He was "down from Vermont arter work, and wanted to git a chance on one o' these here railroads."

"Do?" said the other. "Why don't you go and see the superintendent?"

"Wa-a-l, I would, ef I knew whar to find him."

"Oh, then, come along with me—I'm going right by his office."

Accordingly off went the twain, straight to the store where that demurest of all hoaxers, Jem B., stood like a patriarchal spider waiting for any unsophisticated human fly that might flounder into his net.

"Ah!" said the wag, who acted as pilot—"There he is. Here's a young man, Mr. B., who wants a berth on the road as brakeman."

Jem was posted immediately.

"Well, I don't knew. We've had a great many applications for the post, and, in fact, I had engaged a man to go out upon this train; but as he is not up to his engagement, I will talk to you. Have you been accustomed to railroading?"

"W-a-a-l, no, I ain't; but I guess I could learn it mighty soon. What's the wages?"

"Thirty-six dollars a month and clothes."

"W-a-a-l, mister, I'm ready, ef you say so, to take right hold."

"Very well then, I'll send you out on this train; but I wish to put you on your guard with reference to one matter, and that is, there is a set of trouble-some fellows continually hanging round the train, pretending to belong to the road. Some of them may interfere with you. If they do, put them off the cars at once—tell them I put you on the train, and take no orders or impudence from any of them. As to your duties: when you hear one whistle, screw on your brakes; if two alarms are sounded, screw them down hard; and then when three are given, loosen the brakes for the train to go on. I'll go with you and put you on the train. You return here to night, and then I will see about your boarding place."

Accordingly down they went to the station, and there the pretended superintendent showed his employee the brakes, and mode of using them—leaving him with a fresh injunction to "knock down any one who attempted to interfere with him."

Before many minutes, the Vermonter had a customer. The whistle sounded, and on went the brake!

"What are you doing there with that brake?" shouted a legitimate brakeman. "Jump off there in a hurry, if you don't want your head broke."

Jonathan looked at his rude interrogator (a small man) with contempt, but disdained to reply.

"S-h-ree! s-h-ree! who-o-oo!" went the whistle,

and the new brakemen screwed away for life, until snap went the chain.

This was the cup too much, and off went the infuriated little brakeman for assistance.

"What are you doing there?" asked the conductor, who returned with the man; and stepping upon the car, placed his hands upon Jonathan with a view to summary ejectment. A brief struggle ensued at the termination of which the conductor lay sprawling upon his back, with the small brakeman's head jammed between his legs.

"Come on, ye darn'd heathins!" shouted Jonathan, now fairly roused—"come on! I'll larn ye to cut up yer didos around me. I'm hired, I be! Mr. —— hired me for this bizniss, and ef I don't larn ye ter to tend to yer own, it'll be coz yer stouter'n I be."

A fresh struggle ensued between our hero and some half-dozen others employed on the train, who had now gathered around, and Jonathan was finally overpowered, when an explanation took place, and the superintendent's "store" was sought for, but could not be found, as the incorrigible wag had not been so incautious as to make the engagement in his own store; and although he was strongly suspected as being the author of the too practical joke, no proof could be had, for by a shrewd management of the muscles of his face, and cool assurance, aided by a different dress, he succeeded in arguing Jonathan out of his suspicion, the latter having charged him with the hoax. The best part of the joke was the denouement. The actual superintendent, hearing of the affair, and of the indomitable pluck displayed by the Vermonter, sent for him, and did actually engage him, and it is said that he now satisfactorily fills an important post upon one of the great western roads.

"Oh, be off, I'm sick of you!" said the virtuous Amelia to her slightly over-presuming admirer, who demurely extended his hat and replied—

"What you mean to express, my dearest girl, is, that you are desirous of throwing me up. If so, charmer—go a-head!"

She went at his head. He caught her in his tender arms, and sipped the nectar off her lips. She called him an impudent, good-for-nothing fellow—and reciprocated.

A cotemporary describing a dance at a village in the neighborhood, said: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."



SCENE.—Dinner table in a cheap boarding-house.

IMPUDENT BOARDER, appealing to the landlady in an ancient head-dress, at the head of the table.—"Madam, do you call this (exhibiting a log of wood upon a fork) a piece of tur-key?"

LANDLADY.—"I bought it for that, sir, and I believe it's a fine one."

IMPUDENT BOARDER.—"Oh, ah! well, it is quite different from the kind of—key I should take it for."

LANDLADY.—"And, pray sir, what would you take it for?"

IMPUDENT BOARDER.—"Well, marm, from its toughness and hardness, I should have taken it for a door-key instead of a turkey."

The rest of the boarders smiled.

A Bread Hint.

 Rev. Mr. Johnson was one of those rough, but quaint preachers of a former generation who was fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a good lady in a neighboring parish, and asked if he took milk in his tea. "Yes, marm, when I can't get cream!"

The above, from a correspondent, reminds us of an anecdote of another clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist. He once took tea with a lady of his parish, who prided herself much upon her nice bread, and was also addicted to the common trick of depreciating her viands to her guests. As she passed the nice warm biscuit to the reverend gentleman, she said, "they are not very good, she was almost ashamed to offer them," &c. The minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and re-

plied, "They are not so good as they might be!" The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color, the lady exclaimed, "they are good enough for you!" Nothing further was said about the biscuit.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A friend, for some time resident at San Francisco, relates the following incident of which he was an eye witness.

It is the custom with the great gambling establishments to employ stool-pigeons, or decoys to trap the unsuspecting into the loss of whatever money they may have in their possession.

One of this class, we will call him Sharp for want of a better name, prided himself on his success in this line. He was wont to boast that none, once fairly in his clutches, ever escaped scathless. He was in the habit of lying in wait, especially for those who had just returned from the mines laden with the proceeds of many a day's hard labor.

One day, as he was walking through the streets, his watchful eye rested upon an individual in ragged costume, swinging a heavy bag carelessly in his right hand, and who, judging from his demeanor, was far gone in verdancy. "Here's a prize," thought Sharp to himself.

"Just from the mines?" inquired he blandly.

"I reckon I am," was the reply.

"Good luck, I hope."

"Well, rayther; there's some dust in this bag, I reckon." Sharp, by adroit questioning, ascertained that the stranger's bag contained some twelve hundred dollars worth of dust. Finding him without acquaintances in the city, he kindly volunteered to show him the lions of the place. Of course he soon drew up to the gambling-house of which he was the paid agent. The stranger made little objections to playing, though he declared he didn't know a "damned thing about it."

The result was as may be imagined. Sharp rose from the table a winner—his antagonist a ruined man.

The latter was very vociferous in his grief.

"What a confounded fool I was to play! Twelve hundred dollars gone in half an hour! and now I haven't got a cent to carry me back to the mines. That comes of gambling. O dear!"

He buried his face in his bandanna and seemed quite overcome with sorrow.

"Look here," said Sharp, who did not relish such an outcry, "if you won't make such a confounded racket, I'll give you twenty dollars to carry you back to the mines. Come that's fair, isn't it?"

The stranger acknowledged that it was; he quickly dried up his tears, and pocketing the money, departed.

"That's what I call something of an operation," chuckled Sharp. "Twelve hundred dollars in half an hour isn't to be sneered at."

He lifted the bag, which to his satisfaction seemed very heavy, and prepared to open it.

Conceive his disappointment and rage, when, instead of discovering a large amount of gold dust, he found it filled with fine shot!

"The cursed swindler! He has cheated me, and worse than all, I gave him twenty dollars for doing it!"

Diligent inquiry was made after the mysterious stranger, but he was never again seen in San Francisco. Sharp pocketed the loss as well as he could, and learned from it the useful lesson that the sharpest are liable to be taken in and done for.

"First class in National Philosophy, stand up.—What's attraction?"

"Please sir, I know—The look that a blue-eyed gal gives her lover."

"Right. Now tell me what inertia is."

"Inertia, sir, is a desire to remain where you are; a feeling a piece of calico experiences when leaning against a canary colored vest."

"Right again call the next class."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobba."

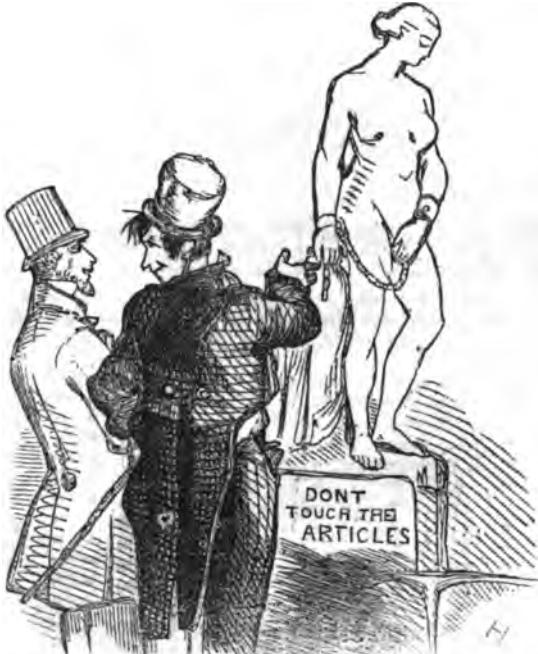
"Pooh, nonsense! Tell right out, Jane; which letter do you like best?"

"Well, (blushing and dropping her eyes,) I like U best."

The Boston Post says that "a young man, a member of an evangelical church," advertises in a New York paper for board "in a pious family, where his christian example would be considered a compensation." Modest, ain't it?

"Tow the line," said the canal-boat to the horse; and the quadruped replied with a sigh—

"Of course I will, I'm so attached to it."



THE VERMONTER AND THE GREEK SLAVE.—While our reporter was looking at the statue of the Greek Slave in the Crystal Palace, a very tall and very green Vermonter stood by.

"Mister," said he, after a moment's inspection, pointing to the chains upon her wrists, "what's that critter hopped for?"

The bystanders roared; and we endeavored to explain to him the nature of the subject; and, to prevent him from handling it as he was bent upon doing, pointed to the placard requesting visitors "Not to touch the articles."

"Don't touch the articles!" repeated he, "Why she ain't got the first durned article on her!"

We left.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

JONATHAN'S CARD.

This enterprise of that ancient, and as many are disposed to think, fabulous bird, the Phoenix, who is said to rise from its own ashes, has been equalled, the subscriber thinks, if not surpassed, by the rapidity with which he has recovered from the effects of the Great Fire, which destroyed so large an amount of his own and his neighbor's property and premises. In less than six weeks he is back in his Old Store, No. 98 Nassau Street, and in the full tide of success again, Engraving, Lithographing, Printing, Coloring, and glorifying the Yankee Nation generally.

First among his many irons in the fire, since the season is so near at hand, is his branch of the Valentine business, in which he not only promises to out do all his competitors, who must, this time at least, confess themselves nowhere, but what is still harder, himself and his own previous reputation. The finest assortment of Valentines ever yet seen in America, including his own make, and those of the first French and English houses, will soon be displayed in his own windows and show cases, and at the crowded counters of his Agents in all sections of the land. Those in want of Valentines, and who will not be in want of them

"All on St. Valentine's day,
When men and maidens woo,"

are invited to send in their address, or give the subscriber a call, and he will guarantee the fullest satisfaction.

For "The Notions," he would say all that the subject demands and deserves, did he not believe that its thousands of readers have already anticipated him, and made up their minds strongly in its favor. All that he will say, then, is that he will spare no pains or expense on his part, to make it all that it should be, and he trusts that its readers will spare no pains on theirs, to give it a wide circulation. As usual, the best writers and draughtsmen will continue to be engaged upon it.

In conclusion, he begs leave to say that in all departments of his business, Printing, Wood Engraving, and Coloring, he is prepared to receive, and execute, all orders in the neatest and best manner. Thankful for past favors, he hopes a continuance of the same at his old establishment.

T. W. STRONG,
98 Nassau Street, New York.

NOTICE

to

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

VALENTINES !!

To meet the increased demand for Valentines, the subscriber has now ready an extensive stock, to enable the trade to supply their customers, which he offers at the following very low prices, for cash only,

No.	1 Juvenile,	-	-	\$00 50 per gross.
"	2 Sentimental,	-	-	75 "
"	3 Comic,	-	-	62 1/2 "
"	4 Comic,	-	-	1 50 "
"	5 Sentimental,	-	-	1 50 "
"	6 "	-	-	2 50 "
"	12 "	-	-	5 00 "
"	25 "	-	-	10 00 "
"	37 "	-	-	15 00 "
"	50 "	-	-	20 00 "
"	100 "	-	-	40 00 "
"	200 "	-	-	80 00 "
"	19 Envelopes, embossed & gilt,	-	-	4 50 "
"	13 "	-	-	3 00 "
"	6 "	-	-	1 50 "

The above offers opportunities for purchasers to realize a large profit, and in addition, on bills of \$50 to \$100 a discount of 5 per cent will be made; \$200 and over, 10 per cent.

T. W. STRONG, Importer and Manufacturer,
98 Nassau Street, New York.
Orders by Express, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to.

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FATE FLOWER,

which, as its name imports, will give glimpses of that perfect Fairy Land that exists in the Future of every young and loving heart. There can be no more delightful amusement than this, for the festive parties of any season, and it is besides, a beautiful ornament for the parlor table.

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No. 2.

FEBRUARY.

Vol. III.



"STOP OR DIE!" Hello! what's this? Han't I pald my way fur the ole woman and myself, and han't we got our dough-nuts and punkin pie all the way from hum? What on airth deu yer mean! MUST buy yer oranges or git blowed through? Ole woman, let me be—jest let go my drapery, will yer? and see ef I don't go through Erie, ef I hev to make my way rite through the murderin', blood-thirsty, peddin' skunks! Talk about not having a SIX FOOT GAUGE! I kalkilate that ef they don't let this ere critter go through, there'll be a general engagement, anyhow!

So clar the track! I'm in a hurry!

How a Blackleg was Caught.



HE following "sharp one" is too good to be laughed at alone in these wintry dull times, so please enjoy it with us.

A few days since, the b'hoys over here—and among them we will call two of them Bill and Sid, for short—were trying the mettle of their nags at a quarter stretch, for two dollars and a half a side.

Some of the professionals of Mississippi hearing of it, gathered up their pile and the crack quarter mile racer of their State—one that had never been beaten—and down they came to our town and bantered

us all for a quarter race for any sum short of a cool \$15,000. Accidentally Bill and Sid got wind of the trap that was laid for us, and off they both went for Alabama, where they found a rather rough looking critter of a racer, whose owner, however, told them she never had been beaten, and that they might put her up against anything South, for a "quarter," provided they let his boy ride.

"She'll do," says Bill, "and we'll go our little pile on her, and if we win we will divide."

"All right," says the owner, and away started Bill and Sid with their old Lucy, as they called her, for home, where they arrived three days before the Sharpers. Bill put the mare into his stable with his cart horse and buggy mare, and left all the mud and dust sticking to her from a journey of seventy-five miles.

Sharp and his chum arrived, and the next morning they broached the subject—a quarter race—and offered to bet \$200 that they could lick anything in town with their gray mare, who was nothing but a common buggy nag at that. Bill and Sid chanced to be passing along down towards the tavern, and overheard the conversation.

"What is that you said, stranger?" asked Bill.

Sharp repeated his offer, which rather staggered Bill, who said he thought it rather dangerous to risk so much money on a horse race.

"Well," says Sharp, "as I have no further use for my mare, I'll tell you what I'll do. How much money can you start?"

"I don't know," replied Bill; "I reckon among us we might raise a \$100."

"Well," said Sharp, "I'll put up \$200 to your \$100, and my mare against your nag, and run you a quarter any time within four weeks. But I would like to see what you have to run first."

"Come up to the stable," said Bill, "and I'll show you all our critters. But look here, stranger, I don't want you to laugh at our horses, for I don't call them racers by any means."

"Oh, no," said Sharp and his chum, "we won't laugh, for we don't call our mare anything but a buggy tackey."

They reached the stables. "There," said Bill, "are three of the best horses in our town." Sid led out the real cart horse and asked them what they thought of him. Sharp thought them rather hard to beat, but asked to see the others: so Bill led out old Lucy, apologising for her dirty appearance, because the nigger never could be made to clean off the old lady's saddle mare.

"That will do," said Sharp, "you may take your pick out of them and fix them up, as I said before, and we will try you."

"Done!" says Bill. "But stop; I never thought of it—who shall we get to ride for us? I reckon, though, we can scare up some boy that will try it."

Next morning Sid mounted one of the racers, (not old Lucy, though,) and started for the little nigger rider. He gets him to town the evening before the race was to come off. Bill, in the meantime, looked around town for a rider. The boys were all willing, but their mothers thought it would not do; it was entirely too dangerous.

Down goes Bill to Sharp in a terrible quandary, and tells him—

"I guess, stranger, we will have to back out of this race, for I cannot get a boy in town to ride my hoss."

"No, sir-ree," says Sharp, "no back out to us! You might find a chap in the country."

"Oh, yes, that's a fact," said Bill, and out he goes.

By this time Sid had arrived from Alabama, and tells Bill, "all right—O. K.—keep dark."

The morning arrived, and the hour for starting approached. With it, too, the mares came to the cross-roads—the starting point—Sharp and his gray mare. Rider and cap "fine as silk;" Bill and Sid riding their cart and buggy horses, and a little country nigger, with the crown half torn out of his hat, out at the elbows, and a white streak visible through the bottom of his pantaloons, riding old Lucy, the old woman's saddle nag.

Bill and Sid had had the bay mare brushed and curried at least once a day, ever since the bet was made, and she had improved mighty.

"Well," says Sharp, "how goes it by this time?"

"Just middling," says Bill, "the bay don't look so bad after the dusting she has had, I tell you; we have brought the kinks out of her knees. How does the gray get along?"

"So, so," replied Sharp, "she was never better." Turning round to examine Bill's mare, he said: "Your nag looks fine."

"Yes," said Bill, "she ain't slow. There was nothing in town, before you came, that could touch her, but I reckon your little gray will dust her eye lashes for her."

While this conversation was going on, Sid was out picking up every stray \$2 1-2 or \$5 that was offered—the gray being the favorite—until he had made up about \$500. He went to Bill and told him that all was right, and they might as well try it.

After eyeing the bay, Sharp and his chum held a little talk—about as follows:

"Look here—that mare is no scrub. Did you notice how that ugly little nigger sat in his saddle? I tell you what it is—I am just thinking that our little gray and we, too, are



"So, my dear little man, your charming mother tells me that you are coming to my school?"

"Yes, sir! I heard mother say she supposed she MUST, as she could not get me into Mr. Smith's, nor Mr. Plier's, nor Miss Gray's."



A NATURAL SEQUENCE.—Extraordinary Head.

How Stubblefield sold his Swill.

MR. EDITOR:—I told you something in your paper, about George Stubblefield, Esq., of Scrabbletown. If you recollect he is essentially a bag of wind.

You will find such characters all over the world. Go into a tavern on a rainy day, they are there; at church, they are there; stop by the wayside to talk with a neighbor, and in ten minutes one of them will be there. It seems as if they possessed the canine faculty of smell, even beyond the perfection of a hound, and could scent a congregation of idlers any where within five miles. They are all everlasting talkers, but in other respects differ as wide as "saint and sinner." Some are coarse and vulgar, others as "sleek and sharp as a new-made pin." George Stubblefield belonged to the latter class, and whoever dealt with him was sure to get "bit," as the saying is. Last fall he had some shoats to sell, and a neighbor of mine agreed to take a couple, saying he would be after them in a few days. The price agreed on was six cents per pound. I ought to tell you my neighbor's name is Holdfast—Sharply Holdfast; and as John Bunyan says of one of his characters, "as his name is so is he."

So, early on Monday morning, Sharply appeared at the door of Stubblefield's domicil, and informed him he had come for the pigs.

"Have you, indeed?" said the dealer in "live hogs," thinking in an instant that they had not been fed; "well, really, I don't know how we shall get at the weight, for I have no steelyards."

"Well," said Holdfast, "we can guess at it."

But George, knowing the sharp reputation of the man he was dealing with, dared not to risk it. And here let me remark, it is unfortunate for a "sharper" to get a sharp reputation, because, in this case, everybody is jealous of him. Stubblefield, with his sanctimonious phiz and lubricated tongue, always managed to obtain a fair reputation, but how he did it is one of the mysteries. The old poet says,

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;"

but in this case the "tug" was not even-handed, for Sharply could not read Stubblefield's soul, and took him to be, on the whole, a passable sort of man: and when he denied that he had a steelyard, and expressed a strong desire to know "the weight of the pigs," he did not see that Stubblefield wanted to get rid of him for half an hour.

"Well," said Holdfast, "what are we to do in such a case?"

"I don't know," said George, very innocently, "unless you run down to neighbor Yardley's, and borrow a pair of steelyards, while I am doing a few chores."

It was some three fourths of a mile to the neighbor's house,

and, as it afterwards leaked out, Stubblefield knew he would not find any steelyards there. So the buyer walked off to Yardley's, and told his errand.

"Did Stubblefield send you here?"

"Yes."

"The cutted hypocrite!" said Yardley—he always lisped when in earnest—"the cutted hypocrite! he knew I hadn't nothing to weigh with, for he thent Jack Splinters here last week on the thame arrant!"

"The deuce he did!" said Sharply, looking steadily in his neighbor's eye, as much as to say, "I doubt it."

"Fact," said Yardley.

For the first time a suspicion crossed Holdfast's mind that there was a snake in the grass. Some fifteen minutes were spent in canvassing Stubblefield's character, when the buyer of pigs returned, feeling pretty sure that a trick of some kind was to be played off, and resolved to foil it.

Arriving at the house, he saw the pigs just finishing a most generous breakfast, their bellies so full they could scarcely move.

"Your neighbor says he has not got a steelyard," said Sharply, not seeming to notice the improved condition of the pigs.

"Well, well," said Stubblefield, "I forgot—here are neighbor Bascom's steelyards in the house now, that I borrowed last week. Which pig will you have?"

"Not either, till we can agree on the price of swill," said Sharply; and turning round, he was about leaving the premises, when Stubblefield, seeing there was an opportunity for his enemies to make a noise about it, called after him,

"Stop, Sharply, stop; how much will you give for one of them at a venture?"

"Four dollars, and nothing said."

"The pig is yours," responded Stubblefield.

But Holdfast told his wife, she told her sister, and how the sister told me is nobody's business.

Jersey Angle Irish.

Just after a rail road accident in New Jersey, the following took place between a couple of green attaches:

"Ay, be dad, Jem, but that was a bit of a smash; do you know was there many lives kilt intirely?"

"Civil a soul ov 'em was lost, Mike, fur the President tould us to save the paces."

If a pig wanted to make a sty for himself how would he proceed? By tying a knot in his tail, and that would make a pig's tie.

Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it's the scenter.



A NATURAL SEQUENCE.—Extraordinary Feet.

The Dutchman's Cider.

In the small village of B., in the State of Pennsylvania, there lived a Dutchman who was famous for making the best cider in the neighborhood, and was equally famous for keeping it; and as yet, no person, but himself and family, had been permitted to taste the good stuff. At last, one of his near neighbors said he was bound to taste it. Accordingly he went to the Dutchman's house, and entered into conversation with him concerning his crops, &c., and by degrees led him to speak of his cider. He then said to him:

"I understand you make very good cider?"

"Yaw," replied the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, go pring a mug full."

Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished visitor, said:

"Dere now, if you dosh not dink dat good cider, joost you schmell of te mug."

The Low-Neck'd Dress.

When first I saw Miss Clara,
An up town ball 'twas at,
A low-necked dress she wore, and near
An open door she sat;
But when the door was thriving oak—
Exposed to tempests keen
And biting air
So much, 'twas ne'er
As the blooming girl I mean,
Becoming, I must confess;
For of all the men round
Not one could be found
But looked after the low-necked dress.

The polka's tumult over,
The fondest of mamma's
Her daughter calls, and hints at shawls;
But scornful "humphs" and "hahs"
From Clara, (artful goddess!)
The kind proposal meet—
Quite faint she feels—
She fairly reels—
She never could bear the heat!
So she sits in her low-necked dress,
But the heat would have troubled her less,
For long weeks have rolled
Ere she's rid of the cold
That she caught from the low-necked dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders'
'Neath downy cloak of fur,
Or pilot coat, and round that throat
A ploughman's comforter;
For I'd know that tender bosom
Was safe from climate's ill;
And the heart so sweet
Would much longer beat
Than I now feel sure it will
While she clings to her low-necked dress.
I've proposed, and she answered "yes;"
Next week it's to be;
But make sure I shall see
That it's not in a low-necked dress!

"Do you know Mr. John Brown?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Is he not a deserving man?

"Yes, he deserves a flogging, and if he ever gallants you again, I will give it to him!"

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied "we raised them!"

Modern Dictionary.

WITNESS Box.—In a court of justice, a kind of pillory, where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

A YOUNG MAN OF TALENT.—An impudent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable nonsense; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech maker.

MY DEAR.—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

LAWYER.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy, and keeps it himself.

DENTIST.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

THE GRAVE.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

THIN SHOES.—An article worn in winter by high spirited young ladies, who would rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

MONEY.—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

RURAL FELICITY.—Potatoes and turnips.

FEAR.—The shadows of hope.

HONESTY.—An excellent joke.

An Irishman wrote as follows to his friend during the rebellion of '98:

"To give you some idea of the state of the country at present, I shall only say that at this moment I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

Jones, did you ever have any interest in the public stocks?"

"Why, y-e-z, zur, I stood in 'em once about four 'ours!"

"Vat mit be the reason dat Shosheph wouldn't shleep mit Botifar's wife?" inquired an honest Dutchman of his boy.

"Shpose he wasn't sleepy," replied the youngster.

"There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe.

"Yes," replied Charley, "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."



Jonathan's talk with the King of the Sandwich Islands; or Young American Diplomacy.

"Yer see, Ginaler—yer Majesty, I meant to say—I'm sent as a deputation, I am, from Young America. We want to buy you out, we do, stock, lock, and barril. Say, now, what'll yer take, old feller, for them ere melon patches of Islands, with all the improvements? Yer know yer can't hold 'em long—must give up. Now, we'll give yer a nice annuity, and send yer the Notions free, and take the hull consarn off yer hands. Come, now, what will yer take?"



SCENE.

"Dearest Charles, what can be the matter with that poor being? did you see him fall?"
 "A fit of some kind, my love."
 "Charley, what kind of a fit? O, do tell me?"
 Old Gent, assisting the fallen lord of creation, and rather plain spoken, grunts forth,
 "I think it's a TIGHT fit, madam, judging from the quantity of liquor in him."

Some More of them 'ere Beans.

A legislative assembly, gathered as it is from all quarters and from every profession, must necessarily include all varieties of character, some of a most amusing kind.

Several years since the town of _____, saw fit to elect a sturdy farmer, whom the love of travel had never led out of the precincts of his native county, to the onerous post of "member of the general court."

Arrived in Boston, our friend, being somewhat hungry, and desirous of taking something substantial "for the stomach's sake," found his way into one of our principal hotels just at the dinner hour.

He sat down to dinner, and being requested by the waiter to select from the bill of fare what dish he chose, expressed a desire for some "baked beans."

This was brought him, and from the gusto with which it was eaten, evidently suited our Representative. The plate was cleared in an incredible short space of time, and the attentive waiter was at his side.

"Will you have your plate changed?"

"Yea."

"What will you have next?"

The bill of fare was consulted, and the guest announced this decision;

"I reckon I'll have *a few more of them 'ere beans!*"

The second instalment was not long in disappearing. Again the question was proposed.

"Will you have your plate changed?"

"Yea."

"What will you take?"

"You may bring me *a few more of them 'ere beans!*"

The waiter turned away to conceal a smile, but did as he was ordered. He kept an eye on the new-fledged representative, and by the time his third plate was despatched, was by his side with the old question.

"Of course," thought he, "he'll want something else this time."

"What dish shall I bring you, sir?"

The representative took up the bill of fare and followed its various items with his finger, till he came to the end, a process which occupied some ten minutes. He was apparently puzzled, but in a moment his face lighted up, and he said;

"I don't care if I take *a few more beans!*"

They were brought, and we need not say, went the way of their predecessors.

"Perhaps, sir," said the waiter, as he took away the empty plate, "you would like some kind of pudding? We have all kinds."

"I don't know," was the hesitating reply. "Have you got any *more of them 'ere beans?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I guess you may bring me *a few more to finish up with*. I don't want any pudding."

For every day of the session our country representative patronized his favorite dish. When at length his services were dispensed with, and he returned to his constituents, he was asked how he liked stopping in Boston?

"Boston is a great place," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "*Boston is a great place for baked beans!*"

Hotel Scene.

"Landlord, come here, I have got a secret that will make your fortune for you."

"No, what is it?"

"Do you see that roast goose at the head of the table?"

"Yes—what of it?"

"That is the very one whose cackling saved Rome. Come along and I will show where the Centurion trod on him."

A gentleman making a morning call upon a very stingy, but rich old widow, was asked by her in a desultory conversation *pour passer le temps*,

"Do you draw, Mr. Larkins?"

"Oh, in my way I do," replied that gentleman.

"I should really like to see a specimen," said the widow.

"Well," replied the amateur, "just order a bottle of claret, and I'll see what I can do at a cork, and you may as well tell John to bring up a biscuit, for it's about lunch time I fancy."

The widow did as requested, and gave John orders for a perpetual "not at home" to Mr. Larkin's morning calls for the future.

A Western poet has composed "The Song of the Dying Horse Chesnut." It is very affecting.

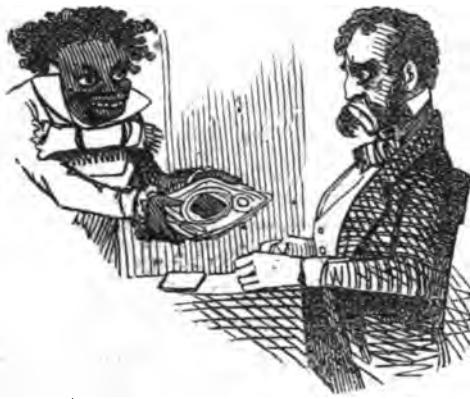
When is a man most *char-i-table*? When sitting down to a glorious dinner. ("Oh, my!")



BOY.—Please, ma'am, have you any cold witties?

LADY.—No, my lad, they are all hot.

BOY (innocently).—Then, ma'am, I'll wait till they're cold!



"John, is my coffee hot?"
"Not yet, massa, me spit in him, and he ne SIZZES yet."

A Frightened Wife.

A few days since a Benedict, whose silvery hair proclaimed him on the wrong side of fifty, came to Cincinnati. Being a man of taste as well as of means, he made the — House his residence. The morning after his arrival, he visited the magnificent saloon of our friend, A. F., who, observing that his customer's hair and whiskers wore a very wintry appearance, suggested the propriety of his getting them dyed. Now, our hero, not being addicted to vanity, at first objected, but A. swore that it was a shame such *silk* locks with a natural wavy curl, should be allowed to retain its frosty character, and the gentleman finally resigned his cranium to the hands of A. who very speedily—by the help of C—t's cosmetic for changing red or gray hair to a beautiful brown or black—as the advertisement has it—transmogrified him from a rather antiquated specimen of a gentleman in the sere and yellow leaf, to a juvenile looking Adonis of twenty-eight. The transformation was most gratifying to our hero, who being rather a good looking fellow, felt proud of himself, and accordingly displayed his handsome figure for several days in the principal promenades of the city. His business concluded, he returned to his home in Cleveland, where he arrived late night, and going straightway to his house, was admitted in the dark by his anxious spouse. Going to his apartment

he undressed himself, and without the formality of striking a light, got into bed, and in a short time was closely folded in the arms of his affectionate wife and of Morpheus.

The morning beams were dancing in diamond splendor upon the floor of the bed chamber, when he was awakened by a terrific scream, and starting up he discovered his better half rushing, very much terrified, from the bed-room. Quick as thought he sprang from his bed and followed her, visions of madness floating through his imagination. At length she reached the parlor, where, sinking upon a sofa, she fainted outright. By dint of sal volatile and other restoratives, she was shortly revived, when, gazing upon her husband, who was mournfully bending over her, she exclaimed that she was ruined, dishonored, and undone.

"Be calm, dearest," said he, soothingly.

At the sound of the voice she started, gave one piercing look, and as she recognized the well known features, burst into tears, and sprung into his arms. It appears that upon waking, instead of the familiar "frosty pow" of her *big* lord, she discovered a redundant quantity of dark brown hair and whiskers. This caused her alarm and flight from the marital couch. The lady who is many years the junior, is perfectly charmed with the alteration, and feels quite proud of her *old* man. Thus the adventure turned out happily at last. Had it been otherwise, Mr. F. might have had a load upon his conscience, through his anxiety in metamorphosing old men into young ones.

A Popular Song.

Vainly the " Alderman"
Fumbled his key,
As he was staggering
Home from his—"tea!"
Singing "from City Hall
Reeling I come;
Good Mrs. Alderman
Let me (hic) home!"

Poor Mrs. Alderman
Sobbingly prays—
Thinking how sober he
Was in old days;
Ere from the City Hall
Drunk he did come,
Hiccupping "Dearest (hic)
Welcome (hic) home!"



An Irish girl was ordered to hang the washed clothes on the horse in the kitchen, to dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the different articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl, the reply was:

"Och, to be sure, ye told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the horse is the kindest I ever saw, sure."



"How are you, Bill? ain't this weather caenough to give a feller the shakes?"

"Well, if it is, it hasn't shaken those five dollars out of your pocket you owe me."

Editorial Brevities.

MEDICAL.—*Coughee* is bad for a cold.

An overpressed boarder represents himself to be in the same position as his landlady's coffee—"wants considerable time to 'settle.'"

MAIDEN.—Preserved sweets.

WIFE.—The same—spread over some tailor's daily bread.

HUSBAND.—Admit of two definitions: 1st.—(limited,)

"The man whose absence from his own fireside
Is Bessy's only real sorrow."

2nd (Unlimited.) The man "wot" pays the rent.

CHILDREN.—A mother's History.

BACHELOR.—A social poacher on other people's preserves.

WIDOWER.—A liberated prisoner, who (if "well to do,") the female police of society consider "wants looking after."

WIDOW.—One who knows "what's what," and is desirous of further information on the same subject.

INDIAN.—The individual who was "kicked out of his own house."

WHITE MAN.—The individual who kicked him out.

MISSIONARY.—A Christian gentleman who thought the white man was perfectly right, and undertook "for a consideration" to go to the Indian and convince him of it, promising him, however, an unlimited "tract" "toder side of Jordan."

WANT TO KNOW.—Can a hog be said to have "saved its bacon" when it becomes "preserved pork?"

DON'T WANT TO KNOW.—Old Knick.

DREADFUL DESTITUTION.—The editor wants a *loaf*. He intends to have one next 4th of July.

The man who went to Sleep, returned this morning.

PLEASANT.—To "meet her by moonlight," and after waiting for two hours to find yourself "alone."

NO JOKE.—To write up a column of jokes, and be laughed at after all.

Uncle Sam regards "all creation" as a lump of molasses candy—made to be licked.

FOOD FOR THE WORMS.—The fish that eat the worms.

The lady who had not "a cold" when asked to sing, has gone to visit the one who never noticed what "'tother girl had on."

Strong cheese is supposed to be the rankest thing alive, but hatred is rancoor.

Mrs. Partington says she has noticed that, whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same amount of money for fifty cents' worth.

QUEER.—A Connecticut dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children.

"La me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen, mostly boys and girls!"

ORTHOGRAPHY.—A writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is "though," and bo is "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes is *pou genteaux*.



WARN'T STINGY.

A green-horn, from somewhere, standing carelessly upon the end of one of the East river piers, watching a Brooklyn ferry-boat, accidentally lost his equilibrium and found himself suddenly in the "damp." He, however, soon clambered up again; and while blowing off the superfluous brine, he was asked by a by-stander how he relished old Neptune's soup, to which he replied,

"Wal, I hain't get much agin it; but all I have to say is, that whoever put the salt in warn't a bit stingy!"



Mr. Teets looks over his visiting list for New Years.

Piscatorial Arithmetic.

Fisherman are proverbial for their love of truth (?) especially as regards the stories they tell of their exploits with the rod; and the ingenuity displayed in many of these stories, is only equalled by that extremely modest assurance which generally challenges belief for them. But it is true, nevertheless, that there is here and there, a sceptical circle, composed of unromantic—matter-of-fact sort of folks, with whom nothing but tangible testimony is available. Unless these hard-hearted wretches actually *see* the fish, it is useless for the imaginative disciples of the gentle Isaac to hint to them of a success, the results of which have been 'disposed of,' to oblige friends; or, to satisfy the longing appetites of invalids found by the way.

A waggish friend of ours, in company with an ardent fisherman, once went on a pickerel expedition in Connecticut, and the Fates being adverse, toiled all day fruitlessly; for not a single fish was taken. Dreading the ridicule which surely awaited them on their return, they cast their lines until nearly dusk, but all to no purpose; and at length reluctantly started for home. To their astonishment upon turning an angle of the pond, discovered a rustic looking customer in the act of throwing away his rough birch pole and raising from a small pool he had prepared for the purpose, a string—of thirteen beauties! the most provoking part of the affair being his answer to the first question put to him, as to

"How long have you been catching them?"

"Oh, I d'n' know," responded he, carelessly, "I come with the sun 'bout an hour high."

"Ye Gods!" said poor Jim, "the clown caught that string in an hour!"

Our unlucky friend was piqued. "I'll have that string," quoth he, "if I have to murder the sleepy whelp." And at him he went.

"Look here, neighbor what'll you take for 'em?"

"Oh, I don't care 'bout selling on 'em; Aunt Becky she's up ter the house, ter supper: an' I guess the old woman'd kind o' like 'em."

"Oh, she don't care anything about pickerel. Give you seven cents a pound for 'em."

"Guess you will! Your kin have 'em fur nine-pence."

After some haggling concerning price, it was agreed that Jem should have the fish for nine cents a pound; but the difficulty of weighing here presented itself.

"Guess at it," says Jem.

"Wa-al, call 'em t-w-e-n-t-y f-i-v-e pound!" says Rustic, after a little hesitation.

"Not exactly, my friend;" responds the buyer, "you are walking up to business rather fast."

At length eighteen pounds was the weight agreed upon.

"Well, let's see," says Jem, making a mental calculation, "come to just a dollar twenty-two—don't they?"

Rustic had retired to the seclusion of a neighboring bush, that he might "figure up" undisturbed. Not being much of an arithmetician, the sum cost him some labor. At length he made his appearance.

"Well, mister, how much d'ye make it?"

"Dollar, twenty-two."

"Oh, that 'ere aint right, cause ye see—two's inter eighteen—goes nine; mor'n nine shillin', anyhow, ain't it?"

"I know nothing about your shillings. I bought the fish at nine cents a pound, didn't I?"

"Ya-a-s, sartin."

"Well, here, look here! (making the figures 18 on the sand with the end of his cane, and placing a 9 under the 8) there! now you see nine times eight is seventy-two, aint it?"

"Sartin, two down, and seven to carry."

"Very well, there you have it: nine times eight are seventy-two, nine times one are nine, and three are twelve—1-2-2, one dollar twenty-two."

This was rattled off so boldly and coolly, that after staring a moment in his face, Rustic ejaculated—

"Wa-a-l, d-a-r-n'd ef it ain't: but I *swoz* I thought it come to more'n dollar'n half."

A stripling, some eight years of age, was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which, on account of disparity in the length of the legs, refused to stand up. After fruitless efforts to do so,

"Mother," inquired he, "does the Lord see everything?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well," replied the young hopeful, "then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool!"



CLEM.—I say, Tom, you had your bitters this morning?

TOM.—No; but I had 'em yesterday mornin', for the school-master Mak'd me.

CLEM.—Well, if you ain't a rum customer.

The Value of India Ink.

UNNY INCIDENT.—A countryman calling himself Alfred Jones arrived in this city a few days ago, bringing with him a draft, for some five hundred and odd dollars, upon one of the principal banking houses in this city. Upon presenting his draft for payment, the following conversation took place between him and the teller of the bank:

Teller.—Sir, we cannot pay you this money unless you bring us some proof that you are the person in whose favor this draft is drawn.

Countryman.—Well, stranger, how kin I prove it now?

Teller.—Very easily, sir; you need only bring some person, who is known here, to certify that you are the proper person.

Countryman.—But, stranger, I can't do that. I don't know nobody in this here city. But I tell you I am the right man. Ain't my word enough?

Teller.—Well, sir, I am very sorry for you. I have no doubt but that you are the proper person; but this is one of our rules, and I cannot break the rules of the house.

The stranger took up his draft and walked out of the bank with a very disconsolate air. In less than a minute, he came running back, and with a great glee, cried out to the teller:

"I say! I kin do it! I kin do it now! Look ahere, mister, ain't this proof enough for you?" And pulling open his vest and shirt-bosom, he displayed to the eyes of the astonished official, the name, "A. JONES!" in large capitals, pricked in with India-ink on his breast. "Look at that, mister, I guess that will suit you to a T. There's no mistake about that. It's genu-ine—that is!" exclaimed the countryman.

Of course the teller could not dispute such proof positive; and Mr. Jones left the bank with "a pocket full of rocks," declaring that the "injun-ink was the best friend ever he had!"

A trader from the country, a few days since, while making his fall purchases in a wholesale store, in this city, was asked, among a host of other things, if he didn't want some half mourning prints.

"Wall," said he, "I rather guess I do; the folks up our way are just about half dead these days."

The amusing performances, says a London paper, of some of the lucky diggers in Australia, who never held property before, are scarcely creditable. The best story we have heard is that of a digger who came down with seven hundred pounds, and paid a man eight shillings a day as his companion to help him spend it.

Irish Wit.

"If you do that again," said a mason to an Irish hod carrier, who accidentally let the bricks fall from his hod on the aforesaid mason's shins, "I'll give you h—ll."

"It'll be the only thing ye ever gave, I guess," returned Pat.

**THE FASHION! LATEST THING YET, AND BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.**

GENT.—Aha! Mith Lutby, I wath jutht within for you. Jutht tell me whether you don't think thith new thyle, the "Palma," becometh me admirably? I think it jutht thulth my figure, eh?



HOW TO ENJOY CLARET.

FIRST BOOZY GENT.—Well, ol' seller, I (hic) don' like claret, an' I dowe care who (hic) knows it.

SECOND DO.—Not li' claret? Ah! to properly preciate it, you ought'r (hic) eat three or four dozen red herrins b'fore drinkin' a hot'l of claret. I ol'us do.

A Good One.

Riding over the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, the other day, under the charge of Mr. John Van Dusen (the gentlemanly conductor, pro tem.) he told us the following incident, which we thought worth making note of:

"One day last week," said he, "there came on board of the cars, from one of the up-country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, en route for this city. She was alone, so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable, and so talkative, I lingered, and we had quite a pleasant chat. Afterwards, when collecting the tickets, she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard, in the country; and I began to think that I had not met with such a charming lady passenger for many a day. Well, we arrived at the depot—there I attended her to a carriage, handed her up the carpet bag, and after all, what do you think she said?"

Now, we thought of course, that the lady would say very politely, "thank you, sir," smile like a gleam of sunshine, the carriage would roll off, our friend John would bow an adieu, and, with a sigh, perhaps, turn away and forget the matter. So we stated that as our supposition.

"No," said John, "she did no such a thing; but just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

"You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we chance to meet anywhere else," and John drew a long breath.

"What did you say?" we asked.

"Why, I thought that rather uncivil at least, so I replied very quickly—

"Certainly not, madam; I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere but on the cars—for, really, we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintances."

"And the lady?" said we.

"She looked quite silly as she drove off," replied John.

Somebody asks, "is it lawful to hang clothes on Mason & Dixon's line?"

Just as lawful as planting beans around the North Pole. And just as proper, too, as for a temperance man to "double the Horn."

The Last Golden Dollar.

Parodies are seldom so close to their original as the following upon "*The Last Rose of Summer*."

'Tis the last golden dollar,
Left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions
Are squandered and gone.
No coin of its mintage
Reflects back its hue—
They went in mint juleps,
And this will go too!

I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
Too long in suspense,
Thy brothers were melted,
And melt thou to pence!
I ask for no quarter,
I'll spend and not spare,
Till my old tattered pocket
Hangs centless and bare!

So soon may I "foller,"
When friendships decay,
And from beggary's last dollar
The dimes drop away!
When the Maine Law has passed,
And the groggeries sink,
What use would be dollars
With nothing to drink?

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"
"Why, you see, my grandmother's deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her!"

Why is Prince Albert like a stag?
Because he is her Majesty's deer (dear).



A Lucky Mistake.

When the surgeon was attending the wound which confined me, he told me a diverting story of a young Swiss soldier, a recruit, who, when his regiments were making, had procured a round iron plate bordered with holes, which he desired the tailor to fasten on the inside of his coat about the left breast, to prevent his being shot through the heart. The tailor, being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the seat of his breeches, and the clothes being scarcely on his back, when he was ordered to march to the field, he had no opportunity to get his awkward mistake rectified before he found himself engaged in battle; and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavoring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast till he was overtaken by the enemy, one of whom, on coming up, gave him a push in the breech with his bayonet, (with no friendly design,) but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. The favorable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.



An Irishman just landed in this country, on a sharp frosty morn-ing was run at by a fierce noisy mastiff, who threatened to devour him; whereupon Pat stooped down and seized a stone, but found the stone frozen fast—a phenomenon utterly new to his experience.

"A fine land of liberty!" soliloquized Pat, sulkily, "where they let their dogs loose, and tie their stones fast to the ground."

How to Keep Warm in a Cold Night.

Reader—in Winter's storm and thou in bed,
Hast ever said—

Good gracious! I shall freeze

My knees,
My back, my toes,

My nose;

And then in great distress by frost,
Hath tossed,

Like mighty Fusbos, who of old,
Flounce'd off his clothes and starved of cold!

Then let me tell thee how to warm
The chilling blood throughout thy form.

If thou'rt a man and sleep'st alone,
Then be it known,

That if thou'rt old,
And feel the cold,

Or even young and tender,
The way to render

A cold night comforting,
A hot sling

Is not the thing:
But rub thyself with cloth and crash—
Don't think it rash,

For I know

It is not so,

But gives a glow
From head to toe.

Then jump between cold linen sheets,
Thou'l soon be 'customed to such feats;

Next roll thyself, (in this there's knack,)
On one side and t'other, till snug thy back

Fits well the covering,
Like wings of hen o'er chickens hovering;

This in most cases keeps one warm,
From nine at night till next day's dawn.

But, should a case occur, because
Thou's gone to bed without thy drawers,

That thou art like to freeze

For want of flannel 'bout thy knees,
Then take them in, although 'taint right
To wear thy flannel drawers at night.

A FAST BOY.—"I say, my lad, what's your name?"

"Robert, sir."

"But what's your other name?"

"Bob."

The boy who chopped off his leg with a shoulder blade, subsequently tried to hang himself with the thread of a discourse.

Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything happened to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed—

"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you."

A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Hill in reply, said—

"No, sir, it ain't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady wot's fainted, and she is a very fat 'un sir, as don't seem likely to come too again in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

There was much puzzling of strange voters at the polls. At one of them a new-comer of a Patlander presented himself to exercise his "suffrage." He was shrewdly suspected of not being "right" by a man who winked at a "challenger," who "thus then, interposed:

"Are you naturalized?"

"Yes—I waas."

"When?"

"A spell ago—an' more."

"How long have you lived in the country?"

"Anan?"

"How long have you lived here?"

"Goin' on eight months,"

His consecutive answers proved satisfactory to the inspectors, and he was advancing to the polls to deposit his vote, when a wag, with a face as "clerical" as Holland's, the inimitable comedian, planted himself before him, and in an undertone, but in a very significant manner, said:

"Pat, I'm your friend—look out! Have you ever been waxinated?"

"I never waas!"

"Then you can't vote? It's a bigamy—states prison!"—and the incipient voter was led off like a lamb.



An Irishman, fresh from the sod, and anxious to secure a hum-ming bird, caught a large bee instead; it stung him, when Pat cried out,

"Henry Moses! how hot its little feet is."



"Hello, Bill, what makes you so round shouldered?"
"Well, Bob, you needn't say anything about it, but the fact is, I'm kissing so many short gals."

The Pawnbreaker.

What is a pawnbroker? A chess-player who check-mates society with a "pawn."

For what is he established? He sets up in the world for the purpose of plundering those who are set down by it.

Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business? Yes; Three Balls.

No dinners? None with him, it is Lent all the year round.

In what respect is he theatrical? Why, he is a capital manager, and his private boxes are continually filled.

What does he lend money upon? Upon undoubted security.

Personal security? So personal that no one who leaves "a loan" beyond the twelfth month, is ever likely to see it "a gain."

How does he upset all military tactics? Because his is the Retreat in which you obtain the advance.

What does he allow? He allows you, under the rare circumstances of a fair advance, the privilege of taking a Ticket.

What does he not allow? He never allows you to pledge your word, your honor, your character, or your reputation, these being articles of no value in his estimation.

What credit has he? The credit of being a rogue by Act of Congress.

What does a pawnbroker insure? His own profits, nothing else.

Is he a Christian? No; he cannot bear anything to be redeemed.

What relation does he bear to Chemistry? He can always be used as a Receiver, and is always ready with a "Retort."

What is his store? The refuge of the robber with his gain,—a place wherein poverty is obliged to witness the moral sucking of its blood, without the means of stopping the leech that draws it.

What is your opinion of the pawnbroker? That he is a man of "principal."

Are his relations numerous? He is said to be "Uncle" to half the human race.

Then he is a man of large family? Oh, yes; his store is full of "little" pledges.

Are his literary effusions noted for their independence? No; on the contrary he will "pin his writings to any man's sleeve."

Are they celebrated for their vigilance? Yes; they are constantly on the "walks."

Is he not fond of quick music? Quite the reverse, when he sings the "tenor" he is generally behind the "counter."

And is he not something of a circumnavigator? I think so; for when a lady pawns her cloak he always "doubles the Cape."

Can he mind his own business? By no means; he wants to know the "name and address" of everybody.

Is he a member of the Antiquarian Society? One would imagine so, he eagerly wraps up articles which are "out of date."

Is he a political orator? Yes; he belongs to the "spouting" fraternity.

I have been told he behaves very honorably to a threadbare coat. Is it true? It is; he scorns to "take it in."

He has a strong hold on the affections of his customers, has he not? Uncommonly so; they will leave their spectacles, hats, and umbrellas, or even their own apparel, and he, in return, takes "very great interest in accommodating them."

Some years ago, a lady noticing a neighbor who was not in her seat in church one Sabbath, called on her return home to enquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her—

"Why, la! where have you been to-day, dressed up in your Sunday clothes?"

"To meeting."

"Why, what day is it?"

"Sabbath day."

"Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well I did not know, for my husband has got so plaguy stingy he won't take the papers now, and we know nothing. Well, who preached?"

"Mr. ____,"

"What did he preach about?"

"It was on the death of our Savior."

"Why, is he dead? Well, all Boston might be dead, and we know nothing about it! It won't do, we must have the newspaper again, for everything goes wrong without the paper! Bill has almost lost his reading and Polly has got quite mopeish again, because she has no poetry stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart load of potatoes and onions to market, I am resolved to have a newspaper."

A lady at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her cheeks so unusually red, and she promptly replied the *chaps*.

A young lawyer in Chambers street, yesterday put his spinal column out of joint, in trying to "draw a conclusion."



"Oh! father, did you know that Uncle James has PUT HIS LEG OUT?"

"Heavens! my son, get my hat and cane instantly."

"Oh, you needn't worry, Governor, he had to put it out TO WALK, didn't he?"

"Can't be too Sweet for a Minister."



SON years since there lived in one of the country towns in Massachusetts an old lady who was chiefly noted by her constant attendance at church, and her exceeding reverence for the minister. In her eyes, a minister was an embodiment of perfection—a something between man and the angels.

It was a proud day for the old lady when Parson D. came to drink tea with her. Very nicely was the table spread, and very tempting it looked with the golden butter and light rolls and oldfashioned pumpkin pie which garnished it.

The old lady took her seat, and commenced pouring out the tea. It was the custom in those days to sweeten with molasses instead of sugar. The old lady began to pour in the "sweetening," but showed no inclination to stop, on which the minister, becoming alarmed, exclai-

med in a loud voice—

"There's a plenty, good lady, a great plenty."

But the old lady did not stop.

"Can't be too sweet for a minister! Can't be too sweet for a minister!" said she, as with much complacency she continued to pour in the molasses.

Further remonstrance was useless, and the Parson was compelled to digest the sweetened beverage as best he might.

Served Him Right.

A lawyer retained in case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of a blow struck.

"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer.

"A blow of the common kind."

"Describe the blow."

"I am not good at description."

"Show me what kind of a blow it was."

"I cannot."

"You must."

"I won't."

The lawyer appealed the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so.

"Do you insist upon it!" asked the witness.

"I do."

"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow?" at the same time suiting the action to the word, knocked over the astonished disciple of Coke and Littleton.

"Mr. Sigbee, you said the defendant was in love—how do you know that?"

"He reads a book upside down, and writes poetry in his day-book when it should be cheese

"Any other reason?"

"Yes, sir; he shaves without lather, and very frequently mistakes the sleeves of his coat for the legs of his pantaloons, an error that he don't discover till he tries to fasten the tails to his suspenders."

"A clear case—call the next witness."

Pleading at the bar, says a Western editor, is trying to persuade a bar-keeper to trust you for a three-cent nippie.



PADDY.—I ax'd a feller just now where to get shaved, and he towid me to go to Peter Funk, and is that your name?

FRENCH BARBER.—Pardonex met, vat is not my name, but I sall shave you.

Written Prayers.

A correspondent from Indiana sends an exchange the following, with avouchings of its truth.

"At the breaking of ground for the commencement of the Lynchburg and Tennessee Railroad, at Lynchburg, the Rev. J. E. by appointment, acted as chaplain on the occasion. At the time appointed for prayer, the chaplain raised his hands and said, "Let us pray." In an instant all hats were doffed, and the chaplain commenced, slowly and solemnly, to read a very appropriate manuscript prayer, which he had previously prepared. During the reading of the prayer, an old negro man, who had been engaged with his spade, was resting with one foot on the spade and his arms on the handle, looking very intently in the chaplain's face. At the conclusion of the prayer, the old negro, straightening himself up, remarked audibly,

"Well, I reckon dat's de fust time de Lord has ever been written to on de subject of railroads!"



A Good One.

One Mr. Patrick F., was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog—as Coleridge says, a harmless dog—who invaded his domicil, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and the snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out doors no less than three times, and at last requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Pat was awakened out of a warm and comfortable sleep, by the noise of rather an expensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes, so that Mrs. Patrick F. becoming surprised, if not alarmed at such prolonged absence, arose and went to the window.

From her point of observation, she saw in the clear moonlight her lord standing in naturalibus, barring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the north-east corner of the house. The dog seemed sustained on "his last legs," his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What can you be doing there, Patrick?"

There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last it came.

"I am trying to fraze the devilish baste to death."

Rather Green.

A verdant Irish girl, just arrived, was sent to an Intelligence Office by the Commissioners of Emigration, to find a place of service. She was sent to a restaurant, where stout help was wanted, and while in conversation with the proprietor, he took occasion to light his segar, by igniting a locofo-co match on the sole of his boot. As soon as the girl saw this, she ran away half frightened to death, and when she reached the Intelligence Office, she was almost breathless.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in, in such confusion.

"Och! sure, sar, but ye's sent me to the old devil himself, in human form."

"What do you mean? has he dared to insult a help from my office?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sur," returned the girl—"he's the devil."

"What did he do to you? tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite exasperated.

"Why, sur, whilst I was talkin' to him about the wages, he turned up the bottom of his fut, and wid a splinter in his finger, sur, he jis gave one strike, and the fire flew out of his fut, and burned the stick, and he lighted his segar wid it, right afore my own face. He's the devil, sure, sur."

A priest having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, and mingling with lewd company, the former replied:

"May it please your reverence, I wore a mask."

"Oh, well," returned the bishop, "that puts a *new* face on the affair."

AN ETHIOPIAN SAMPSON.—A negro in Pittsburg, Va., lately took up and "toted" on his shoulder a hogshead of tobacco from the depot to the Centre Warehouse. It weighed 350 pounds.



MOTHER.—My son, what is the matter with the baby? are you hurting her?

BOY.—No, ma, I was only playing with her, but the darned thing cried so, I couldn't have any fun.



"Magnam said he never robbed but twice; said it was Crawford."

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace

UNCURATION.—An ingenious expedient was once devised to save a prisoner who was charged with robbery in the criminal court in Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession alleged to have been made by him at the police office, and taken down in writing by a police officer, as follows:

"Magnam said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford."

This, it will be observed, has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was this:

"Magnam said he never robbed but twice; said it was Crawford."

officer by asserting that so far from proving the guilt of the prisoner, it clearly proved his innocence.

"This," said he, "is the obvious reading of the sentence—Magnam said he never robbed, but twice said it was Crawford."

This interpretation had its effect upon the jury, and the man was acquitted.

A man whom Dr. Johnson reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse,

"You know, Doctor, that I must live."

To this the brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, "he did not see the least necessity of that."

HARD HIT.—An exchange paper says,

"General Jackson's cabinet was a *unit*, but the cabinet of General Pierce is a *cipher*."

A Western editor, however, thinks "it is composed of *vulgar fractions*."

"Darn that Tree of Knowledge," exclaimed a young student, who was struggling to climb some of the rudimentary "branches;" "why hadn't Adam an axe?"



"Bless my soul! deary me! this for me? who can be the fond object of my affections? Who can the unfortunate young lady be, that has been struck with my figger! I knew that it was dangerous to the feelings of the young ladies of the house when I rented this attic. 'Do come down and spend the evening with us, won't you, Mr. Dusty?' says Miss Cherry on the stairs to-day—I know what it means—she loves me. Laudanum—deep water—midnight—and them kind of things if I don't marry her. Hang this thing of having to mend your own shirts, darn your own stockings, and cook your own meals—and then to be called an old bachelor! I'll sink 'em all, and make her happy. Let me see—that Valentine must have cost a good deal—I'll rush round to Strong's and secure one with Cupids, wreaths, &c., and make her happy, I will. (Kisses the centre of tremendous red heart, pierced with something like a walking-cane.) Catch me dying an old bach. No, sir-ee!"

Here a suppressed titter, and rustling of silk, opened Mr. Dusty's eyes to the fact that he'd been sucked in—and that Cupid—as he always knew—was fickle minded.



A STRONG CASE FOR A JURY.

BIDDY.—Ye devil ye's, what did ye kill the ould lady's cat fur? but yer mother will be larrupin ye's when she finds it out.

YOUNG CUB, with a wild and haggard look.—Kill it? Cause I's crazy.

Couldn't but Laugh.

We were something amused yesterday on the shore, observing some newly arrived Germans, who, in their rural, Dutchest kind of Dutch clothes, caps, and pipes, were looking around them to see how things were working. One of the young Dutchmen was really the most perfect caricature upon a live white man, we have met for a long time. He was a Peter Spyke in tone and finish, that would have convulsed any theatre audience. His breeches ran up to his very armpits; immense pockets, in which he stowed wardrobe or edibles, until the pockets bulged out like plethoric saddle-bags. His vest was about six inches long, with bright metal buttons big as half dollars, plentifully scattered up the front. His coat was of the square-toed, hump-backed order, and worth a heap of money to any comedian in the country. Peter had a cap, and such a cap! His head was of the Websterian size, and yet he endeavored to cover it with a geranium-pot cap, of the most grotesque style, and scarcely big enough for a baby. Armed with a furious, double-barrelled *meerschaum*, Peter was smoking away at leisure, and looking about as docile as a pet lamb in a clover patch. In the simplicity of his rural innocence, a young Hoosier comes up to Peter, and says:

"Look a here, mister, where's Columby street?"

Peter looked at his interrogator with a blank stare, and giving his pipe a fresh draught, he replied—

"Wa's?"

"Where is Columby street?"

"Ein der brecht fakel's, condeitch spraken."

"Look a here," says the Hoosier, breaking into Peter's speech, "what kind of stuff's that? I ax you where's Columby street, and you rip out with a blasted Choctaw sputter, the devil couldn't get the hang of; now, I ask you again, where's Columby street?"

"Yaw," says Peter.

"You be d——," said the young Hoosier, leaving Peter.
"Yaw," says Peter, straight along.

A young lady, an only daughter of a very odd, devoted and scrupulous father, was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, where she became the companion of another young lady, who rejoiced in one of those perversions of masculine names for which some ladies have a great affection, in other words her name was Richardetta, and she was commonly known among the girls as "Dicky." Writing to her father, the young lady at the fashionable school assured him that she was so happy, as she had for her room-mate sweet little Dicky H——.

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "is this a specimen of the morality of your fashionable boarding schools?"

Ordering his carriage he started immediately for the academy, and on his arrival ordered to be shown into his daughter's room, where he found her sitting very affectionately in the lap of another young lady. The affectionate girl rushed forward to greet the indignant father, who, drawing himself up very frowningly, exclaimed—

"Where is that rascal?"

"Who, papa?"

"That Dickey you wrote about—who is your room-mate?"

"Why, there she is," exclaimed the innocent dame, throwing her arms around the innocent cause of so much anguish.

The hasty old gentleman was perfectly disgusted with himself, and also with the confounded bad taste of giving girls boy's names.

"Roast beef," said an absent-minded clergyman to a waiter.

"How will you have it, sir?"

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter"—the waiter had vanished.

At an auction in London, a few weeks ago, a lock of hair from the foolish head of Charles I., sold for \$26; while a lock of Newton's hair brought only \$2 75!



AN EXPENSIVE "FRY."



THE WAY IT'S DONE.

SCENE.—A Corner Grocery—Two lads meeting.

JOHNNY.—Hello, Plaky, I didn't see you to the fire last night, at the tobacconist's in Water street. Vero ves you? Not wid der ma-ahme, I know, for I ves vith her all the vile.

PINKY.—How do you know I ves at the fire at all, Johnny; who told you I ves there?

JOHNNY.—No vun told me—I smelt your clothes and began to sneeze the minute I saw you. You must have made a good haul to git so full of snaf.

PINKY.—Oh, no, not much; I filled my pocket out of a jar three times, and let Benny keep it for me in a pocket-handkerchief round the corner, every time I went back.

JOHNNY.—I filled the goose neck with segars, and when we cam away I hooked a box and hid it under my jacket. But the old man tak it from me and smoked 'em himself, 'cause he's got Methodism lately, and don't want none of us boys to steal no more.

PINKY.—What a fee fo he is! But come, ole hos, and take a smile with me. If you're coming, why don't yer come along.

"Caro, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes towards the South in the winter?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de 'clemency ob de norf, and so am 'bliged to go to de souf, where he 'xperiences warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

The idea of happiness differs with different people. A fortune hunter once wrote to a friend: "Congratulate me, Henry, for I am the happiest being in the world. I married yesterday, and will soon reach the acme of terrestrial bliss—lots of money and a fool for a wife."

BED.—An article in which we sleep and pass a happy part of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

KEEP THE CHILDREN AT HOME.—The following incident, which is strictly true, is too good to be lost:

About two years since, while the "hen fever" was at its height, Mr. S., of B., had a fancy for Cochin Chinas, Shanghais, and the like. In a short time, his poultry yard becoming pretty well stocked, what more natural than for him to desire his friends to share his prosperity in this line.

One day, while in the neighboring town of E., Mr. S. was particularly loud in his praises of his favorite biddies, whose laying propensities were spoken of as being very remarkable.

Nothing strange was it that Mr. T. should become desirous of owning a hen who would, as Mr. S. assured him, furnish his family with eggs, which were at that season to be bought only at exorbitant prices.

The bargain was fixed, and the following day Mr. S., after placing the fowl in the sleigh box, seated himself, and with his youngest son by his side, glided over the icy way right merrily.

"I've brought you that hen," said Mr. S., as he met Mr. T., at the door.

"Ah, ha! well I hope she'll give us eggs enough to pay for her," said Mr. T.

"That she will," replied Mr. S. The cover was removed from the sleigh box, when—"See here—I declare!" exclaimed Mr. S., "she has laid one egg, I declare she has, coming over—that beats all."

The child opened his eyes wide for a moment, as his father held the biddie in one hand and the egg in the other, and then exclaimed:

"No, father, have you forgot? Why, I see you lay that egg before we started."

The only advice of Mr. T., to S., was, "to keep the children at home when he went on a like errand."

A BAD INVESTMENT.—On passing a cheap tailor's shop the other day we saw a number of nondescript articles in the window, ticketed "fancy vestings." We must confess that we tried very hard, but couldn't fancy them, in the least.

An editor somewhere in the west, has become so hollow from depending on the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself to some gentleman, to be used as a stove-pipe.

A bully is generally a coward, for he who is chicken hearted, will naturally be fowl-mouthed.



CALLS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Mr. Dingbat, in the bosom of his numerous family, is counting over the number of UNPAID CALLS which were made upon him at NEW YEARS. He has just arrived at the card of his wife's MILLINER! His affectionate children imitate his expression.



BRIGHT.

"I say, my little son, where does the right hand road go?"
"I don't know, sir, I ain't been no where since we lived here."

ROOSTING.—"O, Doctor!" said an elderly lady, recently, "Doctor H—, the celebrated bone-setter, in describing the effect of a diseased spine,
"I can neither lay nor set."

"In that case," replied he, "I should recommend the propriety of roosting."

"My son," said an old lady, "how must Jonah have felt when the whale swallowed him!"

"Down in the mouth," was the young hopeful's reply.

An old, plain looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer, from the vicinity of the Helderburgh, in pursuit of dinner, the other day, dropped in at the Excelsior Dining Saloon, in Nassau street. Taking a seat alongside of a dandyissimo sort of a fellow—all perfume, mustachios and shirt-collar—our honest Mynheer ordered up his dinner.

"What will it be, sir?" asks white apron.

"You got goot corned-beef, hey?" says the Dutchman.

"Yes!"

"You got sourkraut, too, hey?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Vell, gif me some both," says Mynheer.

Off starts white apron on a keen jump, and presently returns with the desired fodder. The sourkraut was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Mynheer's nasal organ, and *vice versa* to that of our dandy friend, who, after the dish had been deposited on the table, and Mynheer was about commencing an attack on it, exclaimed—

"I—a—say, my fwend—a—are you going to eat that stuff?"

Mynheer turned slowly around, and looking at his interrogator with evident astonishment, says he.

"Eat it! Vy, of course I eats it!"

"Well," says dandy, "I—a—would as lief devour a plate of guano!"

"Ah, well," replied Myaheer, pitching into the sourkraut with an evident relish, "dat depends altogether on how you was brought up!"

Dandy looked kinder caved in, and we left with the opinion that Dutchy was one ahead. Don't you think so!"

One of the high courts in Ireland has just decided that a Nun is not dead in law. Dobbs, who has kissed several, says, "that they are not dead any way." Byron was of the same persuasion.

We wonder whether there is any man in the world who gets more bored with silly questions, than the captain of a first class steamship. Like an editor, he is expected to know everything, to be able to tell not only which way the wind is to-day, but which way it will be "day after to-morrow." On the last trip of the Atlantic, Captain West met with a Cockney that rather took him down.

Coming on deck one day, when the ship was raring and plunging like a male goat tied to a gate post, he then opened on him:

"I say, Captain, can't this 'orrible business be obviated? Is their no way to make a vessel slide smoothly."

"Oh, yes—nothing easier. Put two handspikes into the scuppers, and she would skim along like a swallow."

"And why, my dear sir, don't you use the what-you-call-em in the manner spoken of?"

"For the best reason in the world—they are gone ashore to enable the underwriters to double-reef their lee-way. When they come on board again, they shall be used as you desire."

Cockney immediately left for the cabin to communicate the latest nautical discovery, to a select circle of admiring friends.

An Irishman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and as a reason, he said, "that as he loved to rise early, he had now only to pull the string and wake himself."

A genius down east has invented a spyglas of wonderful powers. He said he looked through it at a third cousin, and it brought him relatively nearer than any of his brothers.

When is a Goat not a Goat?
When he's a button (butting).



CONSOLATION.

FIRST GENT.—See that fellow just come in, Brown? He threatened to kick me once. Help us if he tries to do it, will you?

SECOND.—My dear fellow, he DID kick ME once! And he wears dreadna boots, I give you my honor.

Contempt of Court.

We have a reminiscence of having read, heard or dreamed of the following scene in court:

Drunken Attorney.—If the court please, I think that this witness is, by his own showing, interested in the event of this case. I object on that ground, to his further testimony. If a man may swear himself into the possession of two hundred dollars in this court, why, all I have to say is, that this is a ~~hell~~ roaring pretty court of justice!

Tipsy Judge.—Mr. Brown, your objection seems to be well taken. The witness may retire from the stand. But, Mr. Brown, it strikes the court that your last remark was disrespectful to the court. This court permits no profane language in its presence. Your language, Mr. Brown, seems to be ~~damn~~ profane. You are fined five dollars for contempt of court.

Drunken Attorney (slightly sobered by the fine).—Why, your honor has just made use of profane language yourself.

Tipsy Judge (getting more tipsy by his efforts to collect his ideas).—Did the court use profane language? Well, then, the court fines itself five dollars for contempt of itself. Here's the money, Mr. Clerk. This court intends to preserve its dignity, without regard to expense.

Genuine Irish Retort.

At the Cork Assizes, a learned gentleman, dissatisfied at his success with a witness, complained to the court. Paddy exclaimed,

"My lord, I'm no lawyer, and he wants to puzzle me."

Counsel.—"Come now, do you swear you are no lawyer?"

Witness.—"Faith, an I do, and you may swear the same about yourself, without fear of being liable for perjury."

A New Orleans paper tells us of a man who has worn out four pairs of boots in two months all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really these are "times to try men's soles."

Common sense being found in such small particles among mankind, was, it appears, what first gave the idea of homœopathy.

A Good Joke.—The editor of the Louisville Democrat tells the following "good one," on Prentice of the Journal. Be it remembered that Prentice enjoys (?) the reputation of being as ugly as sin:

Our neighbor of the Journal gave some of his information on spiritual matters yesterday morning, and wound up by calling upon us, as he usually does, when he wants instruction. We can't accommodate him now, but we have a good story for our readers, that we shall not keep any longer for the accommodation of our neighbor.

He has been, or had been, regular in his visits to a medium in the lower part of the city, and applied to the spirits with all sorts of questions on all sorts of subjects; but it was still evident that his chief anxiety was about something else, which he didn't like to bring out before company. So he solicited the spirit, through the medium, to talk to him alone. The request was granted. The medium left for an adjoining room, and our neighbor seated at the table, thus began: (It will be borne in mind that one rap is *No*, two raps *Yes*.)

Prentice.—Will the spirit answer me a few questions?

Spirit.—Rap, rap.

Prentice (anxiously).—Will the spirit answer me truly, as it is a matter of deep interest?

Spirit.—Rap, rap.

Prentice (trembling).—Shall I—shall I be any better looking in the next world than I am in this?

Spirit.—Rap! Once, Prentice fainted. Over went the chairs and tables; the company broke in, and the reporter left.

Hard things to do.

To convince a mother that her baby is ugly.

To persuade a young lady to extend the "mitten" to her beau who is worth a cool ten thousand.

For a dead codfish to climb a greased sapling tail foremost, with a loaf of bread in his mouth.

To find a man who is not influenced by money.

To find a merchant who don't care about making more than cost and carriage.

To find a purse containing a fortune, without an owner.

To persuade a Printer to live on *pi*.

Every body knows that Barnum advertises. He always did—and attributes his success in life mainly to that important fact. The following may be an advertisement, or it may be intended as a burlesque. It will pass for either:

The Bearded lady with her whiskers dark,
Is seen each day at Barnum's, near the Park;
Barnum exhibits with his usual taste,
His only humbug that is not barefaced.

A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants, provided himself with some farthings, and on leaving the next party he attended, presented one to the footman, as he stood at the door.

"I beg your pard' sir," says Johnny, "but you have made a mistake!"

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, "I never give *now!*"

"Mother, did you see what a pretty breast pin uncle has given aunt?"

"Yes, my dear; did you ever see the pretty one your father gave me twelve years ago?"

"No."

"Then look in the mirror, my dear, and you'll see it."

(Child looks.) "Oh paha!"



Our friend, Lanty O'Hoolaghan being on board one of the North River Packets, which takes fire, seats himself in the Life Boat, and is satisfied of his safety.

JONATHAN'S TABLE FOR FEBRUARY.

Bennett, VERSUS Fry.



HERE are a good many ways of saying a man is in difficulties, as, he is a mess, in a stew, has made a pretty kettle of fish of it, has put his foot in it, has got himself on a string, has caught a Tartar, etc., etc., but the last and best is, "he has just had a fry."

The fry, in this instance, not alluding to one of oysters, but the Fry that Bennett slandered, and to whom he will be obliged to pay the snug little fortune of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Ever since Bennett began his dirty career, no one has been safe from his slanderous pen. Man, woman, or child,

he cared not; if he took a dislike to them, or there was any prospect of making his God, money, out of them, they were to be pitied. Volumes would not contain the record of his enormities, and the sufferings of his victims. Now and then he has come across one who gave him his deserts in the shape of a good horse whipping, but for the most part they have trembled and paid him what he required in the shape of hush money and black-mail. This time, however, the gods have commended the poisoned chalice to his own lips, and he has been obliged to shell out in turn. Ten thousand dollars is a small sum to a man like him, but it seems to come from his very soul. Day after day he whines over the verdict, and impotently bullies and threatens. Public feeling is against him and he knows it. The more he stirs about, the more danger there is of his jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. So pay up, Sandy, mon, and say no more about it. You've had your fun long enough, it's about time now that somebody else had theirs.

"Hot Corn! Hot Corn!"

"What's in a name?" said the sweet swan of Avon, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Perhaps so, Master William, but it isn't with books as with roses; a book will sell by one name, when another, a good deal better, will keep it till doomsday on the bookseller's shelves. For the volume of the head of this paragraph, had it been called "Suckertash," or "Pea Nuts," or "Green Peas," it would have been quite another affair, and so far from attracting attention would have fallen still born from the press.

"But what is it?" says the reader. "Hot Corn? Haven't heard anything of it. What is it all about?"

You must know then, dear reader, that a book bearing the title of "Hot Corn," with the secondary one of "Life Scenes in New York," has just been issued from the Press of a cheap publishing house here, and is selling—if we may believe the advertisement—at an unexampled rate.

Some few months ago *The New York Tribune* found itself famous one morning, because it somehow published a rather pathetic sketch entitled "Hot Corn." Twenty thousand extra copies, of that day's paper, are said to have been sold. A few days after, another and similar sketch appeared, and from time to time others, till there came to be enough for a book. The author, a certain Mr. Solon Robinson, was an old western man, a sort of Nondescript, between the Wandering Jew and Billy Barlow. He was unknown to fame, having up to that time written nothing worthy of notice, except on agricultural matters. The sketches in the Tribune were not without merit; their intention was good; some of them verged on pathos. For their style, the less we say about it the better for Mr. Robinson. It was as bad as it well could be, careless, slovenly, and ungrammatical. Despite these drawbacks, however, the stories became popular, not so much on their own account, as because they drew attention to many sorrowful facts connected with the poor and guilty on the Five

Points. The Five Points Mission, and the sympathy which it attracted, and still attracts, was, and is the cause of the success of "Hot Corn." Then there was the flaming advertisements, the *humbug* of the publishers, who (in their imaginations,) sold twenty thousand copies of the book before one came from the binders; the extravagant praise of a few well meaning, but slightly crack-brained Temperance men and newspapers, and the tendency of the masses to buy, read, and admire just such trash. The melo-dramatic novels of Reynolds; the nasty revealments of "Gaslight" Foster; (Foster also was at one time on that very moral paper, *The Tribune*,) the abolitionism of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" these things are sure to be at once and widely popular. The worse a book is, so it contains some popular element, the greater will be its sale. Genius is not wanted, but vulgar talent and tact is. The world rewards what it can appreciate.

There's "Fanny Fern" now; her books sell by the thousand, and why? because they are emphatically common place, and vulgar, and because Fanny is a smart "knowing" woman. We might point out other instances, male and female, but what would be the use? it wouldn't mend the matter at all. They would continue to make selling books, the mass would continue to read them. And so ends our paragraph on "Hot Corn."

"Fire! Fire!"

A fire in a great city, like this of New York, is no trifling matter, especially when it happens in the fall and winter months. What with the ice frozen in the hydrants, and the numbness of the firemen's fingers, the chances are that it gets well under way before any decided attempt is made to stop it.

The month of this present writing (December) has been unlucky in fires, having already destroyed the great publishing house of the Harpers', and the model Clipper Ship, "The Great Republic," both of which accidents are almost national calamities. Everybody knows of the Harpers, for everybody has read their books for years. "The Great Republic" was, up to the day, or rather night of its destruction, the wonder of New York, and the largest ship in the world. The fame which our builders acquired by the yacht America, would have been doubled by this mammoth Clipper.

But all's over with her now; what the penny liner's call "the devouring element" destroyed her at the pier, the very day before her sailing. Only her bows remain, larger in their wreck, than many a perfect ship beside them.

"Her form has not yet lost all her original grandeur, nor appears less than a mammoth ruined."



YOUNG AMERICA.

TEACHER.—Well, Georgy, that's a good boy, now tell me what the four seasons are?

GEORGY.—Mussurd, Win-winiger, Salt, and Pepper, Ma says so.

sold. However, she has never been beaten, and 'twill take a good 'un to take her down. So, it's try it!"

The horn blows—the riders are up—the mares brought to the scratch. "Toot!" goes the horn, and away fly the mares.

The first leap, the bay mare—old Lucy—puts in about thirty feet. Every other jump she gains. They reach the stump where the judges stand, and old Lucy about four lengths ahead!

Such a yell has not been heard in Santa Rosa county, since the time of the Indians, as rent the air when Bill rode in on the bay, and Sid the crack quarter gray mare of Mississippi.

Sharp has not been seen or heard of since the bay mare gave her first leap.

If any body in Mississippi comes across him, they will please ask him what he thinks of the old woman's bay mare, Lucy.

How to lay a Nervous Ghost.

Judge G., of New Hampshire, was a very whimsical, nervous, and irritable old man; all who attended his courts must wear slippers, tread softly, and be particularly careful how they closed the doors. One day the judge fell sick, and was nigh unto death; indeed, it was reported, and the belief was general, that he was dead. His immediate neighbors, of course, soon discovered that it was a mistake; but as the judge was not popular, the news of his recovery did not travel as fast as had the rumor of his death. A gentleman from a distant part of the country was walking the streets of the shire town, several weeks afterwards, with a friend, when to

his astonishment they chanced to meet the tall spare figure of the nervous magistrate.

"Why," said he to his companion, "I thought the judge was dead!"

"Well, he did die," was the reply, "and was buried, too, for I attended the funeral. But after he had been under the ground three weeks, some one was thoughtless enough to pass through the grave-yard with squeaking boots, *and up came old G.!* The next time he's under ground, his friends intend to have the grave-yard carpeted."

Boarding Out.

"Can you accommodate another boarder?" asked a city gentleman of the proprietor of a fashionable watering place, one day last week, just after the arrival of the cars.

"Well," said the landlord, "I might accommodate a boarder or two, but our beds are all full."

"Beds all full!" said the gentleman. "Then how can you take any more in your house?"

"Oh, I didn't say I could take any more in the house. I said I might accommodate a boarder or two."

"Well, what am I to understand by that?"

"Why," answered the host, "I can give you a board and a pillow, and you can sleep under a tree, or on the piazza, as suits your fancy. I suppose you intend to 'board out' while you stay."

The late Rev. Sidney Smith observed that a railway whistle seemed to him something like the scream an attorney would give when the devil caught hold of him.



ARTIST.—Well, sir, what's wanting?

RAG PICKER.—Be you de mans as teaches to draw in six easy lessons?

ARTIST.—I am, sir; what's that to you?

RAG PICKER.—Well, by dam, I lik try tree weeks more harder as noting, for to makes dis animal draw, and he gets all evile no more better as he vas. Wat I pay you, oh?



A gentleman went a fishing, and among other things he hauled in a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl, he placed it in her bed-room. Next morning, the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of, "Be jabbers, I have him! I have the silly at last!" "What silly?" enquired her master. "Why, the bull bed-bug, that has been eating the childer for the last two weeks."

A Good Hit.

The Washington Evening Star gives the following account of an interview between Prince John Van Buren and Beverly Tucker, the editor of the Washington Sentinel, the organ of the Adamantines. The scene is laid at the National Hotel, Washington.

T.—Why, John, how are you? What devil brought you here? Have the Hards driven you out of Gotham, or has Guthrie called you down here to give an account of yourself? How's the election?

P. J.—God bless you, Bev, how do you do? As for the election, I know nothing about it; Guthrie is all right; I go in for the resolutions of '98; hold that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church;" and my business here is to buy a nigger!

T.—Buy a nigger! Good gracious, Prince, how you surprise me!

P. J.—Yes, buy a nigger! I consider a nigger the great panacea, the ornament of the christian, the emblem of faith and fidelity in the politician, and, altogether, something very important to mankind generally. Just see how Bronson has been puffed into a star of the first magnitude by galvanizing a short letter to Guthrie upon niggers—they have nearly made a great man out of Dickinson—more than half humanized Charley O'Conner, and even raised poor Cooley to the precincts of notoriety. Since miracles have ceased, no such wonders have been performed before, and all by niggers. Nothing in Edmonds about spirit rappings begins to come up to it. I tell you, Bev, I must have a nigger—my fame requires it, and my personal wants demand it!

T.—Nonsense, John; but do you really want a nigger?—because if you do, you must have one.

P. J.—Why, certainly I do. Everybody seems to doubt everything I say about niggers. I tell you, Bev, I have changed my mind upon that subject, and though I did not think so once, I now regard the "Wilmot" with the same abhorrence I do the Maine law. It's sumptuary, merely—a check upon pleasure—upon personal comfort—upon all the arts and all the sciences—upon greatness—upon chivalry—and, finally, a check upon niggers, and therefore wrong. Any man that can't see this, hasn't got a nigger in his eye, and any man that hasn't got a nigger in his eye in these days, is no man at all.

T.—Why, John, you talk like a Saint! Give us your views in the Sentinel, and then you will be considered ortho-

dox. They are as sound as a nut. I thought you would come right at last.

P. J.—Sound! Why I am as sound on niggers as the stump candidate for select man was on the goose question. The only trouble is to make the world believe it. I want to "crush out" unbelief, and the Sentinel isn't strong enough for that. I must have a nigger—a real nigger—an ordained Adamantine—such an one as Dickinson would delight to chase, and as would make a fit companion for Cooley. I tell you, Bev, that I must get ahead of the whole batch, and

"Niggers! niggers! niggers are the cards
Wherewith to get the conscience of the Hards!"

I suppose we agree on the Maine law.

T.—Ah! John, therein we do harmonize perfectly, and * * * The colloquists then retired into a corner, it is shrewdly suspected to converse about the printing for Congress.

A Fish Story.

Quite a little incident happened once upon a trout-brook in which, a few years ago, we were wont to wet a line now and then. The speckled prey were rather shy, and it required considerable art to snatch them from their element. Nothing short of crawling for acres together would do, before reaching within good throwing distance. It was in an open meadow; no friendly bush stood by the brook side to offer one the chances of an ambuscade; and sometimes we feared greatly that we should strip all our buttons "down before" in the exertion to snake our way to the stream.

A friend—who related the incident to us—was about to undertake this reptile mode of locomotion, one day, when suddenly he noticed a fisherman on the brook, violently engaged in swinging his line to which something hung that delighted him apparently very much. Now and then he would allow the object to be poised in the air, while he could take a cool look at it. It was after an examination of this kind he became sensible of our friend's approach, and hailed him vociferously. L. went to him.

"See here, sir," cried the individual whom L. esteemed at a glance to be a verdant stripling of the most unmistakable emerald hue; "see what a fish I've got!" and he held out his victim.

"A queer fish it is too," was our friend's remark.

"Never saw the like of it before," exclaimed the unsophisticated Piscator. "How compact its scales are put together, ain't it?"

"Yes," L. replied; "it would be a hard matter to make it shell out."

"Well it took the hook deuced quietly—never felt the nibble," continued the strange youth.

"What will you do with it?" was L.'s inquiry.

"Take it home, to-be-sure, and stuff it for a curiosity," was the answer. "But," he resumed, "I must get the hook out of its jaws."

So saying the young gentleman proceeded to disengage his hook, when his prize made a snap at his fingers and fastened on the little one.

"Murder!" yelled the youth. "How it bites! Take it off! Murder! O-o-o-oh!" L. was cruel enough to laugh heartily, while the sufferer was writhing with the torture inflicted upon him by his fish. But he succeeded in choking it off with the other hand, when contemplating his bleeding finger he exclaimed, more aside than for L.'s edification:—

"I'll bet, now, it's nothing but one of those things called turtles, I've heard of so much!"

And so it was!

Is it anybody's Business

"Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business,
If a lady has a beau?

"Is it any body's business
When that gentleman should call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble,
The outside lookers on?

"Is it any body's business
But the lady's, if her beau,
Should ride with other ladies,
And never let her know?

Is it any body's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be.

"If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it any body's business,
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

"The substance of our query
Simply stated would be this:
Is it any body's business,
What another's business is?
Whether 'tis, or whether 'taint,
We should really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

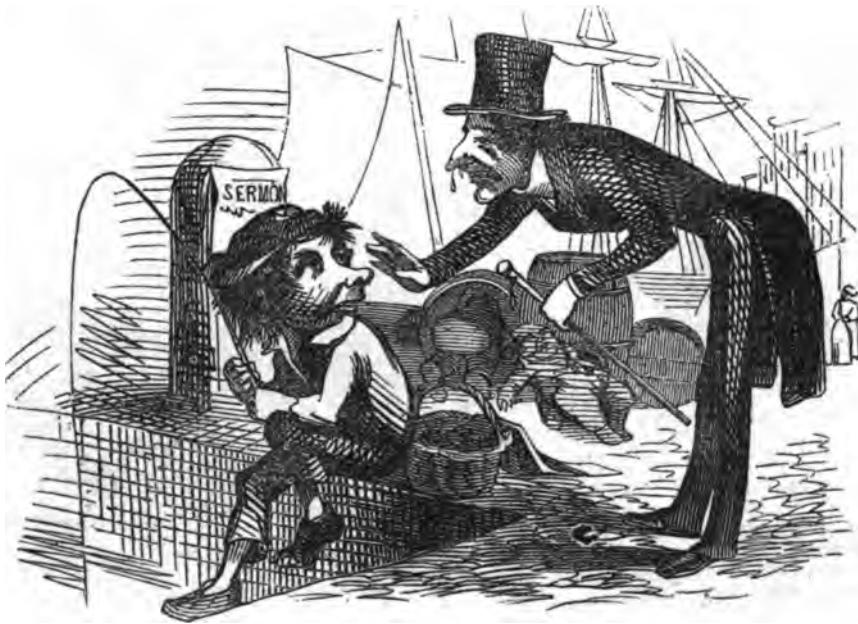
"If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the noble mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better in the future,
To mind their own concerns."

A CANDID WITNESS.—In the examination of a case on Monday before the Court of Magistrates, for assault and battery, the counsel, in cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped?

He answered, "four glasses of ale."

"What next?"
"Two glasses of wine."
"What next?"
"One glass of brandy."
"What next?"
"A fight, of course."

ART—The knack of chiselling and coloring.



A FISHING SCENE.

PIOUS GENTLEMAN.—My boy! my boy! you do very wrong to fish on a Sunday.
BOY.—It can't be no harm, sir, I arn't catch'd nothing.



A HORRIBLE COUNTRY.

HINGLISHMAN.—Did you 'ear that 'ere, Smivins? They're CANNIBALS 'ere in Hameriky. Hi 'eard him horder a COBBLER plain as he could speak, and say he wanted dinner right away. I s'pose they kill Cobblers and cook 'em! Orrrible!

"Tom, why did you not marry Miss G—?"

"Oh? she had a sort of hesitancy in her speech, and so I left her."

"A hesitancy in her speech, I never heard that before,—are you not mistaken?"

"No—not at all: for when I asked her if she would have me, she kinder hesitated to say yes, and she hesitated so long, that I cut out for another gal."

How David Price Cured his Wife's bad Temper.

David, a man of meek and kindly spirit, had long suffered from the clatter-patter, never-ending tongue of his worse half. One day an herb doctor greeted David at his work with a—

"Well, master David, how be you?

"Oh, I be very well, thanks to ye, but my wife is not so very nicely."

"Indeed," said the gatherer of simples, with a quick ear for an ailment, "what may be the matter wi' she, Master David?"

"Well," said David, in his usual quiet way, "she have a bad breaking out about her mouth every now and then, that troubles her and me very sore, I assure you, master doctor."

"Well," said the latter, "I could make a grand cure for her, I'll warrant; I have a salve 'at I makes of the juice of the juniper tree, and by bilin' up a vast lot of different kinds of things, it cures it in less than no time."

"Indeed," said David, "an' what might your charge be, now, for a box o' that 'intment, 'at would quite cure her?"

"Oh," said the herbalist, looking anxiously up in David's face, "only a matter of a shilling."

"Well, that's dirt cheap," said David. "If you cure her, I'll give eighteen pence; there, now."

With this offer, the doctor set off home to prepare his nostrum, and straightway hied the very next day to David's house, box in hand. There he found Mrs. Price, and went at once to business.

"Well, Mrs. Price, your husband told me that ye have betimes a bad breaking out about the mouth, and I've brought a box o' fine 'intment, 'at will cure ye."

With this announcement, Mrs. Price, firing

up, at once seeing her husband's jest, raised the brush with which she was sweeping the floor, and pummelled the doctor to her heart's content, even following to beat him a field from her house, he screeching all the while—

"Oh, Missus Price, be ye gone mad."

From that day, however, Mrs. Price has been wholly cured of her scolding habits. David has only to look up in her face and say, "I'll get a box of that 'intment," and there's an end of the matter. David honorably paid the doctor his £1 6d., and also treated him, to make him forget the pummelling. The whole of these circumstances are strictly true.

Congressional Rules.

. Senator Bright moved "that every member be supplied during the session with five daily newspapers." It was adopted.

It is known that members of Congress have many other necessities which should be supplied; and, therefore, we move—

"That every member of Congress be supplied with six pairs of kid gloves, and one pair patent pumps per week, in which to attend the balls and dinners so necessary to maintain peaceful relations with other countries."

"That the Sergeant-at-arms furnish every man with a pair of boxing-gloves for the session, and provide a teacher of the noble art of self-defence."

"That the Sergeant-at-arms be directed to put each member's pistols on his desk at an early hour, in order that, in case of emergency, no one be unprepared."

By these means our National Council will keep up the reputation for dignity of manner, and politeness in debate which has so long distinguished it.



A TOUCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

IOWA LADY.—Look here, Judge, what your boy is bin at. He picked up a gravel-rock, chuck'd it over neighbor Barnes' hay-doodle, and killed our ho-biddy.

(Interpretation for the benefit of untravelled readers of the *Notions*. Gravel-Rock, signifieth a Stone; Hay-Doodle, a Hay-Cock; and Ho-Biddy, a Rooster.)



JOHN Brown, an ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service, but by mistake he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him in the church,

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

The bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone,

"I renounce them all."

The astonished minister said—

"I think you are a fool"—to which he replied,

"All this I steadfastly be-

lieve."

Mysteries of Cake-baking.

Patterson's Messenger contains the following revelation under its police head. Theodore Harper, a young journeyman confectioner, complained, before the Mayor, that his employer, Aaron F. Hughes, struck him over the head with a tin ladle, and otherwise maltreated him, without any just cause or provocation. Hughes, the master confectioner, admitted the assault, but alleged that Harper had merited the chastisement by a shameful waste of his employer's property.

"I set him to mixing sponge-cake," said Mr. Hughes, "and out of six dozen eggs I allowed him to put in, he threw away two dozen and a half."

Harper.—The eggs were clean spoiled—you must have smelled 'em from the State House to Girard College.

Hughes.—It's no such a thing. The eggs warn't damaged—none to hurt. As for the smell, that's nothing, the seasoning of the cake will kill that. As long as an egg hasn't got a chicken in it, it will pass. Every confectioner will tell you the same thing."

Harper.—I happen to know better than that; I've worked for bosses that wouldn't put in an egg unless it smelled as sweet as a rose.

Hughes.—Bosses! bah botches you mean. The more sour eggs there is in a batch, the more the cake is liked. The ladies say it has a much finer flavor. I tried once how it would go with all stale eggs, and the way that cake took was amazing. The farther an egg is gone the richer it is; but when it comes to the chickens, that's not so well.

Mayor.—How so?

Hughes.—Why, you see, chickens won't work up; they won't mix; the dough would be lumpy like, and that would not look so nice. The folks might take it for chicken pie. He! he! he!

Nobody joined in the merriment of Mr. Hughes; the audience was too much horrified to laugh. An officer, who had been detained away from his breakfast, and was munching a piece of fancy cake to temporize with his appetite, was observed to throw the delicate morsel to a dog under the clerk's desk. The pleading of Mr. Hughes, in favor of stale eggs, did not make a very favorable impression on the Court. He was ordered to find bail for his appearance to answer for an aggravated assault on the conscientious Harper, whose integrity of principle and discriminating olfactories has procured him the ill-will of his employer.

If.

A short chapter of short verses to young men in the country, who propose trying their fortunes in New York.

If you can live on hope, without injuring your digestion, for a period of from three months to a year, you may venture upon trying it.

If you require stronger food, as beef and potatoes, for instance, and have a purse with a few hundreds, with which to buy wisdom, you may try it.

If you have not this purse, and cannot live upon hope, then if you can do three days' work in one, or one day's work better than any other man, you may try it.

If a cot in the garret will compensate you for the "Cot in

the valley" which you left, and a lofty residence balance your humble aspirations, you may try it.

If as a philosopher you survey and study the insect world with interest, and are therefore indifferent to the world of insects which you will assuredly have around you in your garret home, you may try it.

If you are brave enough to leave the excitement and pleasures of the city, when you perceive that your effort is a failure, you may try it.

If you don't believe the soundness of this advice, come and try it.

"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?"

"My note."

"Get 'im cheap, didn't yer?"

"My son, I wish you would turn over a new leaf."

"So I have, father, in the barkeeper's book."

How to keep your own counsel—Get into a chancery suit, and you will never get rid of him.

MOCK TURTLE.—Calling a husband "my dear" in public, and "you brute" in private.

The only legitimate strike, is the strike of the iron when it is hot.



A REASON FOR PHILANTHROPY.

HUMP-BACKED MAN, who has been fished out of the Mississippi by "Alligator."—How shall I ever repay you for your timely assistance, my dear friend? A second longer and it would have been all over with me."

MISSISSIPPI "ALLIGATOR."—Ugh! Needn't say anything about it. No use talkin'! I got ye out, kase I thought what a ded-darned ugly corpse ye'd have made, if I let you drown in the drink.

Jullien and the Darkies.

Every one has heard of that classical allusion to music having power to "split a cabbage," and we suppose are equally aware of the fact that music hath charms, also, to make a very great impression on the "woolly heads." The other night, in Washington city, after one of Jullien's Concerts, we were attracted by a couple of darkies, who had heard the great leader with his unsurpassed orchestra. The sable friends were standing under a lamp on the corner of a street, one of them looking downcast—the other rather triumphant.

First Darkie.—What dus you tink of dat dare? Aint dat de music do? Der Germanicus am no whar. Say, Bob, what dus you tink ob dat?

Bob was silent.

First Darkie.—Don't de feller what plays de big fiddle, play dat fiddle to kill? What dus yew tink ob dat chap, Bob?

Bob was still silent.

First Darkie.—Look here, nigger, don't git up de blues, cause a foreign musicianer beats you on de banjo.

Bob, (looking up and running both his hands into the deepest recesses of his breeches pockets).—Sam, do you know what I'm gwyne to do?

First Darkie.—No.

Bob.—I'm gwyne to gib my banjo way and quit de purfession.

Among the number of gallant spirits from Indiana, who volunteered during the war with Mexico, was a Captain B. He was in General Scott's line, and was made quarter-master at a post in Mexico, where he was faithfully discharging his duty to himself, and preparing to come home a richer, if not a better man. The intelligence that Clifford had arrived to open negotiations for peace, found him dismayed, in the midst of his lucrative operations, at the prospect of their speedy termination. He determined to see the Commissioner, and did see him.

"I hear," said he, "Mr. Clifford, that you are sent out to conclude a treaty of peace. I am a poor man, sir, and have a large family at home; but I'm a good democrat, sir; I'm as good a democrat, sir, as *any* man: and my father was a democrat before me. Now, Mr. Clifford, I'm United States' *dibustin'* Agent here, and I'm making a power of money while this war lasts; *jest you hold on a spell, won't you?*"

Isn't it barely possible that some such motive sometimes prolongs, if it does not assist to create, "wars of conquest?"

A miserly old fellow, somewhere down east, has hit upon an expedient to save candles. He uses "the light of other days."

Doings of Societies.

The society for ameliorating the condition of editors, have resolved to apply to the Pope's Nuncio for a license to communicate.

The society for the Annexation of Jersey, have never been heard of since they went on an excursion, somewhere down by Newark. It is feared they have been swallowed up in the soil.

The society for opposing the firing of cannons in the Park, (composed mostly of residents in the vicinity,) are waiting for a report.

The people at Williamsburgh and Brooklyn talk of getting up an industrial association of all nations, or in other words, a Crystal Palace, which will eclipse the New York in every particular.

The pilot on one of the South Ferry boats, it appears, can perpetrate a joke as well as the inhabitants of Terra Firma.

As he was coming from the ferry-house, a man running up to him hastily inquired if he was a doctor. Turning around and looking at the boat the pilot said;

"Well, no, but I have docked her."

It is said the very boat groaned at this horrid attempt.

Our cat was out last night. Supposed to have been in disreputable company. She came home with the milkman, but this must not be regarded as a slur on that gentleman's character. He has quite enough to answer for on the "milk score."

"John," said a pedagogue the other day, "what's detained you? How come you so late to school?"

"Well, sir, I had soup for dinner, and had to wait for it to cool."

"Take your seat, your excuse is sufficient."

A man was accidentally precipitated from "the height of folly" yesterday. He was oiling his moustache when the accident occurred. The fall proved fatal to a massive eye-glass, a box of bear's grease, a bottle of hair dye and the seat of a pair of big pantaloons.

There is a man down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something, it was Something New. His next child was called Nothing; it being Nothing New.

A primitive Protestant, reading a proclamation from the Papal See, which stated that the United States were rapidly becoming Catholic, remarked that it was the greatest *bull* the Pope ever had made.



PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING—ERIE IN 1858.

"You can't pass through, sir, unless you buy my apples."



"Pat, how's your wife?"
PAT.—DEAD, I thank yer honor. How's your own?

A Taste of Company.

A friend of ours tramped through Ireland last summer. One night in June, he sought accommodations at a retired, out-of-the-way-looking inn, about forty miles from Dublin.

"Can Mrs. Finegan accommodate me with a nice little supper, and a comfortable night's lodging?"

"It would be a sorry day, sir, when Biddy Finegan could not do that. We will give you supper fit for a king, and a parlor mate as a new-born egg. But sure, sir, you would not object to a little company?"

"Not at all, if well disposed."

"Oh, make your mind airy on that, then; for four quieter pigs never crossed a threshold."

Our friend finally concluded that he would pay extra, and have the parlor without the company. Pigs are well enough in the abstract, but he never admired them as room-mates.

Definitions not found in Webster.

AFFECTION—A property only known in dogs and suckers.
ANGER—A curious display of feeling evinced by fond mammas when one treads on the baby's toes.

BENEVOLENCE—The art of appearing in print in connection with \$\$.
BEAUTY—A Greek slave in satin.

INTEGRITY—Obsolete.

GENEROSITY—Treating a strange crown.

MODESTY—Refusing to visit a bear show.

INDUSTRY—Honey bees and ants.

HUMANITY—A trait peculiar to drovers and stage-drivers.

Sound Reasoning.

"How could you do so imprudent a thing?" said a curate to a very poor Taffy.

"What reason could you have for marrying a girl completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the slightest prospect of provision?"

"Why, sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason. We had a blanket a-piece, and as the cold weather was fast approaching, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

One summer evening a gentleman called upon a lady—an acquaintance of his. After the compliments of the evening—the extreme heat, etc., she expressed her surprise at his appearing in slippers, despite his assertions as to their superior comfort. She continued her arguments, as to their great want of taste, and concluded by saying that—

"As for her, she did not like to see a gentleman have anything on but boots."

"Mr. Skeesicks, did you say the defendant swore at his wife!"

"No, sir, I didn't say he swore, but he used a word that commenced with *d* and ended with *nation*; but whether that's swearing, is for the Court to decide, not me. Verdict for the plaintiff. Crier, call the next case. Tubs, Firkins & Co. vs. the Butter Depot.

HACKS.—Putnam has been complaining of the imposition of "hacks." It is suggested that his magazine gives lively evidence of the evil.

A fellow in Texas has just invented a strengthening plaster, which will enable you to "take up" anything, from a four months' note to a hogshead of sugar.



"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old temperance man, who was spending the evening at his house.

"No, thank ye," said the old man. "I never drink liquor of any kind, 'specially cider, but if you call it apple juice, I don't care if I do take a little."

Obituary.



account at this office, and that if he has any serious intention of dying it may ease his conscience a little in the last hour, to know that he has paid the printer."

How to spell Cat.

Some time during the last war with Great Britain, — Regiment of Infantry was stationed near Boston. Old Doctor M—, (peace to his ashes,) was surgeon to the Regiment. The Doctor was an old gentleman of very precise and formal manners, who stood a great deal upon his dignity of deportment, and was, in his own estimation, one of the literati of the army. Nevertheless, he was fond of a joke, provided always it was not perpetrated at his own expense.

It is well known, in the "old school," that at the commencement of the war, citizens were appointed officers in the army, who were more noted for their chivalry than for the correctness of their orthography. The Doctor took little pains to conceal his contempt for the new set.

One day, at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S—, a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the Doctor—who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers,

"Doctor M—, are you acquainted with Capt. G— ?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the Doctor; "he is one of the new set—but what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Capt. S—, "I just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old Port that you can't guess in six guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the Doctor, "it's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the Captain.

"K-a-double t."

"No."

"K-a-t-e."

"No, try again."

"K-a-t-e."

"No, you have missed it again."

"Well, then," resumed the Doctor, "C-a-double t."

"No, that's not the way, try again—it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-h-t."

"No, that's not the way, you have lost the wager."

"Well," said the Doctor, "how the devil does he spell it?"

HE Worcester Spy thus notices a person who sent in a communication with a fictitious signature, announcing his death:

"If Pratt was really dead, we should be very happy to write his obituary for nothing; but as we are quite certain he is alive, and may see these lines, we would respectfully suggest to him, that he has an unsettled

"Why, he spells it *c-a-t*," replied S—, with the utmost gravity.

Amidst the roar of the mess, and almost choaked with rage, the Doctor sprang to his feet exclaiming—

"Capt. S—, I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."

The lion called the sheep to ask if his breath smelt; he said;

"Aye."

He bit off head off for a fool. He then called the wolf and asked him; he said:

"Nay."

He tore him to pieces for flattery. At last he called for the fox, and asked him; he said:

"Truly," said he, "I have got a cold and cannot smell."

MORAL.—Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.

Dutchman.—Coot moorer, Patrices, how you tu?

Irishman.—"Good mornin to yez, Mike; d'ye think we'll get rain the day?"

Dutonmaw.—Kesso: ve nefer has so much rain in a very dry time.

Irishman.—Faith and ye're right there, Mike; and the whinever it gits in the way of rainin' the devil a bit of dry wether we'll git as long as the wet spell howldas.

Tim, while chopping wood, contrived to knock out one of his front teeth.

"Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you have had a dental operation performed, I see."

"Yea," replied the sufferer, "ax-idental."



TIME TO QUIT.

JUSTLY INDIGNANT BOARDER.—Now, ma'am, I am not at all particular or a prigioner. I can put up with half-a-pint of water to wash in, a towel five inches square, a broken window in my bed room; I can even endure half-raw shoulders of mutton for dinner, and fish, three times a week, and I don't grumble at being locked out if not in by ten at night. But, ma'am, when it comes to having A BED-BUG TUMBLE ON MY WATCH, OF SUFFICIENT SIZE TO BREAK THE CRYSTAL—IT'S time to quit.

A Cold in his Head.

We are oftentimes amused by the ludicrous sound and perversion of words when spoken by a man with a cold that affects the voice as connected with the nasal organ, commonly called "a cold in the head." An instance of this kind came under our notice a few days since, with most amusing effect. A man went into a store and asked the clerk the following:

"Where is Bulberry street?"

"Bulberry street?" said the clerk, "don't know of a street by that name; better look in the directory."

The man with a cold looked in the directory, and running his finger down the M's, stopped at the words Mulberry street, and said—

"Why, there it is now; Bulberry street."

The clerk answered, "that it looked like *Mulberry* street."

"Well, I *said* Bulberry street."

"I know you *said* Bulberry street—but I didn't," said the clerk.

"I *leddent* say Bulberry street!" said the man with a cold, getting red in the face—"I *said* Bulberry street!"

"So you did—Bulberry street."

The man with a cold in his head indignantly left the store, saying something about a "clussed impudent puppy."

This reminds us of the excessively amusing imitation we heard the defunct Henry J. Finn give at one of his unique entertainments, of an individual who was similarly and as uncomfortably situated. The man with the obstruction in the nasal department answered, on an inquiry being made relative to the state of his health, that "he ledent feel velly well, as he had a tellable cold in his head."

"That is very unfortunate," answered his friend.

"Yes; I'll tell you loll about it," said the man with the snuffle. "You see my wife silent me dlown to git glum pills and leedles, and—"

"Pins and needles," interrupted his friend.

"Well I *said* pills and leedles, *leddent* I?"

"Yes, you *said* pills and leedles."

"No, I didn't say pills and leedles, I said pills and leedles, as plail as I could speak! Dlam it all! I guess I low what I slaid."

Rothschild "Short."

There is a good story told recently of Baron Rothschild, of Paris, the richest man of his class in the world, which shows that it is not only money which makes the mare go, (or horses either, for that matter,) but "ready money," "unlimited credit" to the contrary notwithstanding.

On a very wet and disagreeable day, the Baron took a Parisian omnibus, on his way to the Bourse, or Exchange; near which the "Nabob of Finance" alighted, and was going away without paying. The driver stopped him, and demanded his fare. Rothschild felt in his pocket, but he had not a "red cent" of change. The driver was very wroth.

"Well, what did you get in for, if you could not pay? You must have known that you had no money."

"I am Baron Rothschild!" exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card."

The driver threw the card into the gutter.

"Never heard of you before," said the driver, "and don't want to hear of you again. But I want my fare, and must have it!"

The great banker was in haste.

"I have only an order for a million," he said. "Give me change."

And he proffered a "oupon" for fifty thousand francs.

The conductor stared, and the passengers set up a horse-laugh. Just then an "Agent de Change" came by, and Baron Rothschild borrowed of him the six sous.

The driver was now seized with a kind of remorseful respect, and turning to the Money King, he said,

"If you want ten francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."

A good Dutchman and his wife had sat up till gapping time, when the latter, after a full stretch in the above operation, said :

"I wish I vash in heben."

Hans yawned and replied;

"I wish I vash in de stillhouse."

The eyes of Sally flew wide open, as she exclaimed:

"I pe pound, you always vish yourself in de pest place!"

What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl.

"Dressing a chicken," answered the cook.

"I should call that undressing," said the crazy chap in reply.

The cook looked reflective.

A gentleman being asked by a friend "what was it o'clock," gravely replied—

"Little or nothing."

"How so?" asked the inquirer.

"Why," said the wit, "it is not quite one, and that which is less than one, must be little or *nothing*."

"Ah, Bill, times is hard just now—what are ye thinking o' doing?"

"Well Jack, somehow I think o' hopening a bank!"

"All gammon, Bill! How'll ye raise the money?"

"How green you are, Jack! It doesn't take much to buy a crowbar!"



BILL.—Look ahore, Jim, I bin a fellerin' that ore feller, there, clear from Union Square down here to the Battery, fer that cigar stamp, and dem his buttons if he ain't gone and stuck it in one of them holders.

JIM.—By Je, if that ain't the same feller I seen chaw up his stamp yesterday.

HAIL! HAIL! ALL HAIL!

VALENTINE MONTH!

The subscriber has just got back again to his old stand, at No. 98 Nassau Street, and is over head and ears in business. Having, as far as his manufacturing facilities are concerned, fully recovered from the effects of his late and great fire, he is prepared to execute orders to any amount, for any and everything in his line; for Wood Engraving, Printing, in all departments, Stationery, "The Yankee Notions," and Valentines!

The present being the *Valentine Month*, the festival of Cupid and Hymen, the joy of lovers and sweet hearts, he begs to call particular attention to his stock of Valentines, which he is confident, will excel any in the market, being a very choice assortment from the best manufacturers in France and England, and the finest of the subscriber's own make, that he has yet offered the public. From the most costly bijou, radiant with gold and lace, to the most laughable of comic caricature, he stands ready to execute all orders with which he may be favored, and on the most advantageous terms.

For "THE YANKEE NOTIONS," it has now become a fixed fact that it is the best comic paper in America, if not, indeed, in the world. It is read everywhere; in parlor and kitchen, in the counting house, and in rail road cars, and steamboats. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a person, who reads at all, who does not read *THE NOTIONS*.

Its thousands of readers, and those who purpose becoming such, will be glad to learn that the subscriber has recently re-stereotyped the first and second volumes, which may now be had in various styles of binding, in cloth and paper. Send in your orders for them, and your names, as subscribers to the third and present volume. Those doing so, before the fourteenth of February, will receive an elegant Valentine, worth at least twenty-five cents, *gratis*!

T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street.

VALENTINES!

JONATHAN'S CARD.

VALENTINES, yes, sir—sell you any kind, from a cent up tu twenty dollars—there's your sort, jest look at that stock;—here, Zeb, show the gentleman abeout, will yer. Well, folks, here I am agin, all right, and ready to supply the hull creation with Valentines—Comic, Sentimental, Loving, Scolding, and every kind yer can think of—Valentines that'll bring tears out of a creditor—Valentines that'll pop the question without yer sayin' a word—Valentines so funny that they will stop dog-fights, and make your worst enemy laugh—Valentines that'll make your wife always in a good humor, and make her hug the baby, and say how much he looks like his daddy. Yes, folks, here I am, up to my arm-pits in Valentines, jest a waiting for your orders. Here, you Zeb—where on airth can that boy be? What ef a big pile of comics hev tumbled over on him—ah! there he is, a laffin fit tu kill. Zeb! 'tend tu the customers. Git eout that bundle there for the Sandwich Islands, ef you want them to get 'em before the 4th of July. So hurry yer stumps. Tell John tu take the wheel-barrer and go to the Post Office for the letters—kalkilate there'll be abeout a barrel of orders this mornin.

As I was a sayin, send on yer orders. Got a little scorched in the late fire—but I think my asbestos-lined, go-a-head principles can't be used up. Get a bigger stock than ever—funnier Valentines—and kalkilate tu be in an all-fired funny humor—so don't be afear'd—ef yer want Valentines of any shape or size, sentiment (funny or serious) jest enclose yer pile, don't keer ef it's a quarter or twenty dollars, I'll guarantee that yer suited—so step along lively—and ef I don't astonish you all, then my name's not

JONATHAN.

TO FRENCH READERS.

The Subscriber receives monthly, from Paris, the "Magasin Pittoresque," universally acknowledged to be the best work of the kind extant. The variety and delicacy of its illustrations, embracing the designs of TONY JOHANNOT, and other famous Artists, make a beautiful ornament for the centre table, and a valuable work for the library. The volume for 1853 is now ready for delivery.

T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
in every variety, neatly and promptly executed by
T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street.

LITHOGRAPHY IN EVERY STYLE,
by
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No. 3.

MARCH.

Vol. III.



JONATHAN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Clar the track, here I cum, git out,—ain't a goin to let these Frenchified Broadway chaps hev it all their own way, gittin up pantaloons patterns out of hors' races, and grape vine twists, and a rollin themselves up in their old grandmother's shawls all covered over with stripes, like that Herr Driesback's Zebra. I'm a comin' out with the Strongest pattern yet, jest look at me, can't be beat, I'm a hull travelling advertisement, Yankee Notions Shawl, and Strong's Comic Almanac Song Book Pantaloons. So I want ya all to giv up them Frenchified fashions and buy one of Jonathan's

Picturs—Yankee Notions Fashions for March.

JONATHAN'S TABLE FOR MARCH.



generally understood, however, that he is to stick up for the honor and glory of his country on all occasions. Whether this is to be done by his giving or attending public dinners and *fêtes*, by over-reaching and outwitting Foreign Diplomatists, or by swaggering and kicking up a bobbery generally, is left to his own discretion—if he happens to have any. If not, he does as the poet says, "just about what he damn pleases."

There's Mr. Soulé, our recently appointed Minister to Spain, he has been getting himself into a pretty pickle. Not content with making a Philebuster speech about Cuba, before he left home, he is hardly settled abroad before he gets up a duel or two, just because the Spanish Dons did not happen to like Madame Soulé's style of dressing, and one of them was undiscerning enough to say so in public.

If the Spaniards havn't a fine idea of American morality and prowess now, it's because they are too ignorant to learn it, that's all. Hereafter it will be difficult, we fancy, to find any foreign power willing to receive an American Minister, at any price. If a Spanish nobleman, a French marquis, or an English milord, is to be challenged every time he happens to differ from an American in taste, we shall be tabooed everywhere.

We are not deep enough in the President's good books to know his private opinion on this matter, but we think he regards it with distaste. At any rate, he will certainly be more careful in picking his men in the future, and the next Minister that he sends abroad, will doubtless have to give bonds for good behavior. Would it not be a good plan, we throw out the suggestion, to have our diplomats labeled, something as follows:—"Mr. So and So, from America, warranted not to fight?"

CELESTIAL BODIES.

Some year or so ago, a speculative gentleman in California, conceived the bright idea of benefitting his benighted countrymen on this side of our great Republic, by importing from San Francisco, a company of Chinese Actors. Whether he thought our home drama was so low that almost any change would be for the better, or only of his own pocket, is left open to conjecture. We go in favor of the pocket supposition, and so we fancy did he, for he paid the passage money of the whole company, (it is not necessary to mention that he secured himself in some degree by a mortgage on their wardrobe,) and run the risk of losing more, by bringing them out before the American public.

The scheme was tried, and it made a most signal failure. How could it well do otherwise when the nature of the entertainment is taken into consideration. In the first place, the Chinese, as a people, have no idea of the drama, as we "barbarians" understand it, and as the mass of the world have always understood it. Their notions of it are about as

UR MINISTERS ABROAD.—The business of a Foreign Minister has never yet been distinctly settled, save that he is to have \$9,000 outfit, (we are speaking now of our American Diplomatists,) and \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year besides, in the way of salary. How he is to spend his time at the court where he is located, is not very clearly defined. It seems to be pretty

elevated as that of a two year 'd baby; their music, with them a very essential feature, the worst that can be imagined worse than any amount of saw filing, or caterwauling; their dialogue a parrot-like chatter, and their tricks, for the Chinese stage deals largely in tricks, such as our ordinary conjurors perform to very limited audiences.

The thing failed, the speculative gentleman stepped out, and here the Chinese are among us without a home, or any settled way of making their daily bread.

The company is broken up, and its members are scattered through the city. Two or three haunt the railings of the Post Office, and one solitary man with a long pig tail, evidently the "tyrant" of the company, sits on the steps of the Custom House, with a small tin waiter of Cigars and Cigarettes. Selling Cigars and such like trifles is the only means they at present have of keeping body and soul together. Whether they will ever save enough to get back to their homes again admits of a doubt. Poor fellows! they are to be pitied, even if they are Chinese. They are men, our brethren in the great human family; they have fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, and children. Somebody at home cares for them, if we do not, and morning and evening, prayers are doubtless said for the absent pig tails!

"Betsey, get up and get something to eat."

"Why, John, there's nothing cooked."

"Well, get up and cook something."

"Why, John, there is nothing to cook."

"Nothing at all?"

"No."

"Well get up and get a clean knife and fork—I'll go through the motions, anyhow."

A sporting gentleman, who recently ran a race with a saw-horse, was caught yesterday attempting to shake hands with a clock.

A TOAST.—WOMAN,—the last and best of the series; if we may have her for a *toast*, we won't ask for any *but-her*.

The vessel that was "bound out" has, we learn, filled the conditions of her indentures and is now free—like some youngsters whom we know, she had no sooner gained her liberty than she endeavored to get "half-seas over" the first day.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." Then what a bountiful harvest of old coats and breeches the Tailors will reap one o' these days.

Men who take the 'big head' should be treated like boiling kettles—when they begin to run over they should be taken off.



A stage-struck youth enters an "eating-house"—looks over a bill of fare—his thoughts wander through the part he has just been rehearsing—he forgets his dinner, and cries, in a tragic tone:

"What ho! Without!"

A waiter cautiously approaches and quietly says:—

"They don't make that kind of pudding, sir, but can give you a nice baked apple, without."



"That is the spirit of the press," said Mrs. Bigelow, as she handed a glass of cider to her neighbor.

Consulting a Creditor.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggings" then, and for aught I know at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encourage litigation.

One day a client came to him in a most terrible rage:

"Look here, Squire," said he, "that blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove, has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh! yes—I've got them on now—fust rate boots."

"Fair price?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you owe him the money honestly?"

"Of course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, because the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?"

"Oh! ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went out, very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I kept on sendin to him till I got tired. I knowed he was able to pay—and I was determined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifl to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you'd better take this five dollars and call it square."

"Certain, Squire, if you say so, and darned glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over one V, and kept the other.

In a few days his client came along and asked how he got along with his case.

"Rapidly!" said the lawyer—"we've nonsuited him!—and he will never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great!" cried the client; "I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than have him got the money for them boots."

EXTREMES MEET.—Indians and noblemen enjoy the same sports. To catch a half-grown fox, either would spend a whole day, and kill a dozen horses. Transport "The Little Sunflower" to England, and he would find himself as much at home in a steeple-chase as Lord Breakneck, of Breakneck Hall."

"Mrs. Smith, do you know where the defendant can be found?"

"No, sir. I'm not his keeper and never expect to be."

"That may all very well be, but the Court is not quite satisfied that he isn't yours. Again I inquire, do you know where the defendant can be found?"

"No sir-ee!"

Recess for fifteen minutes, to give Mrs. Smith time to "cool off."

"My dear Sir Frederick, take a chair."

"I couldn't possibly."

"Not pressed for time I hope?"

"No—not for time—but devilishly for pantaloons."

Sir Frederick had on his "stand up" trousers—so tight in the fit that he could not stoop without producing a denouement. Young men who indulge in sunnen drapery, will please copy.

Kissing a pretty girl "down south," a young gentleman asked her "what made her so sweet?" "Oh," she replied, in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter!"



HEAD AND TAIL.

JONES.—That's a fine horse you're leading, Patrick. He carries his head well.

PAT.—That's true. An' it's a grand tail that he carries behind him.

JONES.—Behind him! Don't everything that carries a tail carry it behind him?

PAT.—No, yer honor.

JONES.—No! What don't?

PAT.—A cat, sure, carries its tail on one side and its head on the other.

THE AFFRIGHTED OYSTERMAN.



NE of the best things we have heard of for some time happened here lately. A Yankee Schoolmaster, who had been almost starved to death, among his country patrons, resolved to come to the City and feast himself for a week on oysters. Being extremely penurious, he be-thought him how he should get his prog, during the week, for nothing, and having fixed on a plan, he dived into the cellar of a frenchman, where after taking a glass of beer and complaining of his ill health, he asked the oysterman how much

he would charge to open him as many oysters as he could eat. After eyeing his lank customer, the Frenchman said he would give him as many as he could swallow for twenty five cents. "Agreed," cries the yankee, and to work goes mounseer. One hundred was gulped down in no time.—"Sacra" cries the Frenchman, "I be serve one dem fine trick, but I open him some more and have the grand satisfaction to see de dem hog sick." "Go on" says the teacheer—away went the knife, and another hundred was soon in that ravenous stomach, together with a basket of crackers, and all the pepper and vinegar composing mounseer's stock in trade. The Frenchman stared, when the following dialogue took place.

Yankee.—I'll try some more, if you please.
Frenchman.—By gar, this must be the devil.

Yan.—I'll trouble you for a few more oysters.

French.—Da diable—why you break me up; I got no more oysters, no more vinegar, no more biscuit;—you serve me one dem caper. Sacra—dem de yankee doodle, he hold de two hundred oysters without stretching von leetle bit.

Yan.—You havn't come up to your bargain—but as you have run out of stock, I'll just give you a call to-morrow and eat the balance.

It is needless to say the Frenchman didn't open his shop the next day.

Love Illustrated.

A handsome youth, wandering through the gardens that line the banks of the Spuyten Duyvel, saw a lovely virgin, and he loved her. Approaching, he threw himself upon his face, and said, "Superior of created intelligencies, I would forego existence at your utterance! Relinquish all self claims, and assimilating your being with mine, render me the most ferociously extatic of mortals!"

The maiden wept and assimilated herself.

"At an infant Sabbath-school, to the care of which I was promoted," a few years since, I gave a "Bible-story," the "Prodigal Son." When I came to the place where the poor ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him "a great way off," I inquired what his father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his little fist clenched, said:

"I dono, but I des he set de dog on him!"

Before the door of a shop in Philadelphia is displayed a sign, painted in italics, and reads as follows,

"Shirts retailed here."

The following advertisement appears in a Boston paper:

"To be let—Two handsome suits, front rooms, with board for gentlemen and their wives, or single gentlemen with all the modern improvements."

Tom and Joe were talking of their travels when Tom asked him, "Was you ever in Greece?" "No," says Tom, "but I fell into a thunderin' big tub of soap once."

Dobbs is a strong believer in "guardian angels." If it were not for them, he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of the bed when they are asleep?"

Be careful how you make love to a cross-eyed girl. You can't tell whether she is casting her sweetest glances at yourself, or at Mr. John Brown, opposite.

Fashionable boarding-schools are, generally, respectable institutions where young ladies attempt to learn French, and succeed only in learning folly.



A YANKEE TRICK, OR THE AFFRIGHTED OYSTERMAN.



ELEGISLATIVE WIT. "I believe said a very tall representative for a country town, "that I am one of the tallest members in the House."

"Yes" added a fellow representative, "and one of the *slimmest*, also."

This unexpected

confirmation occasioned a roar of laughter, in which the first gentleman heartily joined.

Thackeray, in speaking of certain pinch-beck people of his acquaintance, says: "they are long-eared Neddies, taking on Leonine airs." We have a few of the same sort in this city. There is our friend Pompous, for instance, of the firm of Pompous, Fuss & Co. Pompous thinks himself a man of vast penetration, imagines he is posted up in the fine arts, and knows the difference between a Guido and a Rembrant by just smelling of it. Pompous is the victim of a delusion—he is led by the nose by Diddlers, and knows nothing of Paint, save that it is sold for 2s. 6d. per pound, Pompous is "a long-eared Neddy," and notwithstanding he takes on "Leonine airs," and gives sumptuous repasts, will be an empty-headed old noodle to the end of his days. Pompous lives on the Fifth Avenue and has lots of neighbors.

MR. BLOOMER.—An incident occurred at the close of Mrs. Bloomer's lecture at Cleveland, which caused an audible titter all over the house. The lady had given out that she would speak to-night again. Mr. Bloomer stepped up to the stage, and whispered in her ear. She immediately said to the audience:—

"My husband thinks it better for me not to lecture to-morrow evening."

It was thought to be a little funny to see a lady so strong in the Womans' Rights faith, thus giving preference to the advice of her "t'other half!"

A SORT OF GENTLEMEN.—Mr. Child, the banker, desiring to hire a valet, one of those gentry presented himself, and inquired what wine Mr. Child allowed at the second table? "Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child. "I like a glass of Madeira, sir," returned the valet. "Why," said Mr. Child, "there is the curate of the parish here cannot afford himself a glass of wine of any sort." "Ah," replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, "I always pitied that sort of gentleman."

Old Parson M——, of Torrington, was a queer sort of man. One time when his congregation had most of them, fairly disposed themselves for their afternoon nap, he started them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking in his loudest tone:

"What's the price of butter?"

An another time some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped in his sermon, and said:

"Those folks in my pew are cousins from H., so you needn't stare at them any more."

A young lady having been engaged to get married, took occasion to change her mind, and besought the aid of a friend, saying, "do help me out of this knot!"

"O, certainly," replied her friend, "that's easily done, as it is only a beau-knot."

A French gentleman, a friend of the writer, was one day caressing a dog, when an English by-stander remarked that he seemed very fond of it.

"Y-a-a-s," answered the little Frenchman, with the inevitable shrug of his shoulders, "I am; for this dog he bring to my recollection my own ver' pretty little dog at my 'ome!"

"You love dogs then?"

"Oh, y-a-a-s; I love de dogs and de cats, de osse and de asses; I do love everyt'ing dat is—dat is *beastly*!"

Boarding House Colloquy.

Boarder.—"What large chickens these are!"

Landlady—"Yes, chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be, ten years ago we couldn't get chickens as large as these."

Boarder.—(quite innocently.)—No, I suppose not—they must have grown some in that time!"

The Landlady looked as though she had been misunderstood.

Two young men of our acquaintance, a few nights since, after having played billiards until the "wee short hours of morn," and who "smiled" frequently during the progress of the game, undertook to navigate homewards. They had not proceeded far, before one "cushioned" on a brick house and "holed" himself in the gutter: the other "carromed" on a nigger, and a lamp-post, and "pocketed himself" in an open cellar way. In the morning the "string was all right."

The woman who undertook to scour the woods, has abandoned the job on account of the scarcity of sand and the high price of soap.

The genius who files newspaper, lately broke his instrument while operating upon a "hard-shell" organ.

A clergyman lecturing one afternoon to his female parishioners, said,

"Be not proud that our Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad news might spread the sooner."



SCENE.—DONNYBROOK FAIR.

PAT.—"Will any gentleman have the goodness to tread on the tail of me coat?"



Every body in the town of W. knew Andy K.; everybody, man, women, chick, and child, and they knew him, too, to be as humorous and witty a dog, as ever walked upon two legs.

Andy was always full of mischief from his childhood, you could see it protruding right out of the corner of his eyes. He always met you with a smile, and look out for yourself, a jest was always behind it at your expense, depend upon it. Wit was his study, and very few in W. escaped from his mischievous thrusts. A few received rather more than their share, Gotleib B. in particular, and he was bent upon retaliation.

Gotleib was standing one morning at his gate, waiting to pounce upon Andy as he passed. He had placed a large looking glass directly in front of the manger, in one of the stalls of his stable, so that whoever entered could not help but see his own image reflected there. At length Andy came up with

"We gates, Gotleib."

"Goot mornin', Andy—coom harin unt I shows you mine vite chackass, I yust pyes him, coom harin (come in) and tell me how you liksh him. Hurrying Andy through the yard, he unlocked the stable door, taking good care to let Andy enter first, then quickly stepping into the next stall and looking over the partition, he directed Andy's attention to the glass, exclaiming "dere he ish, Andy how you liksh him, hey? how you liksh te vite chackass?"

For the first time in his life Andy was dumb, at least for awhile, and when he did recover his speech, it was to beg Gotleib for heaven's sake never to open his lips to mortal man about it, and Gotleib promised he wouldn't, and he stuck to his promise, but he told it to his wife, and she must have told some one, for it was soon all over W.

A GOOD EXCUSE.—There is a society in existence in this city, which, like many other associations of the kind, has a standing rule that all members who come late, or absent themselves, shall be fined a certain sum, unless they shall be able to give sufficient excuse for their tardiness or absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours, and the chairman asked him his excuse for being late.

"Really, sir," said he, "I was not able to get here before—domestic troubles—perplexities of mind—I cannot say which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Ah," said the chairman, expressing much commiseration for the father and husband; "I was net aware of that.

Remit the fine, Mr. Secretary—the excuse is a good one."

The member consequently took his seat. The next morning another member met him, and with much feeling asked how his wife and daughter were.

"In excellent health," replied he.

"How? I thought you said last night that you did not know which would die first."

"I did—and am still in a quandary. Time, however, will decide the question."

A member of the bar says that some time ago a rough customer, or rather client, came into his office and began to state his case rather abruptly.

"Sir, I come to you for advice. I'm a 'husband-in-law'!"

"A what?" spoke up the learned counsel.

"Husband-in-law, sir."

"I have never seen that word defined among the domestic relations."

"Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer! Sir, you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-law, but not in fact. Sir, my wife's run off and left me, sir!"

Exit client, leaving the "gladsome light of jurisprudence" not at all gladsome, but just the contrary.

A new method of saving leather has been invented out west by editors. They write their articles with stolen chalk on the soles of their boots, and go barefooted while the copy is setting up.



REVIVING.

A raftsmen who had drank a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother seized him by the hair; but the current was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when despairing, the drowning one raised his head above the water, and said:

"Hang on, Sam, hang on—I'll treat—I swear I will."

His words were stimulating, and the other at length saved him.



PASSING AN ALTERED BILL.

"Look 'ere," said a tipsy individual, who was hanging by a lamp-post; "Look 'ere! didn't you know that you'd no right to go by me in that way?"

"Why not, my friend?" asked the person addressed, who recognised in the "tight 'un" an old acquaintance.

"Because (hic) it's agin the law."

"Against what law?"

"Why, you used to know Bill Nelson, when he was a (hic) highly different fellow to what he is now—and there's a big law agin passing an ALTERED BILL."

"Here's a Cove what Coos."

During the sojourn of Boughton, the artist, in London, he paid a visit to Madam Toussard's celebrated exhibition of wax figures. He was accompanied by a practical joker from Ohio—Jack B. Among the figures in Madam T.'s exhibition are certain admirably got up automatons, who work at different trades, such as shoemaking, tailoring, &c. Without giving the subject a moment's thought, Jack took up a position in the midst of the wax gentlemen, and gave himself up to a little general ruminations on matters and things in general. He had not been in this condition of mind over a moment or two, before he discovered that he was becoming an object of interest to certain gaping gentlemen, fresh from the rural districts. They had mistaken Jack for one of the o statys." Jack made up his mind to humor the idea, and go in for a denouement.

"I say, Wolley, 'ere's a cove wot goes. Look at his 'ead, and see the mugs he's cuttin'. Dash my vig! Twig him now—he's elevatin' his 'and—~~one~~, there it goes—up—up—up. Blowed if I wouldn't like to know vare it's goin'!"

The hand continued to rise till it got in front of Jack's face, when the thumb took up a position on the end of his nose, while his fingers performed a series of well known gyrations, that told in language not to be mistaken, that a portion of the great British public had been "sold"—done brown, by an outside barbarian from Ohio.

It is not necessary for us to add, that Spades, Shovels & Co., gave the automatons a wide birth for the remainder of their visit.

The following "rules" are posted in a Western school-house:

"No kissing girls in school time. No licking the master during holidays."

A Model Dun.

A Pennsylvania Yankee publishes the following advertisement in the Doylestown Intelligencer. We copy it without charge.

To Money Lenders and Speculators:

I want to pay my debts, and as the only means I can devise to get money, without suing, I have resolved to expose to public sale at the Court House, on Tuesday, the 2d week of Court, (when there will be a good many politicians about,) a large number of Unsettled Book Accounts, and a like number of Notes, of various dates and amounts. Many of them against nice young men who wear good clothes, drive fast horses, and pay particular attention to the ladies—and of course are A No. 1. Some against men who think they do you a favor if they buy your goods and never pay for them—they are No. 2. Some against men who promised to pay tomorrow. They are not quite so good. But a full and complete printed catalogue of the names, dates, and amounts, will be distributed on the day of sale. Conditions, cash.

R. THORNTON.

N. B.—The above accounts will be open for settlement until the day of sale.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a dark year in her history, said: "Let me see, sir; first, we lost our wee callant: and then Jenny, and then the gudeman himself died, and then the coo died too, poor hizze—but, to be sure her hide brought me fifteen shillings."

Wigg was selecting material for a pair of pants the other day, when a friend requested him to take a chew of tobacco.

"No, I thank you," replied Wigg; "I am afraid it would vitiate my taste."



SUSAN MARIA.—“I am determined that Susan Maria shall have more advantages than I enjoyed when I was young,” said Mrs. Brown as she finished scrubbing the kitchen floor, then hurried away to darn her daughter’s stockings, and, finally, after washing the dinner dishes, and fry pans, and stew pots, sat down to spend the afternoon in braiding, that she might earn a few more pennies to add to the “pile.”

The daughter, Susan Maria, decorated herself with rings and jewelry, and crape shawls, and plumed hat, and French stuffs for dresses. She played the piano, spoke German, Italian,

danced and waltzed, and sung sweetly, and wrote beautiful poetry. She had “finished her education” at one of the fashionable seminaries, she spent two or three years captivating the beaux in various ways, for she was one of the “attractive girls,” a very accomplished young lady.

Finally, she married a dissolute lawyer, who was all that a man need be to make a wife thoroughly miserable. He swindled her father out of a snug little property, and they soon used it up in silks, satins, cigars and liquors.

AN IRISH PLAY BILL.

By his Majesty’s company of Comedians. ‘Kilkenny Theatre Royal. (Positively the last night, because the company go to-morrow to Waterford of several people in this learned Metropolis, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the manager. The Tragedy of “Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,” originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hyes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespear’s Works. Hamlet, by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character, and who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.) Ophelia, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several airs, in character, particularly, “The Lass of Richmond Hill,” and “We’ll be happy together,” from the Rev. Mr. Dibden’s oddities. The parts of the King and Queen, by directions of Rev. Father O’Culligan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage. Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, his first appearance in public. The Ghost, the Grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London Comedian. The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several slight-of-hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor Hunt. The whole to conclude with “Mahomet, the Impostor.” Mahomet, by Mr. Kearns. Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat’s Beard, in Castle-street. * * The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken out (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, potatoes, etc., as Mr. Kearns wished, in every particular, to accommodate the public. N. B. No smoking allowed. No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

A Sabbath school teacher in Louisville, Ky., was exhorting a poor, pious old female slave to be very humble, reminding her that she should be like the Lord Jesus—who had neither house nor home.

“Yes,” she added with emphasis, “blessed be God, he had no house, no home, and no niggers!”

It is fashionable to remark, as you pass a group of four to eight or ten ladies and gentlemen, that—

“When we were in France (or Naples will do as well) last winter, we were entertained hospitably at the residence of the Count de B——.”

WANTED.—A Drawing Master for a school of mackerel.

The man who “defied competition” has been upset by a strike.

An Overheard Conversation.

“Joe, when you grow up, do you mean to be a lawyer, or keep a confectionary store?”

“I haven’t made up my mind, Tom, but ma wants me to be a minister.”

“Oh, don’t be a minister, Joe, for you can’t go to circuses then.”

“I know that, Tom, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know how Mrs. Lovegrew adores Mr. Prettyface, and wouldn’t you like to be adored, Tom?”

“Perhaps I should, but then you can’t drive fast horses.”

“Oh, yes you can; ministers drive fast horses, now-a-days; and besides that, Tom, when they have a bilious attack, the worshippers send them on a foreign tour; then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents, and ma says it won’t be long before every minister has his country seat, and a collegian to write his sermon. Won’t that be high?”

Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles engaged in another game of marbles.

Horrific Florida.

According to Major Bunny’s account, Florida must be a desperate place. He says, “The first night I spent there, I had to sleep with my eyes open, for fear of having them riveted shut by the mosquitoes. The second night I got my head secured in a barrel, and when I woke in the morning, I found myself swinging out of the window. The infernal things had carried me off bodily, and I’m such a sleeper too, it’s likely I’d been a gone case, if they hadn’t woken me, making such a thundering noise, trying to knock in the head. The third night I got roused about twelve, by having two black snakes round my neck, and a tarantula in my ear. I looked about, and seen a nigger just making off with my clothes. I tried to stop him, but my head was swelled so with the mosquitoes, that I couldn’t get it through the door.”

The man who ate his dinner with a fork of a river, has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

QUERY: Is he still living?

WHY NOR.—Somebody, elated at the success of the horse exhibition at Springfield, proposes a “National Baby Show.” The idea isn’t bad.

She “makes a note” of things, does Mrs. Spinnet. Wishing to purchase a pocket diary, she stepped into a bookseller’s and enquired of the clerk,

“Pray, sir, tell me, have you the diar-ree for this year and the next to come?”

The clerk “tinged” a little and handed her the required article.



OLD MAN.—Look here bub, do you know how I can earn a lot of money?

BOY.—Yes, old feller, just throw a little green baize over your back, and folks will think you’ve got a hand organ.



The Effects of a familiar Whistle in a Sausage Shop.

How to tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others, he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to hire out!"

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Wal, I give it up—for some reason or 'nuther. You see, I travelled into a *destrict* and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snuckles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snuckles—named my objick in introducing myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the *destrict*. He wanted to know if I really considered myself cap'ble; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and 'igraphy, or showing my handwriting. But he said no, never mind: he could tell a good teacher by his *gait*.

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," says he, "and I can tell," says he "jis's well's I'd heerd you examined," says he.

"He set in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'able frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked off as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone 'bout far enough—then I spected s'thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was *shet*, and Snuckles was gone!"

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no—I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judged my appearance was against me."

They are building a steamboat in Ohio, so long that it takes two captains to command her, one at each end.

An exchange says that down in New Orleans it requires three persons to start a business firm: one to die with the yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and the third to wind up the partnership business.

A tavern keeper out West advertises a young lawyer who left his house without paying his bill, thus:

"Abequatulandum damnum et Swartwoutandibue in transit non est inventus additum scape goatum, non comatus inswampoo."

Hear the Dayton Gazette again. The editor will have much to answer for in the good time coming, when Women's Rights shall rule the day:

"If a young woman wishes to have herself published as fascinating, beautiful and accomplished, let her pack up her best clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back up stairs window some dark, rainy night, and elope with the man that feeds and curries her father's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments; but it will bring them just as sure as a dirty rain-barrel will begat mosquitoes. In fact, we never knew a woman to make a fool of herself, in any way, without enhancing her charms two or three hundred per cent, by the time her case got into the papers."

Should a war break out between us and Austria, we understand that the Troy horse-boat will be mounted with a squadron of kicking jack-asses, and sent into the Mediterranean, to protect our commerce.

NEW YORK LIFE.—A letter from New York to a southern paper, alluding to a class of persons most severely affected by the money pressure, says:

"One of the distinguished persons whose paper went to protest, presented to his wife last winter, a mantle costing three thousand dollars. Another gave his better half a lace dress costing twice that amount, whilst still another gave a church the enormous sum of seventy thousand dollars. Now the tables are turned, and the failures of these five or six may cause the ruin of hundreds of others."

A man famous for hunting up enigmas, philosophises thus:

"What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls—but just propose matrimony and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time just for their victuals and clothes."



INDULGENT PARENT.—What are you doing there, James, my son?

TALENTED BOY.—Why, father, you knew you sent me to a teacher who spoke broken French, to learn the language, so I'm trying to learn Chinese from this broken china!



DON'T USE THE ARTICLE.

A slight acquaintance of ours, Tom —, unfortunately has fallen into the pit of profanity, from which he finds it almost impossible to extricate himself, notwithstanding he has made many and oft-repeated attempts. Verily, he is the hardest dealer in impious expletives that we ever came across. We believe he is the identical chap who once swore a hole through a pot-ash kettle.

Standing in front of French's, the other day, a companion tendered him a chew of tobacco, for which he returned such a volley of oaths as would have frightened Justice upon the City Hall from her propriety, had she not been as soundly asleep as ever, declaring at the same time that it was only done to irritate him, for he never used the article—he abhorred the vile trash.

Just then up steps a grave missionary-looking individual, with a face as long as from here to sunset, and almost as yellow, with a goodly pile of religious tracts.

"Allow me to present you with a tract," said the good man, mildly, as he handed one to our incorrigible,

"I thank you very kindly, sir," replied Tom, with all the blandness and politeness of manner imaginable, "but I'm d— if I ever use the article!"

Not so Poor.

Charles Jarvis, the artist, tells the following anecdote of his father's travels in the western part of Kentucky:

At the close of a day in midsummer, Mr. Jarvis and his companion rode up to one of the most dilapidated log huts they ever saw. The window was stuffed full of rags, and the cracks between the logs were partially choked up with the same articles.

"What an awful shanty this is!" exclaimed Jarvis as he rode up. "It is evident that they are too poor to accommodate us here."

"Not so poor as you mout think, stranger," said a head that showed itself among the rags, "for I don't own this place."

"Haven't you got something in there to eat?"

"Not a smell, stranger—all gone; not a crust left."

"Have you any food for our horses?"

"Not a corn, not an oat, stranger—havn't no use for any of em."

"Well, can you accommodate us for the night?"

"Well, we can't, stranger. There's no floor to the house, and the straw is all out."

"Why, I never heard anything like it. Why, how do you do here?"

"Putty well, I thank you," said the Kentuckian, "how's the folks down your way?"

That was enough for them—they rode on to better quarters.

PLEASANT.—To have your hat blown off into the mud.

Our friend, Boughton, during his late tramp in Great Britain, ran against some considerable fun in Ireland. He made a visit to the "Lovers Leap," a celebrated cliff that figures very often in romances. During his stay, the "Leap" was also visited by a couple of untravelled Londoners, brim full of conceit and self-sufficiency.

"Faith, sir," said an Irish peasant girl standing by; "you had better look to your foothold, for if you take that leap, you'll make a sorry day for your mother."

"Never mind me, my dear, I've got an 'ed that will stand any thing, even a shillalah fight."

"Divil a doubt of that, if any respect be paid to the thickness of things."

"Thank you, my dear, you're getting stunnin. But suppose I should fall, you'd take me up and bury me, would you not?"

"In course we would."

"And why would you do that?"

"To show our religion and get rid of the stink."

The answer took John short off at the knees. He did not open his mouth again for an hour.

The ease with which people are "put up and sold" in this city is really marvellous. We saw an agriculturist yesterday, who considered himself swindled because he bought "a diamond breastpin" for eighteen pence, and found it a counterfeit. The day before, he was "robbed by a scoundrel" who sold "a pearl necklace that once belonged to the Empress Josephine" for "two jack-knives and a vest pattern." With such a supply of greenness, what wonder is there that Johnny Rawls are "daily taken in and done for?"



MODERN GREEK.

"Patrick, man, have you put the letter in the office?"
"Yes, sur."
"Why, I thought the office was closed; I wanted you to pay for the letter."
"Share, so you did, sur, but I put the letter in the hole and dropped the pennies after it."

Pleasant Things.

It's very pleasant to take a lady to the theatre, and to find on reaching the door, that you've left your purse in your other pocket at Brooklyn.

It's very pleasant to meet a suspicious looking individual in a lonely road on a dark night, who carries a very thick stick, and wishes to know what o'clock it is.

It's very pleasant to spend a fortnight at Saratoga, and to find, on your return to town, that the woman you left in charge has got in the wine-cellar, and that the kitchen chimney is on fire.

It's very pleasant to endeavor to open your door with the latch-key at two in the morning, and be at length compelled to desist from a conviction that it's bolted inside.

It's very pleasant to overhear some one remark that you are not so good-looking as you used to be.

It's very pleasant to be woken out of a nice sleep, and told that there's a thief in the pantry.

It's very pleasant to stay away from business, on the plea of ill-health, and to be detected by the "governor" in the act of painting a water-butt.

It's very pleasant to lie in the parlor with a splitting headache, and some one grinding coffee in the kitchen.

It's very pleasant to have your health drank at a public dinner, and find you haven't a word to say for yourself by way of reply.

It's very pleasant to be found sticking on the Park railings, in the middle of the night, by a policeman.

It's very pleasant to have a poor relation, who is always borrowing, and a rich one, who never lends.

It's very pleasant to slip down on the pavement opposite the house of your

mortal enemy, and see him grinning at you from the window.

It's very pleasant to fancy you look like a gentleman, and to be mistaken for a tailor.

And it's very pleasant to get your foot stuck in a grating to drive a jibbing horse in the Park; to have your hat blown off from the top of an omnibus; to be told to call again tomorrow.

The Marriage of Sir John Smith.

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral note,
As the man to his bridal we hurried;
Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married them just about eight at night,
Our facers paler turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the gas lamp's steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
With a view to his friends around him.

Few and short were the things we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we silently gazed on the man that was wed,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the merest stranger had cut us out
With only half our trying.

Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone,
And oft for the past upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if we let him live on,
In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the spiteful squib and pun
The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go—
We had struggled and we were human;
We shed not a tear, and we spoke not our woe,
But we left him alone with his woman.



MISTAKEN PAT-RIOTISM.

An Irishman seeing a policeman arresting a thief, threw off his coat, and mistaking his man knocked down the OFFICER, exclaiming,
"I strike for the RIGHT, yer honor! St. Patrick reward me indivers!"
The thief escaped.



A widow once said to her daughter, "when you are my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband."

"Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for the second time."

A Collector Outwitted.—A Scene in Court.

In a certain city, not far distant, there existed for a long time, a public and private nuisance, in the form of a collector of small debts, who was notorious for his gallantry and knee-breeches. His system was to dog the debtor, against whom he had a claim, at all times and under all circumstances, following him to his house, office, or store, and even in public meeting or a church, until his pertinacity was usually rewarded by the payment of the claim, at any sacrifice, in order to get rid of his persecutions. He became extremely odious to that portion of the community who were unfortunately hampered with little debts. On one occasion he held a small account against a good natured and honest, but rather improvident individual, whom we will designate as Jones. He had chased him about from one place to another, had crossed his path on the most inopportune occasions, and worn his patience nearly out. At length, as Jones returned home one evening, he found his tormentor comfortably re-

clining on the sofa in his parlor, having announced his intention of taking up his quarters there until he should receive his money. This was "the feather that broke the camel's back." Jones carefully removed his family into the upper part of the house, that they might not be witnesses of what he was about to do, locked the door and closed the windows, and then, with a stout gutta percha cane gave the collector a tremendous drubbing, promising a repetition if he ever came in his way again. Of course Sones arrested the next day, on a charge of assault and battery, and, in due time, the trial came on. The collector swore positively to the beating and exhibited his scarified back and limbs to the jury. Jones merely produced testimony as to his uniform quiet and orderly character, and the jury either doubting the collector's veracity or feeling that he had been rightly served, rendered a verdict "not guilty." The Judge with one of his meaning smiles, said, "Mr. Jones you are discharged: but don't do it again!" "I can't promise, your honor," replied Jones, "for if he ever annoys me again, I shall probably give him a severer flogging than I did the last time!" The scene in Court may well be imagined, and it will be presumed that the collector has not troubled Jones again.

Why is a legislator a most blasphemous man? Because he cannot take his seat without an oath.

Mrs. Partington says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

The man who beats the drum for the "March of Time," has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

Miss Martineau tells a story of an old woman who was urged to cross the river Forth in a ferry boat at the time that a storm was brewing. She hesitated; the boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I will na trust in Providence as lang as there is a bridge at Stirling."

The fellow who "carried out a project," was obliged to bring it back again.

A country paper says the best "sewing machine" in the world, is one about 17 years old, that wears garter boots, and a pocket to put her wages in.



MIND YOUR HELM.

As a party of scamen were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with liquor, a bull, which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house, came running towards the jolly tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way, except one, and he, being an immense, sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words; "Bull ahoy! bull ahoy! I cry. Drop your peak, and pull your helm a-starboard, or you'll run aboard of me." The bull continuing his course, came in contact with Jack, and capsized him; but the sailor, nowise intimidated, sprang from the ground, and, shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh, you utterly beast, I told you how it would be."



"That's my tooth brush, sir!" said an inmate of a cheap boarding-house, to a fellow victim.
"It is? Well, I ain't used it but once before. It's impossible to be very particular, you know, in a large boarding-house. You can use mine to make up for it."

Muggins's Diversions.

"Muggins," who announced himself recently as temporary occupant of the editorial chair of the West Alabamian, disports himself in an amusing style at the expense of the absent editor, whose place he is filling. The following is an extract from a personal sketch, which we give it as it comes, without pretending to vouch for its accuracy:

"Z. L. Nabers, or, as he is more familiarly styled by the village boys, Izzard L., is by profession a lawyer; his personal appearance is striking—not that we can call him either neat or gaudy, but striking from the entire absence of every effort at display or dandyism. His complexion is a cross between a frost-bitten pumpkin and a brindle steer. His linen is generally unconscious of soap, and his hair undisturbed by the comb. In fact, he would make a fair specimen of the 'great unwashed, unkempt' Democracy of Tammany Hall. His usual garb is a black frock coat, well ventilated at the elbows, with as few buttons as were found on 'Gabe's coat,' when the last one was taken off; a pair of pumpkin-jean pants, some ten inches short; shoes without strings, and socks without feet.

"Zache's style of speaking is the grandiloquent—"orient pearls at random strung" order. He is strong on an appeal to the jury, based on a state of facts which his vivid imagination is always ready to furnish; and when he loses a case he finds relief for his wounded feelings by moving for a new trial. He is a ready writer—bold, ornate, and chaste; he clothes his words more decently than he does his person."

A young lady in this city who lives near a railway crossing, appears to have no earthly occupation except that of continually and perpetually poking her head out of the window. A rough wag the other morning hailed her from the street:

"Hello! Miss!"

"What do you want?" said she, after the first flush of indignation at being thus accosted.

"The bell aint rung yet," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" asked Miss.

"Why," was the reply, "that sign says you're to 'look out' when the bell rings, but you are looking out all the time."

The young lady's head disappeared with a jerk, and the window went down with a slam.

The Boston Bee of Saturday has the following polite notice:

"Deacon Smith is requested not to commence snoring tomorrow until the sermon has begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

AS FAR UP AS THEY OWN.—We have just heard a good 'un. Not long ago, a distinguished divine of this city was walking with a friend past a new church in which another distinguished divine is the spiritual shepherd.

Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, (which was very tall and not yet completed,) "How much higher is that going to be?"

"Not much," said the D. D., with a slight laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

Distinguished divines, like Dickens' beadle are, after all, but human.

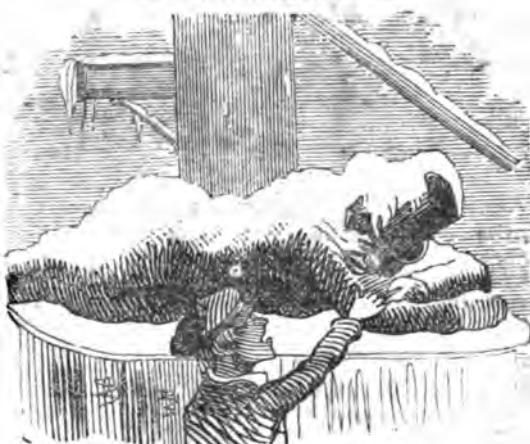
An editor down East has such an antipathy to the new doctrine of Spiritualism, that he will no longer have his paper printed the medium size—and objects to its being enveloped in "wrappers."

An Ambitious Man.

The man who flew aloft on the "wings of his imagination," alighted on the "steeple of fame." While there, and endeavoring to calculate the distance between the "heights of ambition" and the "vale of humility," he lost his balance and came sliding down an inclined plane, ycleped a "descent from the sublime to the ridiculous," striking in his course the "rail of slander" and the "post of honor," and finally bringing up against the roots of a "speech." He was, however, not much hurt, as the stump was covered with the "flowers of rhetoric," left by the last orator. A few drops of water from the "well of hope," together with a little of the "oil of consolation," entirely resuscitated him.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A German writer says that "the people of the United States can burst more steamboats and chew more tobacco than any five nations of the globe."

Dobbs says the easiest way to "double the Horn" is to swallow a gill of gin and wash it down with half a pint of brandy. The Naval bureau will please notice.



"You're a pretty private watchman, Dad, now ain't you? been asleep all this blessed night, for the snow's as deep on you as it is on the pump. Come, get up, or somebody'll come along and find it out."

Beau Hickman.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington City to Baltimore, when we observed a peculiar sort of a man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured fellow, but who somehow seemed to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits written upon his face. A friend who was with me answered my inquiry, as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself, lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said he knew him, but did not wish to recognize him there.

"That is Beau H.," said he; "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city, always ready to borrow of or to drink with you. He never has any money, however, and I am curious to know how he will get over the road without paying, for he will surely do it some way."

"Probably he has got a ticket, and borrowed the money to buy it with, or something of that sort," said I.

"Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or tricks will pass current in their place," said my friend.

"What a shocking bad hat he has got on," said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver.

"It's some trick of his, doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you will observe, is quite genteel."

"Yes, I see."

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last year's bill, and the landlady at his boarding-house; and various other instances of his ingenuity and wit.

"He owed me ten dollars," said my friend, "but attempt-



The strict honesty of Bob Simpglass deserves to be regarded as an example to his brethren of the happy-good-fellow Society. The other night, having walked over Cambridge bridge in a zig-zag course, curious and wonderful, he hove up against the toll-house, and giving the toll-gatherer two cents, he exclaimed:

"Here—hic—is my contribution to the support of the bridge."

"Yes, and there is one cent over," said the tender.

"One cent is the regular toll—hic—hic—ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I owe you two, any way—for if I haven't walked every plank in the bridge twice over, then I'm—hic—a barber's pole. So keep the change, old fellow."

He reeled away, and the admiring toll-gatherer lost sight of him in the darkness.



"Why, Doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same kind of medicine that you are giving my husband—is that right?"

"All right," replied the doctor; "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

ing to collect it one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me, so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more."

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them, as is often the case with travelers, who are frequently called upon on populous routes to show their tickets, had placed theirs in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that they were all right, and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place. I watched Beau to see what his expedient would be to get rid of paying his passage. As the conductor drew near, Beau thrust his head out of the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket, and there was no answer.

"Ticket, sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulders.

Beau sprang back in the car, knocking the hat into the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first at the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit of rage, exclaimed—

"What the d—l do you strike a man in that way for? Is that your business? Is that what the company hires you for?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I only want your ticket," replied the conductor, meekly.

"Ticket! O, yes, it's all very well for you to want my ticket, but I want MY HAT," replied Beau, bristling up.

"Very sorry, sir, really. I merely wished to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power," said the conductor.

"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be looking the other way," replied the indignant Beau.

"Well, sir, I will apologize to you again if you wish. I have done so already once," said the disconcerted conductor.

"Yes, no doubt; but that don't restore my property that's gone."

"Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer. I'll take your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Ticket! Haven't you just knocked it out of the window, hat and all? Do you want to add insult to injury?"

"Oh! your ticket was in the hat band?" suggested the conductor.

"Suppose you stop the train, and go back and see!" said the hatless Beau with indignant scorn depicted on his face.

"Well, sir, I shall pass you free over the road, then," said the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.

"The price of a ticket," remarked Beau, "is one dollar; my beaver cost me a V; your good sense will at once show you that there is a balance of four dollars in my favor at any rate."

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman to one not perfectly posted up in the human face; he was well dressed, and his indignation seemed most honest.

"I'll see you after I have collected the tickets," replied the conductor, passing on through the car.

Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at everybody until the official returned, and came and sat down by his side. Beau then, in an earnest undertone that we could only overhear occasionally, talked to the conductor like a "Dutch uncle," and we saw the crest-fallen man of tickets pay the hatless passenger four dollars.

The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Monument house, Beau told us he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an old hat at Gadsby's hotel in Washington, put his cap in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore, and it did, with four dollars into the bargain.

An Insinuation.

A friend gave us the other day, a very fine specimen of delicate insinuation:

Two fellows were quarreling one day, one of them being dark hided. After some wrangling, a friend of Fairskin stepped up to him and told him to tell the other fellow that he had nigger blood in his veins.

"I hate to do so," said Fairskin.

"You can *insinuate*, I reckon?" replied the other.

"Look here!" said Fairskin, addressing his antagonist, "I say nothin' agin you or your blood. All I've got to say, is this, if they will dig down four feet, whar your grandfather was buried, they'll find *wool*."

Creed of a Strong-minded Woman.

I believe in my own tongue.

I believe in the doctrines of Lucy Stone, the Rev. Mrs. Brown, Horace Greeley, and Mrs. Bloomer, also in the isms and schisms that shall promote the superiority of petticoats.

I believe that woman was created first, and that man was intended as a help-mate, which original design he has sadly frustrated.

I believe in clothing myself with temperance as with a garment, i. e. a cloak.

I believe in Judge Edmonds.

I believe in woman having the same privileges every year that they have on leap year.

I believe that the ancient doctrine of "broomsticks" and scrubbing-brushes, as connected with woman, has exploded.

I believe that I know as much as anybody—if not considerably more.

The Learned Elephant.

"That's a werry knowing hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through the glass.

"Surprisin'" retorted the keeper, "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar."

The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

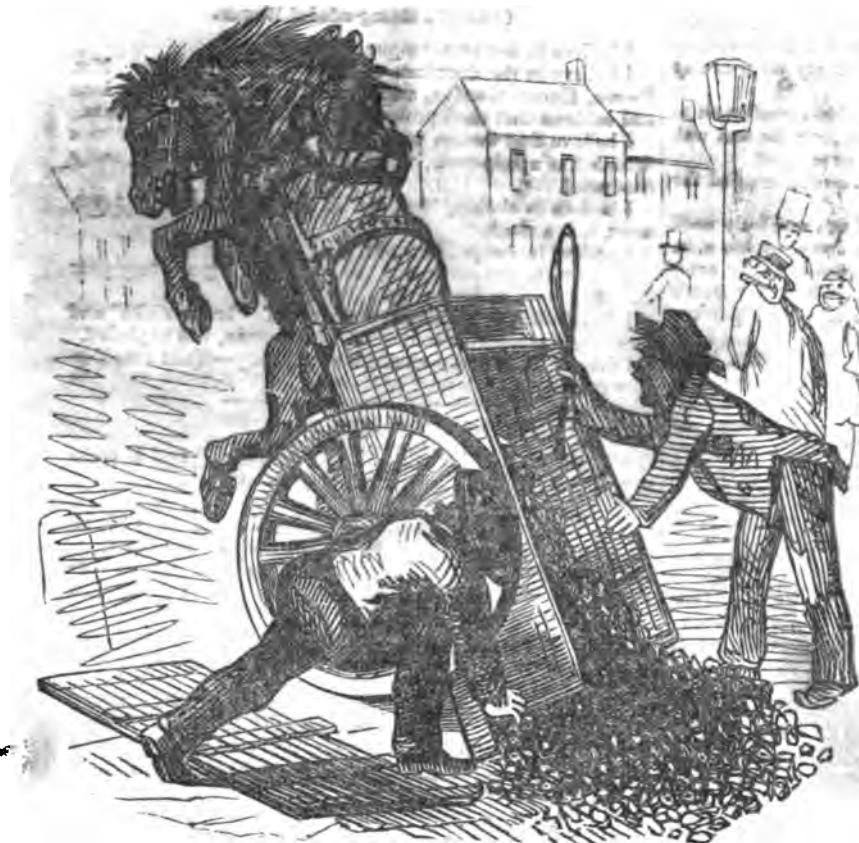
"Well, that is werry 'hextraordinary—hastonishin' truly! Now let's see him take it out, and hand it back."

"We never learnt him that trick," retorted the keeper with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.



A countryman went into one of our eating houses this morning and called for a plate of beans. He was ushered into No. 2 and the waiter cried out, "beans number two."

"Not by a darned sight!" shouted the countryman, "I don't want you to give me any No. 2 beans! I want the first best, A No. 1. I've got money enough, I can tell ye." And he swung in the air the largest pocket book seen in that house for a month.



How to Dump a Cart.

There is something in the Irish character which makes the most absurd blunders as natural as breathing. Numberless are the anecdotes to this effect, and every day adds a fresh batch to the sum total. Where it would be impossible for anybody, but an Irishman, to make a mistake, an Irishman is sure to make one.

A specimen of the way in which they sometimes do things, came off the other day in front of our office. A coup'e of greenhorns drove up to the door of our next door neighbor with a ton of anthracite. After considerable difficulty, the cart was "backed up" to the edge of the curb stone, and both the Jehus jumped into it and commenced throwing out the coal by the shovelful. This progress, by no means a fast one at any time, was not quickened by the biting weather and the crowds on the side walk. In a few minutes the street was blocked up with a miscellaneous assemblage of carts, wagons, and omnibusses. Many were the jeers and oaths lavished upon the unfortunate Emeralders.

"Why the devil don't you dump your cart?" shouted an irate cartman.

"Dump the cart," said Paddy number one, "and sure what's a dump?"

"Tip it up, you bloody fool," said another.

"By me sowl, I never thought of tha;" said Paddy number two; "jump out Jemmy, and pull her down."

The pair set themselves to work, and by dint of sheer strength succeeded in tipping up the cart, and the horse with it, just as pictured in the cut above.

It is needless to add that that way of dumping a cart wasn't eminently successful. The coal was got rid of, to be sure, but so was the horse; for the last that was seen of him that day, was just as he turned a corner on a run.

There is a report in circulation that his owner eventually caught him, and instead of permitting him to be driven by the Greeks again, promoted him to drive them. This may or may not be true, but it seems to us about the most sensible arrangement that could be made.

Slang and Politics.

Politics are nearly as bad for a nation's language as its morals. They deal largely in slang, and get up nick names, that cannot do otherwise than have the most debasing effect on future lexicon graphes.

For amusement sake, we will glance at a few of the terms now current among those who wish to "save the country." Out West we have "Pukes," "Woolverines," "Suckers," "Hoo-siers," "Corncrackers," "Ring Tail Roarers," &c., &c. In Maine the people appear to be very singularly divided, one half being "Wild Cats," and the other half "Ramrods."

In this State we have "Loco Focos," "Hard Shells," "Soft Shells," "Wooly Heads," "Silver Greys," "Terrified," and "Unterrified," "Adamantinea," and "Soap Stones." What new appellations will spring up between now and next election, time can alone determine.

IMPORTANT RUMOR.—It is said that "Uncle Tom," since he has become so popular, has serious thoughts of going to the expense of white-washing the back door of his "cabin."

Mortals Highly Favored.

The poor man whose wife is neither cross-grained nor extravagant.

The mechanic who always finds his wife in the house and his meals ready, when he comes home.

The working man who is not obliged to ask his helpmate for every penny he wants, and to tell her what he intends to do with it.

The man whose wife has not been taught to give curtain lectures, among the other branches of education.

He who, after a day of hard toil, is not asked by his consort to rock the cradle and get his own supper, while she steps out to take tea with a neighbor.

And he who has a clean shirt and well darned stockings to put on every Sunday morning.

Let no one who enjoys any one of these blessings, presume to call himself a miserable sinner.



"I was behind before, but I'm first at last—Extra Herald!"



THE LAST REMEDY.

SAM — lived on the bank of the Delaware, and was a mighty hunter, and no less mighty fisher. He was plagued with a degenerate son, who manifested no predilection for his father's interesting pursuits. One day Sam's patience gave out entirely, and he exclaimed in the bitterness of his mortification—

"Cuss me, Tom, if you're not gettin' perfectly worthless; you'll neither hunt nor fish; I'll be hanged if I don't send you to school."

Sam Hooks Lucy's Gown.

Well, just as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the "keepin'" room, with arms behind her head, a fixin' of the hooks and eyes. "Man alive," sais she, "are you here yet—I thought you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you were here?" "Gunnin'?" sais I. "Lucy, my gunnin' is over; I shan't go no more now—I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet bush for hours is no fun; but if Lucy was there—" "Get out," says she, "don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just astin the other hook and eye of my frock, will ye?" She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other; but arth and seas! my eyes fairly snapped again; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out of breast and shoulder, full round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's; the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that was ever seen. Lick, it made me all eyes! I just stood stock still—I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. "What nils you, Sam," sais she, "that you don' hook it?" "Why," sais I, "Lucy dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that's a fact; I can't handle such little things as you can." "Well, come," sais she, "make haste, that's a dear—mother will be a comin' directly;" and at last I shut too both my eyes and fastened it; and when I had done, sais I, "There is one thing I must say, Lucy." "What's that?" says she. "That you stump all Connecticut to show an angelliforous neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—it's the most—" "And you may stump the State, too," sais she, "to produce such another bold, forrad, impudent, onmannerly tongue as you have! So there now—so get along with you!"



SCENE.—SLEIGHING.

Fine Cent, from that part of the world called England, wishing to have a "drag, you know," over the snow, bargains with plain spoken and straight for'd Yankee stable keeper for requisite arrangements, consisting of horse, cutter, &c. "Not but what, you know, we have blasted fine sleigh-aw-lag in her maw-jesty's do-aw-minions you know."

Bargain struck, the Briton delighted at the prospect of a "drag, you know." Stable keeper calls Pat, the boy of all work. "Pat got out that Cutter, and put a Buffalo in it," meaning a Buffalo robe.

The Briton, terribly frightened, having often heard of Indians killing people, &c., but always supposing that Buffaloes were only to be found on western Prairies. "But, aw, you know, me fine fellow, I say, aw, if it was just as convenient, aw, I much prefer an 'ow, you know, as I've not been long enough in the country, you know, to understand these blasted Buffaloes, you know."



FREAKS OF TRADE.

DARK COMPLEXIONED FOREIGNER.—You have made a miserable picture of that, sir.

ARTIST.—But a good likeness.

FOREIGNER.—No, the complexion is too dark. I cannot take it.

ARTIST.—Very well. The gentleman that keeps "Uncle Tom's Hotel" wants a sign, and I'll sell him your portrait.

FOREIGNER.—Oh, no, no, no! what is your price? here is the money."

"As regards this mutton custard," said Mrs. Partington, as she held the spoon with which she was stirring the preserves, and let the treacle trickle back into the kettle in syrupsious ropeiness, and stirred it again till the little yellow eyes that bubbled on the top seemed to snap and wink at Ike, who sat whittling a stick and looking intently at the operation, till his eyes watered again. "Mutton custard!" and she smiled as the idea stole across her mind, like the shadow of a cloud in summer over a green meadow full of dandelion blossoms and butter cups. "Some new regiment for sick people, I dare say; but I hope it'll be better than the custards that widow Grudge used to make for the poor, God bless 'em, with one egg to a quart of milk, and sweetened with molasses, and thought that heaven itself was too small an enumeration for what she had done. But mutton custard"—"It is Martin Koszta," said Ike, who had read the name to her in the Post of the individual who arrived on Wednesday, "Koszta, the Hungarian." "Well," said she, "it might have been worse, as the girl said when she kissed the young minister by mistake, in the dark entry, for her cousin Betsey—a mistake is no haystack, Isaac." Isaac silently admitted the truth of the remark as he thrust the stick he had been whittling into the kettle, and then made a drawing of the equatorial line across both cheeks in warm molasses.

"Pray, Mrs. Zubriska, why do you whip your children so often?"

"La, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment; I never whipped one of them in my life, that they did not acknowledge that it made them smart."

Couldn't find the Name.

"What ticket do you vote?" asked a man with his fingers full of tickets, at one of the polls in the Eighth Ward, on the day of election, of an Irish voter, who was pressing through the crowd.

"The right one," returned Pat.

"I dare say," remarked the man, "but which one is that, Hard or Soft?"

"I'll tell you when I see it," said Pat, looking rather dubiously at his interrogator.

"See if this is not the one you want," said the electioneer, as he handed one to him.

The Irishman looked at it, and occupied some time in spelling the names upon it, and at last handed it back to the man, with a disappointed air, and gave it as his opinion, that it was the wrong ticket.

"Why, that is the ticket you want. You're a good democrat, ain't you?"

"Of course I am. The full ov me to the back bone, and fun would be spread ferninst ye's, ef any man here dare doubt it," emphatically remarked the son of Erin.

"Well, then, that is the ticket for you. It is hard all over."

"Well, I know well enough that the boss is a Hard, as they call 'em, but Adam's name is not findable all over it."

"Whose name? what Adam's?" asked the surprised ticket vendor.

"Well, now look here," said Pat, "there is no use being maley mouthed about it. The last words he said to me on my comin' here was, Pat, sez he, be sure and vote the Adam Antine ticket, and devil an Adam Antine is on that ticket at all, ye see, yer honor, I'm in a sort of quandry."

It is not necessary, however, to say that things were soon explained, and the country saved.

Lady Jersey being at a masquerade, stepped up to the Duchess of Gordon

with the usual—

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, ignorance and impudence are know every where, was the reply.

At an unusual meeting of youthful precocity, we have been requested by a committee of seven hundred respectable and wealthy citizens, to give publicity to the following:

A visitor calling at the house of Mr. Gideon Swallowswamp in the Ninth ward, and wishing to see the proprietor about a small bill, chose to appeal from the decision of the servant, who informed him Gideon was not in, to a curly-headed Miss at an upper window.

"My dear, is your father home?"

"What did Mary say, sir?" inquired the young lady.

"Oh, she says he aint home, but I don't b'lieve her."

"Is your name Bill?"

"Well, yea," said the man, "they call me that."

"Then he's not home; I heard him tell Mary if any bill came here, to remember he was out, besides, I always say whatever Mary says, sir."

When Dr. D—, and Sergeant P—, were walking by, arm in arm,

"Those two are just equal to one highwayman," observed Milligan.

"Why so?"

"It is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."



FATHER.—What are you doing there, Jane?
JANE.—Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore, red.
FATHER.—But what have you to dye it with?
JANE.—Beer, pa.
FATHER.—Beer! who on earth told you that beer would dye it?
JANE.—Why, ma said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought that—
FATHER.—Here, Susan take this child to bed.

A French Practical Joke.

Rousseau introduced his head through the open casement of a porter's lodge.

"Good day, my friend!"
"Good day, sir!"
"Will you please to tell me the name of this nice bird in your window?"
"A linnet with a black head, sir."
"But why do you prefer a linnet with a black head?"
"Because it sings so well. Listen!" and the porter, with hand on hip, face all radiant, and head humoring the time, enjoyed the song of his favorite.
"Ah, very nice, indeed! You are a married man, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir. My third darling is alive!"
"And where is this darling wife of yours?"
"You mean to say my spouse, I hope' sir?"
"Oh, certainly, your spouse, by all means!"
"Sir, she is above, with our lodger of the fifth floor?"
"Ah, ah! and what business has she with your lodger of the fifth floor?"
"Putting his rooms in order."
"Is he young or old, this fifth floor tenant?"
"Middle-aged, sir."
"Very good! and where are your children?"
"Sir, I have none."
"And what have you been about all the time of your three marriages?"
"I beg pardon, sir; are you looking for any one here?"
"Not one."
"Is there anything I can do to oblige you?"
"Nothing whatever."
"But you have been heaping questions on me this fifteen minutes?"
"Yes, to be sure."
"And to what are these questions apropos?"
"Apropos to nothing at all?"
"And why, then, does Monsieur do me the honor?"

"Oh, it is quite simple. I am passing: I read over your window, "Speak to the Porter," and I do so!"

A Cat-alectic Lament.

Poor Tom!—my eyes with tears are dim—
My finest Cat—by far—
You must, I'm sure, remember him—
Has died of a Cat-arrh.

Deep in my heart my sorrow lies,
Tears for my Cat in fact,
E'en now are pouring from my eyes,
Just like a Cat-aract.

My doctor made (unfeeling leech!),
When told of the heart's chasm
Caused by my Cat's demise, this speech—
"Apply a Cat-aplasma."

And when I asked the cruel man
Whether I was dyspeptic,
He answered, "No, Miss Mary Ann,
Just now you're cat-aleptic!"

My aunt may pet her birds, and prize
Her tabby and her dog;
My Cat's engaging qualities
Would fill a Cat-ologue.

You laugh—you have not known distress;
Yours is a happy home;
But I have left my happiness
In my Cat's Cat-acomb.

'Tis true, I've still three Cats alive,
Two Toms and one old She;
But yet I shan't, I know, survive
This sad cat-astrophe.

It is said, that in Mahomedan countries the natives keep no reckoning of their age. Mehemet Ali could not tell his precisely. By the way, this great man began his life as a Tobacconist. Talk of Tobacco ruining people! Let Horace Greeley put that fact in his pipe—and smoke it.



AN innocent young sportsman hereabout, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a tall tree, climbed another one near by, and on being asked his reason for so foolish a freak, said,
"That he didn't want to strain his gun by a LONG SHOT!"



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

Our devil came running in the other day saying—

"I see a Valentine in Mr. Strong's window just now with two jackasses on it, and printed under 'em was, 'When shall we three meet again?' Wasn't that a good one?'"

BOB.—"But you don't know what that meant, do you?"

DEVIL.—"Don't I? Crikee! I think I'm so jolly green as not to know who the THIRD one was!"

Madame Stowe at the Court of His Colored Majesty, Faustin 1st.

The following article, which we translate from the Courier des Etats-Unis, is a fine specimen of French witticism and a most complete take off of our too much renowned country-woman, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"The triumphant perigrinations of Uncle Tom and its authoress could not be complete without making a visit to Hayti, the real home of the black man, the country where the negroes are free to do nothing; which is extremely agreeable to them. It happened that this good natured Madame Stowe visited the Court of papa Solouque, the blackest of emperors, so black that he might himself be called "Uncle Tom." She goes there incog.

"The news of the visit of this negro-loving woman put the whole court of Faustin in an uproar. Madame, his wife, and the Princess Olive would have become RED with joy, but for some very natural impediments to their redness. But let us not anticipate the details of this memorable voyage, which all the good negroes will hold in eternal remembrance.

"As soon as the steam vessel which carried Madame Stowe had been signaled at Port au Prince, the capital of the dominions of his Majesty Solouque, called Faustin 1st, all the negroes of the village ran precipitately towards the port crying, "ali lou li lu ba lou lou"—these cries were acclamations of joy. The imperial guard formed along the road from the port to the palace, and many of the Emperor's officers proceeded to the quay to receive her; these were the Dukes of Lemonade and Grotte Cooler, the Counts of Pipe Holder and the Sacred Cabbage. With a delicacy well worthy of imitation, the celebrated visitor had clothed herself in black; not content to carry the black race in her heart, she wished to have the symbol upon her person; sensible heart. During the passage of the procession, the same cries of joy, ali, lou, lu ba li lou lou resounded; they threw little pieces of sugar cane and banana leaves to her, these being to the people of Hayti the same as bouquets of roses and crowns of flowers are with us. Merely on the account of the warm weather and the sad state of the finances of the empire, the patriotic subjects of papa Solouque were not able to wear pantaloons over their shirts, and Madame Stowe, who, as a well raised American lady, could not look at nakedness, was constrained to keep her eyes upon the sky during the passage to the Palace.

"The Emperor and all his Court were collected in the chamber of the Throne to receive her. At her entrance, the good father Solouque extended his arms and embraced her; then he made a sign that he was going to speak, gave his cigar to be held by the princess Olive his daughter, and thus expressed himself:

"Good white woman, I am glad to see you; you love the black, very black people; papa Solouque would like very much to read "Uncle Tom," but I do not know how to read,

foolish as a cabbage; a bad negro; good for nothing but to be emperor. I am very sad to hear that you have a white husband; whites are not good, and I wish to give you a black one, the Duke of Parrot Trainer, so that you may have little negro pellicodys very black, some little Uncle Toms. Papa Solouque would give you some money, but I am very poor, and have not even money to buy tobacco. Give me some silver and I will make a present of fifty little negroes to amuse the good little white woman, and you can whip the little negroes very hard for your fun."

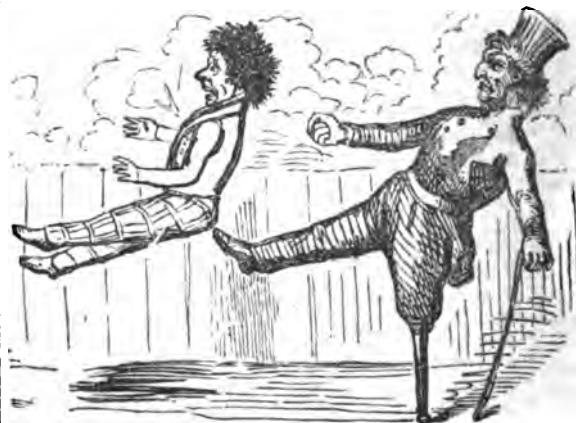
"The authoress of Uncle Tom could not respond, her emotions and the heat overpowered her. They then brought to her fifty little negroes, each one having a collar of pack thread around the neck, as the emperor did not wish to present them devoid of every species of clothing. Generous monarch! Fêtes, balls, public rejoicings have followed during the many days of the official reception. Solouque, who is not only a good natured, but also a smart negro, has given a decree by which all negroes above sixty years of age should hereafter be called UNCLE TOM. Madame Stowe is fully alive to this delicate and flattering mark of approbation.

Madame Stowe now proposes to set out next for Congo. It is known that the king of this country has a very large assortment of slaves, which he sells to English ships for small pieces of glass, knives, cork-screws, and other similar products of English industry. The English have too great reverence for the principles of liberty ever to RECALL these unhappy persons—they are content to EXCHANGE them at Havanna and Brazil for ounces of gold. Madame Stowe intends to prove to the King of Congo that he carries on a most villainous trade, and in order to propagate her doctrines, she carries with her thirty two thousand copies of UNCLE TOX translated in the Congo language."

A GOOD JOKE.—One of the best jokes that we have heard of, during this dull season, was perpetrated last night, in front of the Maryland Institute.

A waggish fellow, doubtless impressed with the feelings of many within the concert room as to the probable result of the weather, the indications being unfavorable when they entered, stationed himself directly in front of the entrance to the Hall, with an umbrella over him as the audience were pouring out. As the ladies came within seeing distance of this ominous article, startling was the effect. It is raining—would not think of walking home. Gentlemen grew pale, and a close observer might have noticed an immediate search for a "portmanteau." Some were bold enough to venture near the door, when their ears were saluted with the old familiar cry, Hack, sir! Hack, sir! Those who had been prudent enough to carry umbrellas with them, felt most easy, but were greeted with most vociferous cheering as they attempted to hoist them. The joke was soon understood, and no one could help joining in the laugh. Jullien should engage the gentleman with the blue umbrella, and put him forward, in his concerts, as a living emblem of cheerfulness.

The man who attempted to look into the future, had the door slammed in his face, damaging his proboscis badly.



Putting his best foot forward.



DO AS I DO.

A well known "fast" man recently entered a bar-room in this city, where he seldom fails to meet some twenty friends in the "smiling" hours. With his usual heartiness, he called up the company, who, nothing loth, at once "faced the counter."

"You must all do as I do," said the liberal one.

"Oh, certainly—of course," was the unanimous reply; "what is yours going to be?"

"I shall take pure brandy," was his reply.

And then all called for P. B. After drinking, the wag laid down his sip on the counter, and immediately retired, whispering in a soft, persuasive tone:

"Do as I do, gentlemen."

The party looked at one another with a comic stare, until one, who finally felt the force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed:—"Sold, by thunder!"

Never Give Up.

The following account of the pursuit of a partner under difficulties, is related by Southey, as being literally true. It pointedly illustrates the advantages of persevering:

"A gentleman being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the time and place appointed was met by a lady. Their situations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman, as well as the lady, was in earnest. He, however, unluckily, seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon—that she was not as handsome as she might be good—and the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. He advertised a second time, appointing a different square for place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognised each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment, met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides and the circumstance appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to the marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one."

ONE OF THE VERDICTS.—The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was "Death by hanging—round a rum shop."

"Ah!" said Seraphina Angelica, speaking on some subject in which her feelings were warmly enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity."

"Would I were an opportunity," interrupted her bashful lover, who had been coming to see her for three months, and yet had never summoned up courage enough to kiss her.

The man who put on a "serious frame of mind," finds that some of the timbers are not well jointed.



SCENE IN A DRY GOODS SHOP.

OLD LADY.—Shall I look at some remnants of broadcloth?
SAUCY SHOP BOY.—Yes'em, that's the article; close 'em cheap.



MORE WIT THAN MONEY.

A boy about six years of age, entered a shop in this city a few days ago, and asked for a pound of canary seed. As he had no money to pay for it, the shopkeeper, (to whom the boy was well known,) wishing to ascertain whether he had been sent by his parents or by any other party, asked—

"Is that seed for your mither, my manke?"
"No," said the boy, "IT'S FOR THE BIRD."

The Cambrie Chimisette,

IN A ROMANTIC AND ECONOMICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Oh, Chimisette! the fairest yet
That e'er hid bosom purer, whiter!
Thou dost not know what envious woe
Thy veiling snow hath given the writer.
So neatly frilled—so plumply filled;
And then the eyes that shine above it!
I sigh—I long—nor is it wrong—
(At least in song) dear girl to love it.

Sweet Chimisette! the coral set,
To chain thy folds in gentle duty,
Flings round a glow upon the snow
To heighten so thy blushing beauty;
And ne'er before, on sea or shore,
Did coral feel a softer pillow—
Nor could the gold around it rolled,
Though ten times told, deserve the pillow.

Oh, Chimisette! below thee met,
A rosy ribbon binds her bodice;
And in her mien is clearly seen
One-half the Queen and one the Goddess.
Her voice is low—how sweet its flow!—
Her upper lip disdains the under;
Her hair is like dark waves that strike
A marble cliff and rush asunder.

Oh, ripening grace! oh, radiant face!
When love is love it knows no measure
Her hands are small, but yet can call
The power of music at their pleasure;
And as they peep from sleeves of deep
Wide guipure lace, "*la mode Ramilles*,"
Her fingers seem, or else I dream,
Like stamens in the bells of lillies.

The robe of blue—the violet hue—
The green leaves in thy dark hair gleaming!
Thy feet that move as light as love—
Thy breath—thy lips have set me dreaming!
My cheeks are wet—that chimisette
Was frilled and worn by some enchantress;
But much I fear, t'was dreadful dear,
Were she my wife, *to pay her laundress*

"Those sewing machines are great inventions," said a friend to a wag, "Yes, sir," said he readily, "sew it seams."

One of the modes in which human greatness, west or east, most frequently displays itself, is in the "hilarating" department. Rev. Mr. B_____, a Methodist preacher in a Western State, rose to conclude the services, after another had preached a sermon on the doctrine of "justification by faith." "Pitching in" to an exhortation, the preacher exclaimed, by way of exordium:

"We have listened to a discourse on the constituent elements of the cardinal points of practical discipleship."

Something similar was the failing of a justice of the peace, of the olden time, who has some representatives of the Dogberry school in almost every neighborhood, (a man who defined the bee as "a little amphibious animal, that has no futurity hereafter;") who was once called to hold a coroner's inquest on some unfortunate, whose soul, "by the visitation of Providence," had left the body behind, to undergo, in its turn, a visitation of humbug. The twelve *liberi et legales homines* being assembled, the coroner delivered a learned charge on the duty they were to perform. He prefaced it by a lucid division of the subject:

"Gentlemen of the jury: In this here inquest, three p'ints is to be considered; how did the corps come to its death? Was it, *first* by accident; or, *secondly*, by incident; or, *thirdly*, by the hands of the *incendiary*?"

An inquisitive lawyer, famous for examining witnesses, had a nice old gentleman, and witty withal, upon the stand, questioned him upon his ability to loan money and give credit, resorting to all sorts of interrogations to draw from him a statement of the amount of his property, and in what it consisted, in fact, how much he was worth. The old gentleman, considering the questions rather impudent, for he was quite wealthy, answered that he had a wife he always cared for—a boy and girl he would not sell for any money—a mortgage on two cows down east—a nice litter of pigs and the mother of the same—a barrel of cider that never saw day-light, and a puppy that knows more than you do, for which I have been offered twenty-five dollars.

A Boston paper thinks that stealing a minister's coat while preaching, and a sexton's hat while waiting upon a stranger into church, is running rascality into the ground.

A NEW SIGN OF INEBRIETY.—A man trying to put his night-cap on with his boot-hooks.



Two maidens of all work, meeting in the street the other morning, had the following brief, but pointed colloquy:

"Well, Bet, how are you?"

"O, capital, Sally, my master has got the gout and cannot wear his boots, so I haven't got to clean them of a morning."



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

Recently, at the dinner table of a Cleveland hotel, when the cloth had been removed for the last course, a verdant gentleman summoning a servant, called for "some of that," pointing to a dish of ice-cream. It was placed before him, and he called for butter. The waiter wondered at the order, but accustomed to obey, hurried to the pantry and returned with the desired article. The gentleman coolly spread the ice-cream upon his plate, carefully buttered it, and took a mouthful, the result of which seemed anything but satisfactory.

"Waiter," said he, "take this plate away and bring me some pudding that isn't quite so cold."

Official.

In the following illustration of printing office dialogue there is decidedly more truth than poetry:—

Foreman.—You fellow with the red hair, what are you at now?

Composer.—I'm setting "A House on Fire!" Most done.

Fore.—What's Smith about?

Comp.—He's engaged on a "Horrible Murder!"

Fore.—Finish it as quick as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up!

Bob.—"A Panic in the Money Market."

Fore.—Tom, what are you distributing?

Tom.—"Prizes in Perham's Gift Enterprize."

Fore.—Stop that, and take hold of this "Run-away Horse." Slocum, what in thunder have you been about the last half hour?

Slocum.—Justifying the "Compromise Measures" which my "sub" set.

Fore.—You chap on the stool, what are you on?

Comp.—On the "table" you gave me.

Fore.—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.

Comp.—How about these "Municipal Candidates?"

Fore.—Run' em in. What did you say, Slocum?

Slo.—Shal I "lead" these "Men of Boston?"

Fore.—No, they are "solid" of course.

Com.—Do you want a "fu face head" to "Jenny Lind's Family?"

Fore.—No, such things go in "Small caps." John, have you got up that "Capital Joke?"

John.—No sir—I'm "out of sorts."

Fore.—Well, throw in this "Million California Gold," and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more.

Editor.—Wilson, have you finished the "Coalition?"

Wilson.—Yes, sir—the "Coalition" is all up!

Editor.—What do you want now?

Devil.—More copy, sir.

Editor.—Have you completed that "Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?"

Devil.—Yes, sir, and I've got up a "Warm Winter!"

Scissora.—Here, take this "Official," and be off. [Exit Devil, with a "fat take."]

Western Music.

We learn from a Western paper that a Western chap who went to New York to purchase goods, &c., was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities.

He was clearly a Western original—but said very little, until he found the party was about to close without an attempt to corner him. At length, a bevy of laughing girls, by the merest accident in the world found themselves grouped about said Western green one, in a most animated discourse on music, and city playing. When all this had progressed just far enough, one of the damsels, with head more adorned without than within, and in that peculiar parlor drawl, which fortunately no type can present, accosted the observed of all with—

"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?"

Original saw the game and resolved to win.

"O, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed! why I was not aware of that. Pray, do they use the piano, mostly?"

"Never, Miss; the only instrument used out our way, is the *Scinette*, and the girls all play it."

"Oh, dear, I am sure I never heard of that before; do tell us what it is, and how they play it."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig; and each girl takes one of these under her arm, and *chews the end of its long tail*, and that brings the music."

The preconcerted "come," made no further progress; and for the balance of the evening our Western "green" was the only lion of the show.

"MORE AGGRESSION!"—"A day or two since," says an American writer, "our blood boils as we write it—several smacks were taken by a British naval officer in Boston harbor; and, what is worse than all the smacks were taken from a young lady. Where is President Pierce?"

What is the difference between a pool of stagnant water, and a pewter image of Satan?

One is a dead level, and the other is a lead devil.



"Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my master is a better man to work for than your old man. My master ain't always going round the shop interfering with his own business."

A new and pleasant "*down-east*" gossipper sends us the subjoined instance of "*Fonografie*," which almost out-yellow-plushes the voritable "*Chawls*" himself:—

"A pious, but illiterate deacon, in a certain town adjacent to Worcester, (Mass.) gave to the coachman a slip of paper, under which, he said, was written the name of a couple of books which he wished him to call for at Mr. A——'s book store. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said:

"There's a couple of books which Deacon B—— wished you to send him."

"The clerk, after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make 'head or tail' of it, and passed it to the

book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also 'Greek.' The proprietor was called, and he also gave the thing up in despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books, to day?"
"Books? no; and a good reason why: for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your old hen-tracks."

"Couldn't read '*titin'*? Let me see the paper!"

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon; who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, exclaiming, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face!—To S-A-M B-U—two psalm-books! I guess his clerks had better go to school awhile!"

And here the deacon made some reflections upon the 'ignorance of the times,' and the want of attention to books by the 'rising generation,' which would have been all very well, if said by somebody else."

INDEED!—A morning paper, speaking of a suicide lately committed, says, the man shot himself through the head with a loaded pistol.

A foolish fellow, that, to choose a *loaded* pistol. Had he selected an empty one, he might have been spared to die one "some other occasion"—when his time came.

The best snuff is the morning air.

TO THE PRESS GENERALLY.—The Emperor Nicholas wishes an erratum corrected in the next edition of our dictionaries. He begs to say that he has discovered that an ottoman is *not* a thing upon which you can easily and comfortably place your foot.

The young lady who fell in love has just been pulled out, by a daring young fellow who successfully struggled with the world.



SMALL OF HIS AGE.

"Grandfather," said a saucy little imp, "how old are you?"
The old gentleman, who had been a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and patting him on the head with all the fondness of a second child of life, he said:

"My dear boy, I am ninety-five years old," and then commenced to amuse the lad with some of the incidents in the story of his life, at the conclusion of which he addressed the youngster:

"But, my son, why did you ask me such a question?"
When the little rascal, with all the importance of a Napoleon, trotted off and hitching up the first pair of pantaloons he ever wore, after approved sailor fashion, replied:

"Well, it appears to me you are darned small of your age!"



Chinese Junk.

Quizzer Quizzed.

On a certain occasion a medical professor delivering practical lectures to the public, a gawky fellow thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and being questioned as to his disorder said very gravely,

"Why, I'm a liar!"

"Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor.

"Well," said the man, "but I've a worse complaint than that—I've lost my memory."

"Quite curable, also," added the doctor, "but I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings."

The men who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something.

"Besides," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? You say you are a liar and have no memory, so you will either break your promise or forget all about it."

A loud laugh from the audience expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor fool was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience said:

"Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them on the honor of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the audience do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward."

The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water.

The doctor produced a box of flattened black pills, and to show that they were perfectly harmless, offered to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one of them to the man, who, after many wry faces, bit into it, started up, spitting and spattering, and exclaimed:

"Why, hang me, if it ain't cobbler's wax!"

"There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did anybody ever witness so sudden, so miraculous recovery? He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and as to memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return the money."

Why are sailors whaling like false hair?
Because they are a-ter-fish-ile (artificial).

An Incident in a Rail Road Car.

The parties are a lady of uncertain age with a decided expression of pain on her features, otherwise quite pretty, her face tied up with a handkerchief, and a little man, in a snuff-colored surtout, with light hair, and a decidedly woolly style of countenance. Little man fidgets a while, and then turns to the dame—

"Be you a-lilin' anything, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, I have a toothache."

"Oh, toothache, have ye—well, I know something that'll do ye good."

"What is it, sir. I am suffering very much, and should like to know?"

"Well, forget the name of it, but most anybody'll know. Be you going to New York?"

"Yes sir, I am going to New York."

"O! well, be ye—well, you know Broadway? Yes; well you go up Broadway till you come to a cross street, I forge, the name of the street, but you'll know when you git there: lots of people going up and down it. Well, you turn this street, and I forgit, which side, but you'll see a potheчary shop—you'll know it when you see it. There's a good many shops about there, but this is a large one. Then you must ask for—well I forgit the name—but it's a powder. The potheчary he'll know. It is a dreadful strong—strong as ginger—you must mix the powder—they'll mix it for you—then you must take—well I forget how much—about a table-spoon, or a tea-cup, or a small bucket full—and put it on here, (laying his hand on the pit of his stomach) just as hot as you can bear it."

"But, sir," said the lady, "I don't see how that is to help a toothache?"

"Oh, toothache you've got; well, I forgot. To be sure—yes, well—I thought you said stomachache."

A gentleman having occasion to call upon a physician, stopped at the door and rung the bell. The summons was answered by an Irish servant girl, of whom he inquired if the doctor was in. "No." "Is his lady in?" "Yes." "Is she engaged?" The girl looked at him for a moment, and a curious expression rested on her face as she replied, "Dadie, sir, she's already married."

An itinerant minister was one day preaching to a "pack of hardened sinners," when he made use of the following original and rather striking simile: "My hearers," said he, "I can compare you to nothing but a parcel of knotty hickory-butts; the gospel is the wedge, and"—throwing himself in the attitude of a woodsman—"by the grace of God I'm the beetle to *d-r-i-e* it into you!"

What tune does a tobacco-chewer like most?
Spittoon.



Caution the better part of Valor.



THE INDEPENDENT WORKING MAN.

MOTHER RUSHES IN AND FINDS HER BABY IN FLAMES, AND THE FARM MAN SITTING BY AND OFFERING NO ASSISTANCE.—Oh, heavens! my baby is burning up! why don't you help her, or she'll die.
MAN, gruffly.—I didn't come here to do house work.

We not unfrequently meet individuals who know more than every body else; who seem to be endowed with a sort of omniscience that possesses their apprehension of matters and things and events with the principle of obliquity; who, let what may occur, knew all about it before, and could have told you so had they pleased, but choose to wait and let you see the actual demonstration. This wonderful class is very delicately alluded to in the accompanying "poem," by our much respected "friend and brother," hight PLEBEIAN:

"Just as I Expected."

BY PLEBEIAN.

A very wondrous man I know,
As e'er was born of woman;
In stature he is small, and yet
His head is larger'n common;
And in that wondrous head of his
Much knowledge is collected;
And of each wondrous thing he says,
"It's just as I expected."

When first that model for a car
Aerial was got up, sir,
To sail straightway from town to town,
O'er vale and mountain top, sir,
I met him of a sunny morn,
With head and hat erected,
Said I, "Tis very strange,"—said he
"It's just as I expected."

When'er a fellow-sinner cuts
Up any sort of "dido,"
About the ease he always knows
A *la-clef* more than I do.
A couple runs away, to be
In Hymen's band connected.
Of course he knew 'twould turn out so,
It's just as he expected.

I see him now just o'er the way
With six young men of pleasure,
Put on your hat and mittens, and
Walk over at your leisure;
I'll bet my beaver, as you pass

Near by that group collected,
That you will hear somebody say,
"It's just as I expected."

Some people do declare that he's
An empty-headed chap, sir,
Others deny it, and aver
His head's well filled with—sap, sir;
But all who strive our friend to teach,
Come off with mien dejected,
For when they've "said and done," they find
It's just as he expected.

Should it be proved beyond a doubt
By learned observation,
That yonder moon's a great green cheese,
"Twould give him no vexation;
You'd find that on this wondrous theme
He too had much reflected,
And there's no doubt but it would all
Be just as he'd expected.

Vote for Him!

Lewis, the fun-loving editor of the N. M. Union," is a candidate for the Legislature. In his paper he published a circular to his fellow-citizens of *eight columns*. Whereupon he says—

"It may be asked why I write so long a circular. An anecdote will illustrate my answer. Once upon a time an old lady sent her grandson out to set a turkey. On his return, the following conversation took place:"

"Sammy, have you set her?"
"Yes, grandma."
"Fixed the nest all up nicely?"
"Mighty fine, grandma."
"How many eggs did you put under her?"
"One hundred and twenty, grandma."
"Why, Sammy, what did you put so many under her for?"

"Why, grandma, I wanted to see her spread herself!"
"My opponents will pitch into this circular—hope they will have a good time in making a large percentage off of it. A short one would be as much as they could get over, but I want to see them spread themselves."



A boy was going along the street, carrying a pitcher of milk, when presently he stumbled, and smash went the pitcher, and away ran the milk. Another boy across the way saw the accident, and shouted :

"Oh, won't you catch it when you go home! your mother'll give it to you."

"No she won't neither!" screamed the other; "my mother always says, never cry for spilled milk."

A Fact.

An eight year old boy in our presence the other day, said to his only sister—

"Oh, how I wish I had a little brother. If I had one, I'd be so glad I'd jump over the sun."

"Oh, what a story," chimed in the little girl, "you couldn't do that."

"Yes, I could, too," returned bell-buttons. "I could jump over him, and wouldn't that be jumping over the son?"

The mother thinks of taking him to Barnum.

THE TALLEST STORY YET.—The man who requires the *seven miles mirror* to shave in has just arrived in the city.

The following anecdote, a true one, is from a private letter. It is worthy of a place in the next monthly compend of the sayings of little folks, in which this department forms one of the most agreeable of its many attractions.

The other day, Dr. S——'s three children, while playing in the nursery, decided to have a *railroad excursion*. So they all mounted up into the crib and commenced rocking *full speed*. After awhile it was proposed to have an accident, thinking, I suppose, it would be unfashionable to travel far without one. So they all took hold and tipped the crib over by main force, and little Mary broke her arm short off.

Miss B——went to see her, and was pitying her very much with her helpless and bandaged arm, when Mary said :

"Well, if I never get well, I'll sue the company for \$8000 damages! I think that will be enough, for father says it ain't any great affair after all said and done."

That is the best sarcasm on the present state of railroads, that I know of.

She is the same little young one, (seven years old,) who said of her little brother Joe, who is a great teazer, that she wished our Heavenly Father either hadn't made her or her brother Joe—it didn't make any difference which.

A model return upon a writ was recently made by a deputy sheriff in Morgan county, Indiana. It was, "Sarved the within, but wos fit with brickbats by the woman so that I couldn't sarve it."

"Where have you been so long, Jacob," said Aunt Judy, as her promising protege appeared, returning from the grocery, whither he had been sent some hours previous.

"Why, Aunt, you see, the feller wanted to cheat me in the weight, and so I kicked up a disturbance."

"Gracious! Jacob, I hope you didn't sass the store-keeper, did you?"

"Oh, no! I only told him he had a very bad *weigh*, and if that was the style he weighed his sugar, as I wasn't in any hurry, I'd *wait* myself."

"Ah, you're a very *way-ward* boy; but didn't you get any sugar?"

"No; but I got *satisfaction*, and that was a darned sight sweeter!"



A crack-brained man, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady, if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."

"Why," he replied. "You needn't be so fussy; I don't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't GO ANYWHERE ELSE!"



Mr. Briggs being out for a walk, thinks he hears a disturbance in the neighboring street.

The Fool's Pence.—A Story with a Moral.

In the year 1830, in a handsomely furnished parlor, which opened out of that noted London gin shop, called "The Punch Bowl," sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style. What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens, all so bright and fresh! Then see the elegant stone copings to your windows, and these beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the gentlest boarding school! Your shop is the best fitted in all this part of London. Where can you find the needful for all these things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of simple contempt through the half-open door, in the shop, filled with drouthy customers, "The fool's pence—'tis the fool's pence that does it for us," she said; and her voice rose more shrill and loud than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached the ear of one customer, George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment; he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown at her piano; and he thought to himself, "how strange it is!—how curious it is that all this wretchedness on my left hand, should be made to turn into all this rich finery on my right."

"Well, sir—and what's for you?" said a shrill voice, which made the fool's pence ring in his ears.



He goes to see what it is.

Manly hastened home. His wife and two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, and really in want of food. The room looked very cheerless; and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt, yet the dullest observer would be struck with the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them his returning so early that night, and returning sober and in good humor.

"Your eyes are weak to-night," said George "or else you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too much by candle-light."

His wife smiled and said, "Working does not affect my eyes;" and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart in a corner—evidently as a culprit.

"Why, John, what's this I see?" said his father, "Come and tell me what you have been doing."

"The baker come for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hand, and then I said bad words, and mother put me in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope!"

"No," said John, coloring; "I said you were a bad man—I said, bad father."



And finds out.

"And they were bad words, sure," said his mother, "but you are forgiven, so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild blue eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise to his own. He rose up, and putting money into her hands, he said, "There's my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both your hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children had gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up fine houses and dressing out the landlord's wife, and daughters, and when the thoughts of his own handworking and uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking night after night, destroying his health and strength, he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch Bowl, was walking with her daughters to the tea-gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, and had become at least half drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness from all the others near it. Its good natured mistress and her two girls did all they could to try



Remonstrates with his Assailant.

and wipe away the rain drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine silk dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and as Miss Lucy said, "they began to look like themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling in a big arm chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and everything in the room, suddenly started forward and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose face had just caught her eye, "Why, my good man, we are friends; I know your face, I'm certain; still, there is a change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health," said George Manly, smilingly; "now, thank God, I'm comfortably clad and in excellent health."

"But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never get a sight of you?"

"Madam," said he, "I'm sure I wish you well; nay, I have reason to thank you, for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half-starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now—for sweet, contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you as I told a friend of yours last year—'tis the fool's pence that have done all this for us; I ought to say, the pence earned by honest industry, and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon it."

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

The best "fire-annihilator" that we ever saw, is an armful of green hemlock wood. We have tried many others, but none that comes up to this.

The tariff of 1846 says that "raw sugar" in any other shape than is specified, shall pay a duty of 10 per cent. The question now is, does this prevent the introduction of "country girls" into our markets. Redfield will please answer.



Which has but little Elbow.

The following telegraphic dispatch was recently sent to the Rev. P—R—, Saint Peter's Church, Montreal, in answer to an urgent request, addressed to a well-known glass-stainer in this city, that certain cathedral windows should be at once forwarded: "Saint Peter left New York this day: the Virgin and Joseph go on Saturday: and the other Saints will leave early next week." There was not a thought in the matter, beyond a mere business letter, as we are credibly informed by a Montreal correspondent.

The following question is now up for debate before the Tillitendum Lyceum: "Which is the happiest—a nigger at a dance, or four clean pigs in a dirty mud-gutter?" We shall issue the decision as soon as received, and as much earlier as possible.

WHAT HE LEFT.—Nailrod visited Cloots, and with an expecting face, began to question him concerning the decease of Snodgrass. Says he:

"Mr. Cloots, if it is not improper—I wouldn't ask the question if it is the least improper, nor expect you to answer it—will you tell me how much my friend Snodgrass left?"

"Certainly," said Cloots; "don't see the least impropriety in your asking, and am perfectly willing to answer it. He left every cent he was worth in the world, and didn't take a copper with him."



He now determines to "Go In."

The youth who thought he could make a living by towing a shilling cane up and down Broadway, has "joined" the rail road, and now acts as ticket seller to a gravel train.

"Mind, John, if you go out in the yard you will wish you had stayed in the house."

"Well, if I stay in the house I will wish I was in the yard—so where is the great difference, dad?"

Dr. Lisenpenard, of Albany, has invented a stomach gargle of such power, that we imagine it will tend to quite a revolution. Two drops placed on the tongue of a dyspeptic last week, gave him such a passion for food, that in less than an hour he consumed a quarter of mutton, two hen-coops, and a pickled boot-jack. The doctor is around.

A philosopher in Putnam's Magazine says that women may make shirts for eight cents a piece, but he defies them to make anything—*except* shirts. A living must be picked up by some other means. Not a bad put in that.

INJURED.—The Missouri tobacco crop has been so greatly injured by the frost, that the best "pig-tail" has gone up a cent a "chaw." "Old sogers" have also advanced. At the first board yesterday they were done at the rate of eight for a shilling.

"You say, Mrs. Jones, that the prisoner stabbed the deceased. Was it in the thorax or in the abdomen?"

"Neither, yer worship—in a street fight, I seed it with my own blessed eyes."

"That will do, stand aside, and make room for the next witness. Crier, call Mrs. Aspin."



Goes In.

Curious Antics of Mrs. Scruggins' Old Cow.

We used to keep a cow when we lived in Cincinater.—And, O massy, sich a cow! She used to come up as regular to her milk as clock-work. She'd knock at the gate with her horns jest as sensible as any other human critter. Her name was Rose. I never knewed how she got that name; for she was as black as a kittle. Well, one day Rose got sick and wouldn't eat nothin', poor thing! and a day or two arter she died. I raly due believe I cried when that poor critter was gone. Well, we kept a little spell without a cow; but I told Mr. Scruggins it woudn't due no way nor no how; for have another cow we must; and he gin in. Whenever I said *must*, Mr. Scruggins knowed I meant it. Well, a few days arter he cum home with the finest cow and calf you ever seed. He gin thirty dollars for her and the calf and two levies to a man to help bring her hum. Well, they druv her into the back yard. Mr. Scruggins told me to cum out and see her, and I did; and I went up to her jest as I use to did to Rose; and when I said Poor Sukey, would you believe it, the nasty brute she kicked me right in the fore part of the back. Her foot cotched into my bran-new dress that cost two levies a yard, and she took a levy's worth right out, jest as clean as the back of my hand. I screched right out, and Mr. Scruggins catched me as I was dropping—I wan't quite so heavy then as I am now; and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sat down. I felt kind o' faintish, I was so 'bominably skeered. Mr. Scruggins said he'd learn her better manners, so he picked up the poker and went out. But I hadn't hardly begun to git a leetle strengthened up afore in rushed my dear husband, flourishing the poker and that vicious cow arter him, with her head down and tail up, like all mad. Mr. Scruggins jumped into the room; and before he had time to turn round and shut the door that desperate cow was in tue. Mr. Scruggins got up on the dining table, and I run into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was skeered so bad that I forgot to shut the doo, and would you believe it? after hooking over the dining table and rolling Mr. Scruggins off, in she walked into the parlor, shaking her head, jest as much as to say, "I'll give you a touch now," I jumped on a chair; but thinking that wan't high enough, I got one foot on the brass knob of the Franklin stove and put the other on the mantel piece. You ought to have seen that cow in our parlor. She looked all around as if she was 'mazed. At last she looked into the looking glass and thought she see another cow exhibiting passion, like herself. She shook her head and pawed the carpet, and so did her reflection, and, would you believe it, the awful brute went right into my looking glass. Well, then I boohood right out. I spose she thought she heard her calf, for she poked her head into Mr. Scruggins' book-case, no doubt she smelt calf-skin covers.

All this time I was gitting agonized. The brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit on the narrow mantelpiece and hold on to nothin'. I dassint move, for fear I'd slip off. Mr. Scruggins come round to the front door, but was locked, and then he cum to the window and opened it.

I jumped down and run for the window, and hadn't more than got my head out afore I hurd the critter comin' arter me. Gracious, but I was in a hurry. More haste, less speed always, for the more I tried to climb quick, the longer it took me; and would you believe it; jest as I got ready to jump down that brute of a cow cotched me bchind, and turned me clean over and over out of the window. Well, when I got right-side up, as they put on looking-glass boxes, I looked up to the window, and there stood that cow, with her head between the white and red curtains, and with another piece of my dress dangling on her horns. Well, husband and me was jest starting for the little alley that run alongside of the house, when the cow gin a bawle, and out of the window she come, whiskin' her tail about. It cotched on fire in the Franklin stove, and it served her right. Mr. Scruggins and me ran into the alley in such haste we got wedged fast. Husband tried to get ahead, but I'd been in the rear long enough; and I wouldn't let him. And, would you believe it? that dreadful cow no sooner seen us in the ally, when she made a dash. But, thank goodness, she stuck fast tue. Husband tide the gate, but that was fast, and there was nobody inside the house to open it. Mr. Scruggins wanted to climb over and unbolt it, but I wouldn't let him. I wasn't going to be left alone with that desperate cow, if she was fast; and I made him help me over the gate. Ah, dear, climbing a high gate, when you are skeered by a cow, is a dreadful thing, and I know it! Well, I got over and let husband in, and then it took him and me and four other neighbors to git that dreadful critter out of the alley. She bellowed and kicked, and her calf bellowed to her, and she bawled back again; but we got her out at last, and such a time, ah dear!

"I had enough of her; husband sold her for twenty dollars the next day. It cost him seventy cents to get her to market; and when he tried to pass one of the five dollar bills he got, would you believe it? the nasty rag was a counterfeit. Mr. Scruggins said to his dying day, that he believed the brother of the man that sold him that cow bought it back agin. I believe it helped to worry my poor husband to death. Ah, child, you better believe I know what cows is."

The old lady's agitation was so great at this point that she dropped a stitch in her knitting.

How does she Trot?

A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind:

"That's a beautiful mare you're on," said Sheridan.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed. How does she trot?"

The creditor, highly flattered, put her into a full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an amiable spouse of her loving husband.

"Till he got a wife," was the very calm reply.



Comes Out.



In the crowd of passengers by the Baltic, were a couple of cockneys from London. The first night out, the weather was thick, greasy, and uncertain. Having finished supper, cockney No. 1 went on deck—the moment he touched the plank, he sung out to cockney No. 2.

"I say, Wolley, come up 'ere and look at the moon."

"Very fine, I declare—but how it wobbles."

"Not at all—it's the motion of the vessel."

Just here "a voice in the distance" was heard to exclaim,

"D—d boobies—can't tell a full moon from a single lamp on the starboard wheelhouse."

It is not necessary to state that cockney No. 1 heard the remark, and was not seen upon deck again for the next two days.

Among other books kept at the Burnet House, is one of the departure of the guests, and which direction they go. This is more for the purpose of having the baggage of the guests sent to the proper place than anything else. The register is kept by Mr. Johnson, one of the most pleasant and affable gentlemen alive. The other day one of the guests settled his bill with Mr. Johnson, and was asked the usual question.

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To the devil!" bluffed responded the customer.

"Indeed," coolly replied Mr. Johnson, "will you have your baggage sent there?"

The gentleman acknowledged the kind impeachment, and then informed the clerk where he was going.

Last week, an Iowa editor, "just to try his readers," published a chapter from the Songs of Solomon. The next day one of his patrons addressed him a complimentary letter, concluding as follows:

"Devilish good. Who wrote it? Not Bob Summerson, did he?"

Not Bad.

One of our Middle street traders, who is an inveterate hater of tobacco smoke, while in New York, not long since, was riding up Broadway in an omnibus, when a moustached individual of the exquisite genus, jumped in and took a seat opposite him, puffing at a cigar with ineffable self-complacency. Our Middle street friend, not to be outdone in coolness, reached out and took the cigar, apparently for the purpose of lighting one for himself, but instead, threw it over his shoulder out of the window, bowing blandly towards the stranger at the same time, as if he had done him a signal service. The man, it is hardly necessary to say, was dumbfounded, taken all aback—his own effrontery had found more than its match; but recovering himself, symptoms of a young hurricane began to be apparent in his countenance.

"O, it shall not be a dead loss to you," said our friend, still perfectly unabashed. "Here is an equivalent," at the same time drawing from his pocket a three cent piece, and offering it to the stranger.

This was "capping the climax" with a vengeance. The stranger jerked the string and made a leap from the omnibus at once, without uttering a word, probably concluding that the less he had to do with such a customer, the safer.

The woman who was "buried with grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

For Young Gentleman.

Those that are in the habit of staying very late at their intended mother-in-law's, we mean—who only reach their own front door in time to fit the night key, before the sky grows bright over Williamsburgh, and the paper carrier wishes him "good morning."

When you are sitting so happily by the side of your Anna, or your Susan, and the old clock on the mantle, will not diminish its speed in the least, in consideration of your felicity, don't *cuss* it.

When, after you have expressed a conviction that it is "getting rather late," the fair one asks you to stay a little longer—don't you do it.

When you hear the cock in the neighbor's stables crow, and the butcher carts on the move, and the clock strikes three, make up your mind you *won't* stay any longer, no how.

When your sleepy companion hints a vague doubt about your being home to breakfast, tear yourself away.

If you pitch into an excavation before you arrive there, on account of its being a moonlight night, and no gas burning, or upset an awning post in your career, remember its very wicked to swear.

If you discover, after you have gained the paternal mansion, *that* you havn't got your night key, make up your mind without any hesitancy, that you don't know what you *will do*, no how.

There is a water cure establishment in this state where they feed their patients upon cast iron crackers, brick clay rusk, and flannel sausages. Now and then they have boot leg-soup for a change—and for dinner, pebble stone pudding, and cobble stone dumplings, (hard sauce) is served up for dessert. If a patient asks for a lunch, he is immediately showered to cure the diseased appetite.

No woman ought to be permitted upon the duties of connubiality without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, seat a pair of unwhisperables, bake a loaf of bread, roast a sirloin, broil a steak, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks for little responsibilities.



"That's a pretty style of tile of yours, Charley! where did you find it?"
YOUNG AMERICA.—"Yes, I quite fancy it. Bandin has just got 'em out—
their simplicity I admire."



After standin it as long as a body can, I'm goin to speak rite eout, here I am, "Jonathan," the most forgivinest critter n the world—a speakin, riled up to the bustin pint, jest abeout what, do you suppose? Look at that picter—our ash boxes—hev been stolen, carried off, gone—no where to be found—and darn my buttons ef they don't leave the ashes behind. Now it's too bad, aint got an old coffee pot, no, nothin of that sort left—boxes all gin eout, what ar we goin tu du. We hev offered a reward of three Cents, for every Box, Tin Pan, old Coffee Pot, Champane Basket, and Tin Cup, stolen from our Establish ment in the last three months. Every article is branded with the well known name of T. W. Strong,—and every body returning any of the bove articles will git the reward—and a chance tu see Jonathan in his new quarters,

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YANKEE NOTIONS

No. 4.

APRIL.

Vol. III.



PASSING "NEBRASKA BILL."

DOUGLASS.—I don't want to be the next President, by no means, but I'm bound to pass my Bill.
GREELEY AND THE NORTH.—Abomination! The Country will be ruined! To the rescue! Down with Slavery! Down with everybody—but me!

NEBRASKA BILL.—Wha—wha—what de debble de matter now. I wonder, I don't want to go ober ne line, no how, jus luff dis ole nigger be—dats all.

A Poser.



In Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one is permitted to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach save the General's, cow; and the sentries had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old Lady D——, having called at the General's in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out and desiring her to return, and go the other road. She remonstrated: the man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one from crossing that piece of ground.

"But," said lady D——, with a stately air, "do you know who I am?" "I don't know who you be, ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I knows who you baint—you baint the General's cow." So Lady——, wisely gave up the argument, and went the other way.

The Leathersees.

The Leathersees, or as they are sometimes called, the "Barrington-beggars," are a sort of a half gipsy race, that live, if it can be called living, in New Hampshire, but sell their baskets, which they manufacture, in large towns of Massachusetts, which, with begging, is the means of their subsistence. In travelling to market, they usually take their whole families, which live in the forward part of the carts, under a sort of house constructed of the baskets.

The anecdote that I am about to relate concerns one of the number, who was too honest or lazy to stay at home, and went and settled in a distant town. It was the custom in the place, where our hero settled, who we will call Bill H——, for short, that when a hog was killed, for the neighbors to borrow a spare-rib, or some other part of the animal, on condition of paying back, in the same way, when they killed.

Now, Bill H—— had a very large hog, and on the strength of this, he had borrowed from every person that had killed for several months.

His wife had chalked down on the door what he had borrowed. When on his way home one day with a lot of pork, a person asked him when he should kill.

On Bill H——'s getting home he took a notion to reckon up the amount he had borrowed, when, to his surprise, the account stood thus—five spare ribs, six legs of ham, several livers, and pork enough to have weighed down any hog in the place; here was a quandary, but Bill went into the house to see his better half about the matter, but he found she was correct, as there was eight of them that had lived almost entirely on borrowed pork while in that town.

The old lady asked Bill if he should pay the remainder in money.

"Not I," says Bill, "I have got only a dollar, and I shan't pay that for pork."

"How will you manage it, then?" says the old lady.

"I agree'd to pay," says Bill, "when I killed the hog, and I havn't killed him yet, but when I do I shall pay them back."

The old lady could not imagine how he would do it, but when she heard the next day, she said, "he would be an ossifer or some great gin'ral yet."

The way Bill managed it was this. He went that day, and sold the hog to a butcher, in an adjoining town, and Bill carried him over that night, without being seen. The next morning the neighbors found the hog was missing, and on enquiry Bill told them he agreed to pay back when he killed his hog, but as he had none to kill, he insolently told them that they would have to go minus pork that year, if they depended on him.

The old deacon, who was the greatest sufferer by the operation, said it "might be honest, but rather slippery!"

AUNT HETTY'S TOILET IN 1780.

Come listen, girls, and I will tell
About Aunt Hetty's toilet,
'Twas one that graced her passing well,
Don't laugh and make me spoil it;
Aunt Hetty stood just five feet two,
Without her shoes or hose,
Well formed, and graceful too, withal,
Blue eyes and Grecian nose.

Her hair above her reverence bump,
Was always neatly tied,
And o'er a nine inch cushion drawn,
And fastened on one side;
While fearless frizzles stood upright
Upon her temples smooth,
For glossy ringlets then were held
Both ugly and uncouth.

Long strings of pearls of milky hue,
Hung careless from her neck,
O'er her vandyke cut square before,
Of muslin without speck;
Her dress of damask silk was made,
Full five ellas wide or more
Well stiffened with a whalebone hoop,
And swept the sandy floor.

The ample sleeve the elbow reached,
And fastened by a band;
And gloves with frills six inches deep,
Adorned each pretty hand;
The waist three quarters of a yard,
Was trimmed with ribbon o'er,
With point and bow, with tassel hung,
And buttoned up before.

Her spring kid shoes, with peaked toes,
Adorned her little feet,
With heels full out three inches high,
And made out of cork to boot;
Her 'kerchief, made of cambric good,
Was always large and ample,
Without embroidery or lace;
Girls, follow her example.



A DREADFUL THREAT.

WESTERN MAN—to a small dandy, who is defying him energetically, and demanding his card. "Look here, my little friend, don't exert yerself an' get yer dander up to 'blin' point, you might ride me into DROWNIN YOU IN THE SPITTOON!"



READING GRATIS.

"Come, old feller, none of that; I SELL the Notions, I don't let 'em out, you have had six pence worth of fun out of it already."

A Worming Pedler.

A very daintily dressed gentleman called lately at a house in this city, and desired to see the mistress. He was shown into the sitting room, and politely received by the lady, she supposing from his manner that he was some acquaintance, although puzzled to recollect where she had met him. The following scene then came off:

The visitor gracefully offered his hand, and said: "I hope you are very well, Mrs. A.?"

"Quite well, I thank you," responded the lady.

"How is your worthy husband?"

"Very well, sir."

"And the children—I trust they are also in good health?"

"They are sir."

"Are any of you troubled with worms, madam?"

"Sir-r-r!"

"Because, madam, if you, or your husband, or children, have worms, I have an excellent vermicide, which I should be most happy to sell you at only twenty-five cents a bottle. Why, madam, three quarts of worms were!"

"No, sir, we are not troubled in that way, but I am very busy."

"Very sorry, madam—will call again when you are at leisure. If you have any friends troubled with worms, I can recommend—"

"No, sir, I have no friends in that condition."

"Sorry, madam—good bye."

The hotels of California are rather primitive. A friend of ours puts up at one near the mines. That our readers may have some idea of his bed-room furniture, we would state that he washes in a half pumpkin, and dresses his hair with a currycomb.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.—The Eastern question still remains unsettled. By the last arrival we perceive that matters have advanced, during the last six weeks, an inch and a half. The diplomats manoeuvre on lobsters, hence the celerity of their motions.

A Dead "Sell."

A few evenings since, a number of "ye men about ye towne," were sitting around the stove in the office of the Gibson House, when the turn of conversation took a short corner on betting. A number of uncertain bets were offered to "no takers;" at length, says a silent member of the party:—

"I'll bet you one thing."

"What's that?" several ask.

"Why, I'll bet an eagle no man in this crowd can get my hat, gloves, or boots, on."

Ov coarse, as Paddy might say, if he wished, a general scrutiny of the head, hands and hoofs of the stranger took place. At least nine-tenths of the company saw at a glance that for bulk of head, size of flipper, and spreading quality of the understanding—it was going it blind.

"I'll take that bet," insists one individual.

The two 10's were deposited in the hands of a stranger, the bet was repeated by the better, and who took the precaution to ask if all heard and understood it.

"Yes. Well, off with your boots."

"Not by a d — sight!"

"Your hat."

"No sir."

"Your gloves."

"Aint got any!"

"Oh! you got me, that time," says the victim; "give him the stakes; but, look here, mister, go get the game copyrighted; you can make money on it, while it's fresh, and somebody might steal the idea!"

Oh! De Lard!

There was recently a colored Ball at that place of fashionable resort, Church-st., "west end." As the sprightly couples were whirling in a dance, a gay young darkey espied a fine wench that he had formerly courted, but who had turned him off for the purpose of treading the altar with another. He jumped into the midst of the cotillion, and seized his former sweet-heart by the wool. She didn't like this sort of "balance," and commenced pouting her lips indignantly, when her old lover demanded a kiss, as "black mail." The colored lady hesitated, but her partner in the dance advised her to consent. She did so, and the young lover lit upon her plump, and pouting smackers like a king-bee upon a clover bicsom.

"Who's dat ar, introducia champagne is dis cotillum?" screamed the "astonished masser ob de ceremonies."

"O nothing," replied the partner of the lady, "only Jim Bobolink hab jis lighted on de mouf of Mrs. Fillesy Lark!"

This remark arrested the attention of Mr. Lark, who was dozing in the corner.

"Whar's Jim Bobolink—what's he did to Fillesy?" said he; and the next minute or two "bulldogines" were in collision.

Since then nothing has been seen of either except a handfull of wool or three or four toe nails. Fillesy is in half mourning.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.—Never lend an umbrella, or your name to a bill; the chances are that the one will not be returned, and that the other will.

A man up town, with a view of keeping better time than he has as yet been able to do, has pickled down five Connecticut clocks and seven lepine watches.

At Cork, a bill-sticker, recently, in posting some bills relating to purgatory, stuck one over a railway announcement, which at a little distance read—"Reduced fare to Purgatory."



ding tour, some years ago, one of his suite undertook to cane a person employed on the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad, and would have received an acquittance in full under the hand of the assaulted party, had he not appealed to M. Bodisco. That personage was informed by the conductor that the train could not proceed until an apology had been made for the outrage. The remainder of the story we copy from the Union :

"The minister smiled. Apologise! Did 'monsieur le conducteur' know whom he was addressing? It was Mr. Alexandre Bodisco, ambassador of the Emperor of Russia.

"Mr. Smith coolly replied, that if he was the Emperor of Russia himself, he was entitled to an apology.

"Terrible oaths were sworn at the conductor, the railroad, the company, the country, the—everybody! But as they were all in Russian, they did not hurt anybody.

"I order this train to go on!" said the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, stepping out on the platform. The passengers stared. Bystanders winked. The little popcorn and candy boys opened their eyes wide at the man with the long beard, and thought he must be crazy. But the train did not budge an inch.

"I order this train to *go on!*" repeated M. Bodisco, bringing his cane vehemently down on the platform, by way of emphasis. No result. The smoke curled lazily up from the locomotive and the fireman and engineer leaned back on the wood-pile to enjoy the fun.

"Fortunately at this moment a Washington acquaintance, who happened to be on board, came out, and undertook to explain American customs to the ambassador. A long colloquy ensued in some foreign tongue, which nobody understood. The upshot of it was, however, that a handsome and courteous apology was tendered and received—the minister adding that his ignorance of the language and customs of the country had led him into a mistake."

We presume that by this time the minister's American wife has enlightened his excellency considerably in relation to American ways; for although he now and then "stops a paper" that treads on the toes of his master, the Czar, he has not been known to issue an ultimatum to a railroad conductor since the occasion referred to. He enjoys his sumptuous dinner, his bottle of wine and ditto of brandy, at our first-class hotels, with the gusto becoming a Russian boyard, and says not a word about our Yankee impertinences; al-

though he no doubt keeps "a devil of a thinking." M. Bodisco possesses a good deal of liberality of feeling, we believe, and might, in time, become a respectable democrat, if he had not been spoiled when young, and were not now too old to learn.

NORTH RIVER POETRY.

I saw her on the for'ard deck a sitting in the sun,
A smile upon her ruby lip and in her hand a bun;
I looked about a minute and found my heart was fixed;
And I then begun to go it as strong as't could be mixed.

Oh Crow's Nest, lofty Crow's Nest!
Far rising o'er the tide!
Did ever such a beauty
In such a steamboat glide?
And waiter—dark brown waiter!
Who carvest fast and free,
Did'st ever hand a 'tater
To maiden fair as she?
And captain—courteous captain,
Who helpest folks to land;
Did'st ever take a ticket
From such a pearly hand?
And benches—gentle benches,
Arranged in goodly ranks,
Did such a fairy figure,
E'er rest upon your planks!
"Ah no!" replied "Crow's Nest,"
As on the steamer slid;
"And no," returned the darkey,
"I tink I neber did!"
And the captain said—"mong wenches
She's just one to strike."
"And oh!" exclaimed the benches,
"We never felt the like!"
One note of admiration
Went up from every one,
And I bowed in adoration
To the beauty with the bun.
'Twas at the *Palisades*
I told her of my love;
And she said, "Go ask my mether!"
At Albany above.
So I travelled up the river,
In loving doubt and pain;
But "went it" in a quiver
Of rapture home again.



A DEFECTIVE ORGANIZATION.

"Can't play 'Buffalo Gals,' and 'Old Dan Tucker?' Go to thunder, then, with your darn'd old music box—we ain't got no taste for the operas here!"



A GENEROUS IDEA.

SCENE.—A Goldsmith's and Jeweller's Store in Broadway. Enter Juvenile Capitalist and irreverently addresses venerable proprietor, as follows:—"Say, old boy, what's the price of that service o' place stuck in the middle of the big winder! I'm thinkin' of makin' my lady a present on her birth-day, and rather like the look of that set, but 'tain't quite handsome enough!"

The House mit a Big Chimney.

A few years ago, the proceedings of the Washington Monument, at Washington, received a sudden impetus. Among other measures adopted to procure sufficient funds for the completion of the edifice, was that of appointing an agent in each Congressional District throughout the United States, who were furnished with lithographs of the future monument, which were presented to such gentlemen as chose to subscribe.

One of these gentlemen called one day at the house of a very wealthy farmer in the upper end of Dauphin county, Pa. The whole family were soon assembled to look at the beautiful pictures. In the meantime the agent exerted all his eloquence to induce the steady old German to "plank the tin." He portrayed the services of Washington to his country; he dwelt in glowing terms upon the gratitude we should feel for them.

Suddenly the farmer broke silence:—

"What is all this for?"

The agent began again—

"You know who Washington was?"

"Yes, he was the first President; he licked the British, didn't he?"

"Yes, that's the man; and this monument is to be erected as a fitting testimonial of the eternal gratitude of his countrymen," &c.

The anticipated subscriber studied the plate attentively.

"Well," said he, "I won't pay anything towards it; I don't see no use to build a house mit such a big chimney."

The agent immediately "vamoosed."

Multum in Parvo.

Walking through Washington street in haste, the other day, we came near running over a young gentleman, who, as far as appearances went, might have been *seventeen years old certainly not older*

"Be careful, Bub," said we, "you had a narrow escape that time."

The young gentleman straightened himself up. "Did I hear aright," he haughtily inquired, "did you call me Bub?"

"Yes," was our astonished reply, "what then?"

"I presume," continued the young gentleman, severoly, "from the juvenile character of your salutation, that you are not aware what I am."

We intimated that he was correct in the supposition, but that, if perfectly agreeable to him, we should be glad to be informed.

"Sir," said he, waving his hand with a patronizing air, "I am one of the literati. *I do the poetical department of the "Thunder Cloud of American Glory."*

We started back three paces in mute astonishment, while our interlocutor, satisfied with the impression which he had produced, smiled with an air of calm superiority, and walked on. We followed his retreating form with the help of a small microscope, murmuring to ourselves, "multum in parvo," and then, as the sidewalk happened to be slippery, we slid!

THINKING ALOUD.—The course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman of our acquaintance lately found it so; and as he thought to punish the hesitating fair one, rushed off and married himself to another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company said: "Was it not very sudden? I did not know that he was acquainted with her. He was a foolish fellow, and being angry with Miss Smith, determined to marry the first girl he met in his pique!" A young lady, who was present, innocently exclaimed: "O dear me, I wish he had met me in his pique?" We never heard of a better specimen of thinking aloud.

**SCENE—POLICE COURT.**

Mr. Rafferty, a native of the Green Isle, being somewhat addicted to "the crater," and having demolished all his furniture, and nearly kilt his better half, determines to reform, and for that purpose goes before the magistrate to swear himself. "Tak notis that I, Pat Rafferty, hereby takes his oath never to drink a glass of spirits, good, bad, or indifferent—only to keep down the vegetabiles!"



A MEAN MAN.

B'HOY.—“Terk about meanness do you? Well I guess you take down a'most everybody in that way, you do! Who went into a free lunch, had three basins of Soup, two Chowders, an' a piece of Cheese, gave a bad sixpence to the bar tender for a drink, stole an oyster, hooked another man's hat and umbrella, and PUT—say ??”

A Yankee, boasting at inveterate hatred of every thing British, is living in a neighboring city with a colonist's family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at Brother Bull, and the colonist does what he can, to defend the venerable gentleman.

“You are arguing,” said the colonist, against your ancestors.”

“No, I'm not.”

“Who was your father?”

“A Yankee.”

“Who were your forefathers?”

“Yankees.”

“Who were Adam and Eve?”

“Yankees, by thunder!”

A traveller found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotelkeeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a “Thank you” was worth twenty-five cents, and “Thank you kindly” was worth thirty-seven and a half-cents.

Soon after, the traveler called for a dinner, ate it, and asked the landlord, what was to pay,

“Twenty-five cents,” was the reply.

“I thank you kindly,” said the traveler, and moved off.

“Here my good fellow, stop and take the change,” remarked the landlord, throwing down a shilling; “your dinner was only 25 cents.”

The editor of the Kentucky Flag says:—

“We witnessed two important days while in Washington. The first was the fourth of March—the other was *march forth*. The first most interesting—the latter most *solemn*.”

“Old Bull's concert?” said Mrs. Partington, glancing up from her knitting as she read the announcement of the grand concert on Saturday evening, and she smiled as the ridiculous fancy ran through her mind, like a grasshopper in a stubble field, of an old bull giving a concert. “And yet, it isn't so very wonderful,” continued she, “for I remember a cat and canary that lived together, and one or t'other of 'em used to sing beautifully. But I wonder what he plays on.” Ike suggested that he played on one of his own horns, which seemed to be reasonable. “I am glad that he is going to give his concert, because when I went down to hear a great artizma play on a violence, as they called it, though I found out afterwards it was nothing but a fiddle, they were going to charge a dollar till I told 'em I was one of the connections of the Post, and they let me in. I can't think what music an old bull can make, I am sure. It may be very uproarious, I should think, and better fitted for overturns than for pastureal music.” She closed her critique with a pinch of snuff, and got on to her wires again like a telegraphic despatch, and went ahead, while Ike amused himself by scratching his name with a board nail in magnificent Roman capitals upon the newly painted pannel of the kitchen door.

ECCLESIASTICAL TURNPIKER.—“Ay! John,” said a country preacher to one of his flock, whom he had missed for a good many Sundays from the Free Church, “ay! John, so I'm told you've begun to think that we are not in the right road, and that you are going back to the Establishment?”

“Weel, sir,” was the reply, “I winna deny but that I ha'e been ganging that gate; and I canna just say that I've ony serious thought turning back in the meantime. But dinna think, minister, that ha'e ony fault to find wi' your road—it's a braw road, doubtless, and a safe road—but ay! sir, the tolls are awful dear!”

A young lawyer riding on horseback, through the streets of St. ** last week, lost his pocket-book containing \$300 in cash and several notes left with him for collection. He advertised his loss, offering a reward through the papers to the finder. His advertisement elicited the following reply:

Dear Sir:—I was fortunate enough to be the finder of your wallet, and assure you that the “needful” it contained was quite a God-send to me, as my pocket had caved in some time since. Like my friend Macawber, I had long indulged in the hope that “something would turn up,” and you can imagine my feelings, when as my eyes lit on your wallet, I cried “Eureka.”

In old times it was the custom not to settle a minister, until the parish had heard him preach *three* months. Now-a-days a minister will go off in a huff, if you ask him to preach as a candidate more than three Sabbaths. One cannot attach any blame to him for doing so. Because, when he is settled he is not sure of a long stay, and if he is wise, he will take the advice of an old man in one of the towns in Worcester county, Mass., who recommended ministers, in these days, “to settle on horseback.”

Meekness is the grace at all times attractive, but we have seldom been so impressed by its exhibition as in the recent reply of our friend Christian S., to some complimentary remark of ours.

“No,” said he, “I am no better than other men; I used to have a very good opinion of myself, but since I have looked around and have found so many “excellent people,” far better than myself, who are infernal scoundrels, it makes me humble.”



a piece of music. There must be something in the air which doesn't agree with them. The season for colds mostly ends when the fashionable season closes.

"TALL EATING AND DRINKING" ETC.

Some few months ago, a certain quondam friend of ours arrived in this city, with some \$4000 piled up in his pockets, and a smashing shad-bellied coat with green buttons upon his portly form. We will call him "Reube."

Reube came with a first-rate character for teracity and intelligence—could crook his elbow in honest style—knew *some* about horse-ology, and more about banking, especially ancient Egyptian—and, on the whole, was what we call a "good egg."

Reube was looking out for some safe opportunity of engaging in a lucrative and popular business, and after giving all a general investigation, getting acquainted with all the "big heads" around town, &c., concluded to go into the Livery business. He accordingly brought out a concern—stocked it with some twenty-seven good nags, four carriages, and six buggies, fodder, and all the things needful. By this time Reube was generally known, and customers flocked to him—the dimes rolled in, and Reube waxed fat and prosperous.

Soon he became acquainted with an "octagonal crowd," who were *somes* at "blind hop," *somer* at "help your neighbor," and *somerer* at "crown hat." Well, Reube and his boys were "altogether" inseparable from sunrise to sunrise; and the same hotel sheltered their honorable heads. First word was "drink," next one "imbibe," and third, but not last, was "swallow;" then lunch, drink, dinner, wine and trimmings came, all in rapid succession: then a match game of billiards (twelve partners), "sixty goes" during the game, and repeat; and, to crown the evening's amusements, "party sleep" around the store. Well, this state of delightful recreation continued some little while until one fine morning Reube called the "octagonarians" into the bar-room, and thus he spoke, calling them occasionally by their names:—

"Gentlemen: By——! I have a solemn thing to tell you all. Boys, you all know me? You know me to be a man of truth—a fellow that is a trump?"

He paused to consider. The "octagons," with a loud voice, proclaimed, "Yes, Reube, you're all of that;" several asides were also heard, such as "a perfect brick," "whole-souled feller," "jolly boy," and other interesting cognomens. Reube went on as follows:

"Now, boys, you don't know it, but I am going to tell you. Do you know what you fellows have hate and drank up by yesterday?"

"No! no! what's it, Reube? Tell us, old cock? None of yer secrets with us, old seller!" cried little John, the most diminutive fellow of them all.

"No!" said Reube, "not till we take that last drink all round."

The drinks were taken, and little John again said, "Let it out, Reube."

The Season of Colds.
OLDS generally come into fashion when concerts and evening parties begin. They are very prevalent during the opera season. Perhaps Italian singers are more subject to colds than anybody else; and generally the larger the salaries they receive the more frequently they are attacked. In fact, music and cataarhs seem to be intimately connected together, for it has been noticed that a young lady, who has been perfectly well the minute before, catches cold immediately she touches

"Well, then, if I must tell you, y^eou have ate up the matter of twenty seven horses—every d——d carriage and buggy in the lot, and" (gettin highly excited, and speaking very fast) "you could have ate up all the fodder, but while you were eating the horses, they had to eat that; you'd have eat up and drank up the well of water, but, thank God, it never would stick in your infernal bowels! You've ate *me* up!—you've drank *me* up! The landlord you've broke, and are all broke yourselves? Good-bye, boys! the Sheriff's after me, and be d——d to you all?" and exit Reube.

"Mine Got! vat vill de Frenchman make next?" as the Dutchman said the first time he saw a monkey.

"Sam, do you know any songs?"

"Yes, I know two."

"What are they, Sam?"

"One's Old Hundred and t'other ain't."

"Papa, can any person catch anything, if he don't run after it?"

"No."

"Well, then how did you catch that cold you have got?"
By running after your mother, to bring her home from the Woman's Rights meeting."

A dashing and fashionable widow threatens to sue some gentleman for a breach of promise, merely to let it be known that she is in the market.

"My dear fellow," said Beau Hinchman to a waiter at a Hotel, "I have a respect for flies; indeed I may say I am fond of flies; but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses; you mix so much better when you have the control of both ingredients."



CELESTIAL OCCUPATION IN NEW YORK.

YANKEE NOTIONS.



Little Charlie.

"When I was in London," writes an esteemed and popular correspondent, "I became much interested in a little Quaker boy, a child of remarkable intellect, but of a peculiar, quaint simplicity, as delicious as indescribable. His queer, *deep* sayings used now to convulse me with laughter, now melt me to tears. One of the anecdotes told me by his father is brief enough to relate here, and may amuse you. When Charlie was about four years of age, his grandmother died. She was a stately and elegant woman: the very type of an English Quaker lady. Charlie had always been accustomed to see her in rich silks, golden browns or silver grays, with kerchiefs of costly muslin, and the most *recherche* of lisse caps: and when he came to see her bed dress, he eyed her with more curiosity than sorrow. The good old lady took his hand and said, solemnly,

"Grandmamma must bid little Charlie good-by, for she is going away to heaven, and will never see him again in this world."

"Charlie, in return, gave her a look of simple astonishment, and exclaimed:

"'Why, grandmamma, thou art not going up to see God in that night cap, art thou?'"

The Light of the 5th Avenue.

A Moment of Terror.

An exciting scene took place at a ball somewhere in Mississippi last summer. Among the persons present was a young lady who had a great horror of snakes, and after dancing awhile she was greatly alarmed by feeling a sensation, as though a serpent had fixed itself beneath the folds of her dress. Grasping the head of the monster tightly in her grasp, she screamed aloud for assistance. A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. Tinson, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many moments within the circle of weeping and half-fainting females, before he had caught the tail of the snake, and wound it firmly round his hand, telling Miss M. that she must let go the moment he jerked, and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he told her he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and that at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and that he doubted not that he could withdraw the snake before it could have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror, awaiting the act of life or death, and the moment three was pronounced, the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking *bustle* that ever was seen in Mississippi. The whole affair was soon explained. The fastening of the machine had become loose during the dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head. The doctor fell right down in his tracks, and—he did!

LEGAL AUTHORITY.—On a recent occasion, at the trial of a cause before a Justice of the Peace in Louisiana, some novel authorities were cited by one of the "learned counsel." For example:

"The Court will observe," he said, "that in the case of Shylock vs. Antonio, although judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff, yet circumstances prevented the execution which had issued from being carried into effect."

"What cause," asked the Justice, "did the Court understand the gentleman to refer to?"

"Shylock vs. Antonio, 2d Shaks, p 285, Johnson's edition. The Court will there find the case reported in full."

The "learned counsel" went on to apply the case to that of his client, but whether the "Court" considered the authority sufficient, has not yet transpired!

Wisdom from Punch.

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1854 has appeared, and is brimful of good things appropriate to these times when coal is nine dollars a ton, and it costs you ten cents to "smile." Here are some specimens, under the head of *Things which you never can by any accident get a lady—be she young or old—to confess to.* "That she laces tight.—That her shoes are too small for her.—That she is ever tired at a ball.—That she paints.—That she is as old as she looks.—That she has been more than five minutes dressing.—That she has kept you waiting.—That she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned.—That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean.—That she is fond of scandal.—That she can't keep a secret.—That she—she, of all persons in the world—is in love.—That she doesn't want a new bonnet.—That she can do with one single thing less when she is about to travel.—That she hasn't the disposition of an angel, or the temper of a saint—or how else could she go through one-half of what she does?—That she doesn't know better than every one else what is best for her.—That she is a flirt or a coquette.—That she is ever in the wrong."

THE LAST DOG STORY.—We like good dog stories, and make it a rule always to publish them. The very last one is from Fayetteville, Ark., where a farmer's dog has been detected in going to the hog pen at night and biting one of the hogs till he gets up, when Archy lies down in the warm place and goes to sleep.

A person who was present at a conversation in which a very dull play was talked of, and its ill success in acting, attempted a defence of it by saying, "It was not hissed."—"True," says another, "I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

Said a Missouri judge to witness on the stand, "How do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him, a few minutes after the muss, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot jack."



Our Philosopher Studying Natural History.

Tyrene Power.

A correspondent tells a story perfectly illustrative of poor Power's fondness for the familiar. Tyrene was an impudent dog, and there is no denying it. We will give an instance:

We recollect seeing him meet his match, in this way, during his last visit to this country. It was at a Secretary's state party, at Washington. The ladies and some of the gentlemen had gone down to supper, and a few of the guests were left to themselves in the drawing room. Power was among them. He had come to America for the second time, and during the interval of his visits had put forth a book called "Impressions," &c. This had very recently been republished in this country. A modest young gentleman, a stranger in Washington, was introduced to Power, who rather stiffly received him, and seemed to await a commencement of the conversation between them. A commonplace was to be expected, of course, to begin with, and the young gentleman quietly led off with the natural question,

"Have you been favorably impressed, Mr. Power, by your visit to America?"

"Sir," replied Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, with all the *hauteur* of a Minister of State. "I have published my *'Impressions of America!'*"

"Indeed, sir," rejoined his new acquaintance, "I was not aware of it. Pray, who is your book-seller?"

Power was decidedly overpowered that time!



THE NEW COOK—"Done to a Turn."

"Fie! Fie! Betty, what has happened? O, you've let the meat burn to a crisp! why it's fairly a blaze!"

"Well, then, m'm, you towid me it was to be done till it turned, and sure I've been watching that same till I couldn't see out ev me eyes by raisin of the smoke, and it hasn't turned yet at all, at all!"

What did Mary Say.

A correspondent tells a capital anecdote in illustration of the queer occurrences that are sometimes met with in the courts:—

During the trial of Cogzell, for kidnapping, which took place a few days since at Hillsborough, an incident occurred which created considerable fun at the expense of big wigs and counsel. A Miss Sloan was testifying and was requested to state all she knew about a certain transaction.

Witness.—I was in the sitting room when Mary came from the kitchen hurriedly, and Cogzell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting room door, and said, Mary you have been here long enough, come and go home now.

Attorney for defendant.—What did Mary say?

Attorney for the State.—Stop there—I object to the question!

Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four or five lawyers participated. After which the judges held a long, serious and excited discussion on the subject, and finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of a majority of the Court that the question should be answered. The Court room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated—"What did Mary say?" and the witness answered—

"She didn't say a word!"

"As to the beef," writes a grumbling boy at a boarding school, "it is shameful. It's *not* beef. Regular beef isn't veins. You can chew regular beef. Besides which, there is gravy to regular beef, and you never see a drop to ours."

the teacher, she proceeded with the question, "Who made you?" which elicited the following laughable answer, "I was made out of the dirt of the 'ert; but the little feller what God made, has got the belly-ache, and gone home."

I Still Live."

Lord Byron once remarked, "Glory consists in being shot in battle, and having one's name reported wrong in the dead and wounded list."

We were never more strongly reminded of the truth of this assertion, and how little the great are remembered after their death, than on hearing, a few days since, the following anecdote of a Western farmer, trying to repeat the last words of the "Godlike Webster," "I Still Live!"

A gentleman remarked, "Life is very uncertain."

"Ah, yes," replied the farmer, "that's true. every word of it; and, by the way, Captain, that makes me think of what one of your big Massachusetts men said when he died, a spell ago."

"Who was it?" inquired the captain.

"Well, I don't jest call his name to mind, now, but 't any rate he was a big politicianer, and lived near Boston, somewhere. My newspaper said that when he died, the Boston folks put his image in their windows, and had a funeral for a whole day."

"Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the captain.

"Yes, that's the name! Webster—General Webster. Strange I couldn't think on it afore. But he got off a good thing when he died. He riz up in bed, and says he, I *ain't dead yet!*"



"Music Hath Charms."

EALLY we were somewhat amused and edified by a "bit of a joke" told us the other day for new, and given a locality in the cider-making regions of Kentucky. Our information ran that there resided in some little ilk of that state two individuals of different tastes and abilities in most matters, but nearly a level as respected their fondness for old cider. The one was a well-to-do farmer, a deacon in the church, a selectman of the town, and a leader of the village choir. The other was a "no'er-do-well" sort of fellow, with considerable humor, correct musical taste and general ability, but sadly broken down by strong drink. The deacon's foible was sacred music; the toper's was old cider. On account of the toper's acknowledged musical merit, the deacon was fain to endure his much drinking: on account of the deacon's capital cider, the toper was fain to endure his bad singing.

On one comfortable Sunday afternoon the twain were "gathered together" in the deacon's best room, the deacon singing, the toper drinking; the deacon trying to sound the bottom of the toper's heart—the toper trying to sound the bottom of the deacon's big mug. The meeting continued very pleasantly, until the toper was about filled with music and cider, and prepared to depart. But the deacon was not satisfied. Although the commendation of his cider had been ample and honest, the commendation of his singing had not been such at all, and commendation of *that* was the desire of his soul. Therefore, ordering the jug to be replenished, he requested his visitor to sit down and listen to "just one more tune—a tune said to be the oldest extant—a tune descended from the time of the apostles and primitive martyrs—a tune which he must appreciate, and couldn't fail of commanding."

By reason of more cider, the toper was fain to endure more singing, and sat very quietly and drank very copiously, while the deacon poured forth, with all the quavers and shakes, figures and force at his command, a psalm that seemed without an end. Finally, however, flushing with an outburst like that of ten bulls fresh from feed, the triumphant deacon turned to his waiting auditor, and said—

"Sir that tune is said to be the identical tune sung by Paul and Silas in jail, when the jailor set them free!"

The toper, rising with some difficulty to his feet, replied—"If that is the i-dentical tune sung by P-p-paul and Silas, w-w-when they were in jail, and t-t-they sang it as d-d-damnably as you did, I'll be cussed i-i if I see any re-re-wonder why the j-j-jailor kicked them out!"

The deacon followed the example of the jailor, and kicked his musical critic out.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Rutherford from the country, in Court Square, "what's this?" pointing to the telegraph wires, "a clothes line?"

"Yes," replied a friend who was with him, "here is where they hang the *sheet lightning*."

Mr. Rutherford was struck, but he thought it might be true.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.—"It will rain yesterday," said one Frenchman to another, in English.

"Be Gar, it snowed to-morrow," replied his companion, equally well skilled in the language.

To see a wasp-waisted young lady in ringlets and an abundance of flounces, gracefully sail to the head of the table and with a voice as angelic as a tenor flute, call to the waiter for a plate of cold pork and beans, is the most trying thing romance can encounter.

Infallible Remedies.

We have no faith in quack medicines, but think it always best when sick to apply to a regular physician—there are however, some simple remedies, for certain disorders, we can recommend as infallible.

- For sea-sickness—stay at home.
- For drunkenness—drink cold water.
- For accident—keep out of danger.
- For fear of Sheriffs—pay your debts.
- To be happy—be honest.
- To please all—mind your own business.
- To make money—advertise.
- To have a good conscience—keep the commandments.
- To do right—take your county newspaper.
- To prevent stammering—speak nothing but the truth.
- To sleep well—be industrious.
- To have your memory blessed—**PAY THE PRINTER.**

Review of the Markets.

Hops.—As the dancing season advances, hops become buoyant. We quote the best at eight dollars per quarter.

Cabbage.—Since the introduction of the flat cigar, cabbage-leaves have gone up twenty per cent. Whether the operations of the tailor's shops will counteract this tendency, is yet to be seen.

Whiskey.—Holders, we should think, are inclined to yield—that is, if we may judge from that old gentleman who was propping himself up with a lamp post. We shall notice various other articles next month.

Mrs. Harris says, foreigners resemble one another so much that she can't more than half the time tell an ourang-outang from a Frenchman. The lady is getting not only impudent, but personal.

The young woman that was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

A waggish apprentice one day after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master, and asked him what he valued his services at per day.

"Why, about six cents," said his master.

"Well then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some coppers "here's three cents—I'm off on a bender."

At the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the following announcement of the arrival of his colleague was made by a member:

"Mr. Sperker—My kolecks come, and I dink he ought to be schwore."

Greenough in speaking of Brinck's *Shipwrecked Mariner*, says it possesses one fault which no Englishman or American critic can forgive—it wasn't made at Florence. Nice bit of quiet satire that.



An Aggravated Case of Black Mail, (male.)



POLICE COURT.

How Pat Went a Shooting Reed-Birds.

BY H. P. LELAND.

Three men and a bull dog ugly,
Two guns, and a terrier lame;
They'd better stand out in the mud there,
And set themselves up for game!
But no! I see, by the cocking
Of that red haired Paddy's eye,
He's been "reeding" too much for you, sir,
Any such game to try!

"Whist, Jamie, me boy! kape dark there,
And hould the big dog in;
There's a bloody big cloud of rade-birds
That nade a pepperin'?"
"Chip-bang!" speaks the single barrel;
"Flip-bang!" roars the old Queen Ann:
There's a Paddy stretched out in the mud-hole,
A kicked over, knocked down man!

The big bull-dog's eyes stick out,
And the terrier's barks begin;
And Paddy digs out of the deep mud,
And then the "discoorsin'" comes in;
"Oh! Jamie, ye pricious young blag-gard,
I know ye're the devil's son!
How many fingers' load, thin,
Did ye put in this blasted old gun!"

"How many fingers? Be jabers!
I niver put in a one!
D'y'e think I'd be after ramming
Me fingers into the gun?"
"Well, give me the powdher, Jamie!"
"The powdher! as sure as I'm born,
I put it all in your muskit,
As I had no powdher-horn!"

A Lady of Fashion.

A day or two ago, says our Philadelphia Correspondent while strolling along Chestnut street, we saw a lady so superbly dressed, that the very sight of her suggested empty pockets. Just as we paused for a minute before the window of a picture store, this "lady gay" stopped also and entered into conversation with several of her fashionable acquaintances, as it seemed, who were as richly dressed as herself. At this instant—horrible to relate!—two children with "unkempt hair" begrimed faces, and apparel of the most wretched description, rushed up, and flinging their arms around the superbly dressed lady, exclaimed—

"Oh! mammy, pappy says come home right away, and nuss the baby, while he goes after three cents worth of coal to bile the taters with!"

Reader, perhaps you have seen people horrified and astonished—but you cannot imagine the anguish and dismay which were depicted in that lady's countenance. Well did poor Richard observe—"Silks, satins and velvets put out the kitchen fire!"

A ludicrous incident occurred at the New England House in Cleveland a few days since. A gentleman called for a glass of milk and ice which was promptly brought by the ready waiter and placed before him, of which he took no notice, being discussing the merits of some of Loss' fine steak. A country green who happened to sit directly opposite, observing the cooling delicious beverage, reached across, and laying hold of the glass deliberately sipped the contents. The gentleman observing the movement and settling back in his chair, looked calmly at the green and exclaimed:

"That's cool, decidedly!"

The Simple looked at the stranger, and with a face brightening with the great thought of being about to communicate a great truth, said,

"There's ice in it!"



A boy said to an outsider who was making a great ado during some impressive mortuary ceremonies. "What are you crying about—it's none of your funeral."

A day or two since, a Mexican was arraigned before Recorder Winter, on a charge of larceny. The descendants of the ancient Anahuacs and Iberians could not speak a word of English, and there was no one in Court at the moment, willing to volunteer as interpreter. However, while the Court was studying how it could best overcome the obstacle, in stepped a gentleman who was in the habit of boasting his efficiency in several modern languages, Spanish among others. The Recorder immediately requested him to act as interpreter in the case. He was a little nonplussed at first by the request, but there was no getting out of it, his reputation as a Spanish scholar was at stake, and he must refuse, and thus surrender all pretensions to the reputed languages of the gods, or accept and trust to some accident and the ignorance of those present, for success; for, be it known, that our friend does not understand any other language but his mother tongue.

"Well, what does your honor wish to say to the prisoner?"

"Why, tell him that his case cannot be examined to-day, and ask him when he would like to have it fixed for examination."

Putting on a grave and sombre countenance, and puckering his mouth slightly to suit it to the new language, he turned to the Mexican culprit and thus interrogated him: "Senor Mexicano—Ita me Dii ament! ast ubi sim neccio!"

"No entiendo," replied the prisoner.

"What does he say?" inquired the judge.

"He says," replied our Professor of Spanish, "that he will be ready for trial in ten days."

"Very well," replied the innocent Recorder; "Mr. Clerk, remand the prisoner till the 22d instant."

And our interpreter surveyed the surrounding admirers of his Spanish with a triumphant glance and a self-complacent smile, as he hastened to take his leave, before the Court should demand any stronger proof of his colloquial powers, chuckling to himself as he passed out, "How very fortunate that the only Latin quotation I ever learned should have come to my assistance at that trying moment—and how very appropriate to my situation, viz: "As God shall be my judge, I know not where I am."

MORAL.—Some persons acquire a great reputation

for learning by keeping their mouths shut, and putting on an austere countenance, wearing a high shirt collar, and every now and then suffering a Latin or Greek quotation to escape their lips—a witty saying or a luminous idea—and never intruding themselves into places where their intellectual qualifications are likely to be tested.

A Lancaster Rose.

In a small village, near Preston, resides a worthy itinerant vender of tea and coffee, whose "better half" had been in so precarious a state of health, that her husband, as well as the doctors, well nigh despaired of her convalescence. At length, however, after all other sanative means had failed, the good man thought he would try what he could do either by way of killing or curing. He arrived at home one evening, after his day's journey in the country and drawing his chair to the fire, close to his wife, accosted her as follows:

"Jane, love, ar to any better?"

"No, William, I dinna think I am."

"Well, Jane, It's loikely aar time's short i' this world together."

"Ay, William, i think t' same."

"Well, Jane, I never did deceive thee, and I'll not naa. I me, with a woman to-day i' Brotherton, just loike thee, and I towrd be tha was ill, and likely to dee, and hoo wod just suit me, and hoo said as soon as tha be deed I mon let her know, and hoo'd ha me."

Jane was roused by this announcement, and starting from her seat, declared,

"She'd never dee to suit him nor hor."

From that time she continued to improve in health and strength daily.

"Hallo, Pomp, what are you doin' dare?"

"Fishin'."

"And what you got in your mouf?"

"Oh, nogen, but some worms for bait."



"What kind of potatoes are you sowing there Pat?" "Raw ones to be sure, you're honor, the bled ones we sowed last year wouldn't grow at all."



THE ROAD TO ATKINSON'S.
A MISSISSIPPI BAR-ROOM STORY.

"Well boys, I can't sing nohow, but if ye like I'll tell ye a story."

"Go it, Green, let's have it!" "Hurrah for Green!"

"Well then, you must know that last year called me to Le Grange, a little town in Tennessee,—western district of it. When there I found that the man I wanted to see had gone to Atkinsons' about twelve miles, or so, distant. I was a perfect stranger in them parts, and had to enquire my way from any person I might chance to meet—" (A voice.) "And very particular directions you'd get from any one in the Western Destrict!" "Doc! I don't want you to interrupt me again. When I got fairly out of town, being fairly at a loss as to my road, and seeing a woman a short distance ahead of me, I rode up and addressed her. "Good morning ma'am!"

"Mornin' Sir!" "Fine day, ma'am!" "Yaas;" "Can you tell me the road to Atkinsons' ma'am?" "Be you gwine to Atkinsons'?" "Yes, Ma'am." "Got some business with Squire Atkinson?" "No, ma'am." "Well there's a power o' folks gwine to the squire's,—may be mister you don't know what they're gwine there for?" "No!" "Well, it's mighty hard! I do wish somebody would tell me!" "My good woman I'm in a hurry, and if you know you'll oblige me by telling me my road?" "Lor a massy mister, you needn't get your back up, I is a gwine to tell—but mister, what might your name be?" "Green, ma'am!" "Green! lor-a-me!—may be you come from North Carolina? there's where I came from, and I knowed a heap o' folks there named Green,—there was Colonel Green, as lived way up on Tar River, and Squire Green, as lived at Nash Court House, and old widow Green—may be you've heard of her, her husband foul in the wars,—poor old woman, she was mity bad off last time I hearn of her,—and there was Sam Green, up to Halifax—you never was in Halifax, was you? I tell you now its a real nice town,—there's where Jess Bynum and Bob Potter had the muss,—my old man was there, but he's dead now, and I'm a poor lone woman!—Well, mister, you'd better ride up to the house, and then I'll tell you the road!" Seeing no chance of getting at the direction any other way, I rode up to the house. As soon as we reached it my female friend asked me to alight, and come in. I complied. "Take a seat mister! may be you'll take something?" "No I thank you, ma'am!" "Well, no harm,—I only asked you, because you see, my old man had the name for making the best apple jack in the destrict, and I thought a little might do you good,

seein' you look quite poorly." "My good ma'am, I'm not poorly,—never was better in my life"—"Well, it might do you good, my old man always used to take a little when he was goin' anywhere,—now do jest take a drop of old Bateman's—that was my old man's name, everybody knew him." Seeing the old woman so determined, I took a little, just a little." (A voice.) "That won't do, Green!" "I owe you one, Joe! and really it warn't bad, that Bateman's! I thanked the old lady, and asked her again to direct me on my road." "Well, mister, you just take the straight road till you come to Squire Dixon's fence, *then the road works*. Don't turn off the right hand, that leads you to the old meeting-house,—they havn't had no preaching there, since old Parson Higgins died,—he was a mighty nice man,—my old man and me used to go to hear him, nigh about every Sunday, only when the old horse was sick,—it does seem to me mity strange, but when the old man died that horse took on like any human, wouldn't take his feed, till one day he died! Well now, you take the left hand road, along Squire Dixon's fence, till you come to Curtis' Creek,—it used to be Clear Creek, but you see, about two years ago, last fall, we had a power of rain here, and all the creeks and spring branches was mity high,

so a man named Curtis, who was goin' with his folks to Murphiesborough came to the Creek, the bridge was washed away, and he tried to ford it,—when he got in the middle his horses got tangled in the gear, the old woman and the children, (the oldest was a gal jest grow'd up and real pretty I kin tell you, for they all stopped here to feed,)—got out of the waggon, and the two young men was drowned! So ever since they call it Curtis' creek. Well, you cross the Creek, and keep the straight road till you come to the cross roads, then you take the left till you come to Major Dibbrill's blacksmith's shop, *where the road forks*, then you take the right and keep straight ahead till you come to Colonel Hill's house, and then they can tell you the rest of the road to ATKINSON'S!" Thinking the old lady mis-pronounced the name, I asked her if she could spell it. She did so, "A-t-k-i-n-s-o-n's! Atkin's!" I told her I wanted to go to A-t-k-i-n-s-o-n's! "Atkin's!" she screamed, "you told me you wanted to go to Atkin's I don't know no Atkin's!"

Smothering my rage as well as I could, I started, determined to spell the name to the next person I questioned, first of all. Now let's all liquor boys, and some other time I'll tell you how I got on, on the Road to Atkinson's!"

QUEER SIGNS.—Snuggs, in his metropolitan perambulations, sees a great many funny signs—very funny, in regard to orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody." There is one he has heard of, but has not come across it. It is said to read thus:

"Koffins made and mended here. Koffins x-chainged for knu."

SHARP.—An Irishman, who was busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store up town, a few days ago, was interrogated as follows:

"I say Pat what are you doing there, sweeping out that room?"

"No," exclaimed Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."



A Very Eligible Situation.

Wanted, a good draughtsman, to draw Portrait of our Pious Contributor.



Can Accommodate several bricks in this hat.—Teddy the Thir.

PUBLIC WANTS.

Immediate and decisive answers are wanted to the following questions:

How to gain a reputation for talent in your native town?

How to give advice to, or argue with, a fool?

How voluntarily to heap favors upon a man without making him an eternal enemy?

How to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty?

How to get long credit of tradesmen, if they generally see you in shabby clothes?

How to make your children tell lies for you, and not teach them to tell lies for themselves?

How to get a reputation for judgment unless you are a hater of jokes?

How to keep cool when you are pulling on a stiff boot, and break one of the straps just before your heel slips into its place?

How to tamper with a girl's affections, and afterwards treat with perfect honor?

How to carry on a flirtation for the whole season without going *too far*?

How to utter cutting sarcasms upon the plea of giving good advice?

How to make evasive excuses without incurring the guilt of lying?

How to exchange an old hat for a new one without being observed?

How to cut an old acquaintance without giving personal offence?

How to commit murder without being insane?

How to get rid of a bore who won't take a hint—even when a kick is attached to it?

How to reconcile an old ecclesiastical rat, who has a fat living in England, to Pus-eyism?

How a girl may recall an old lover she has twice refused?

How to do a rascally thing with the best possible intentions?

How to overlook a poor relation without seeming to cut him?

How to overlook a man's face without appearing to see him?

How to go to a fashionable party without an invitation?

How to screw down a mechanic beyond the fair living price in a job, and not in the end cheat yourself?

How to amass immense wealth without selling yourself to the devil?

How to substitute a word in a newspaper communication, as "moor" for "lunar orb," without provoking a philological controversy as voluminous as the *Diversions of Purley*?

How to edit a paper to the satisfaction of both magpies and owls?

How to write solid editorials when your head snaps with the head ache, as if it were filled with fourth of July crackers, popping off *seriatim*.

How, in writing, to know when you have *done*?

A sea captain "down East," a regular "old salt," relates the following as one of his fishing experiences!

Once with a friend he went out to catch halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and as rivalry arose between the two friends as to which should capture the first fish. Having dropped anchor and lines they waited with fishermen's patience for a bite; but for a long time none came.

At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to lighten up; and presently he called out:

"I've got one!"

He commenced hauling in with great vigor.

"It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you."

It was, indeed, evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was to be no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he, "and tire him out!"

Accordingly he gave him line which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by, captain!" said he, "with the boat hook, and hook him in the gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a roarer!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited comrade was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when suddenly a "sea change" came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:

"Je-rew-salem! Captain, it's the anchor!"

The Captain went down in a shower of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, "playing it out" and "letting it run till it got tired."

The following is the address of a letter recently put into the Post Office at Springfield.

"This wants too go too pat o nealle he usid too live in west field but heese asther baing gorn too southwic now but he will be in west field next week asther a Job and he'll Pay for it.



LANDLADY.—"Mr. Jones, don't you want a light?"

TIPSEY BOARDER.—"Light! no, it's so dreffle dark out here, that I could not see it if had one."



YOUNG LADY.—"You don't know how I am troubled with chaps on my lips, uncle Jedediah!"

UNCLE J.—"Thee must not let the CHAPS get so near thy lips then, my dear."

FISH STORY.

We have all heard of "fish stories," and it is generally understood they are rather difficult to swallow. There are some, however, who have acquired such a facility in manufacturing them, that they deem it derogatory if they allow themselves to be surpassed in telling them.

Of this class were Jem B. and Joe P., two old cronies, who whilom flourished in a neighboring village.

They were seated in the village store one evening, when Jim, after a preparatory hem, designed to call the attention of the company, commenced as follows,—

"I say, boys, did I ever tell you what a time I had shooting pigeons over our house one night last winter?"

"No, no," said a chorus of voices, "Come, tell it!"

"You see," said the old man, "my old woman and I were seated round the fire-place one night in the kitchen, when we heard a fluttering up above."

"What's that?" asked Jemima.

"I do not know," said I; "it sounds like pigeons."

"So I got my old musket, and charged it up pretty well, and pointing it up chimney, I fired; there was a screech and a crashing noise, and a dozen as plump pigeons as you could wish to see, fell upon the hearth. Two fell into the pot that was boiling over the fire, and we had them for breakfast next morning. We didn't have to buy any butcher's meat for a week afterwards."

"Ahem!" commented Joe, "that's pretty fair luck, but it isn't a circumstance to what happened to me once. I'll tell it if you aint no objection."

"Go ahead, Joe, we are all anxious to hear yea."

"Well, I'd been out hunting one afternoon—had dreadful luck—fired away all my shot, and hadn't brought down anything yet. I began to be discouraged, and was thinking of going home, when all at once a lot of robins, there were fifty of 'em and all in a row, flew by."

"Here was a capital chance to shoot; but the worst of it was I had no shot. So I did the best I

could. I put in the ramrod, and charged it up pretty well. I took aim and fired, and wonderful to tell, I took the first robin through the eye, and it passed through the whole row of 'em, so they fell to the ground all strung on the ramrod as neat as could be. I shouldered 'em, and carried 'em home."

"How many robins did you say there were?" asked a bystander.

"Just fifty."

"And they all were strung on the ramrod?"

"Sartain. Have you anything to say agin it?"

"O, no, certainly not. Only it must have been a *plaguey long ramrod*, that's all."

Some years ago, when the present Clerk of the House at Washington was domiciled in the Quaker City, his son, a lad of some six years, happened to be at his father's office one morning, when the "hatless prophet," George Mundy, made his appearance, and getting into conversation with the child, the latter asked him, in the course of their chat:

"Why don't you wear a hat, Mr. Mundy?"

"Oh!" answered the prophet, "because there is no use in it: God's creatures are not so furnished: sheep, and other animals, don't wear hats."

Quick as lightning, came the child's philosophic and clinching response:

"Are you a sheep, Mr. Mundy?"

A reporter of the Cincinnati markets states that "hogs are firm." That is stating the fact a little too mildly—the firmness of the porcine animal amounts to the most cursed obstinacy.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

Mr. Wiggins, the missing preacher, was discovered yesterday by his friends. He was under his coat collar.

The boy who undertook to ride a horse radish, is now practising on a saddle of mutton, without stirrups.

"How much corn may a gentleman eat?" whispered Fip, While the cobs on his plate lay in tiers:

"As to that," answered Q., (and he glanced at the heap,) "Twill depend on the length of the ears!"

If a shilling's worth of beef comes to nine-pence, what will a peck of apples come to? Answer—eight pie-pans and a stewing kettle.



A WATER PROSPECT.

"Oh you naughty, naughty boy, you've been and fell in the wash tub again. Some day you'll drown yourself in it, and if you do I'll break every bone in your body just as sure as you are born."



"Look here boys, I want to ask you a question. Why is that ere winder down there, like a Wall street banker?"

"Well, as I've no bizziness with any of them sellers in the Bankin' way, I give it up."

"Can't tell? What do you say, Skilly? Don't know? Well I'll tell you. Because they are so brittle that every time there is a *run* against them, they *break*."

(The joke was considered so bad, the funny man had to stand treat, and it served him right.)

HUNTING FOR HOUSES.

That must have been a jolly time, the *Golden Age* mentioned by the Poets, when everybody lived out of doors in the open air, as free as the birds and flowers. Whatever griefs might have come to them with time, they were sure then, to have escaped, one of the greatest of the present day—viz., they had never to hunt for houses!

Then they were content to live, and did live, in gardens and bowers, in sight of birds and flowers; and many other things equally fine and poetical, but not so easy to rhyme with. But now man is an in-door creature, a homely being, a perfect hot-house plant.

The Nineteenth Century is emphatically the age of Houses, and house-hunting. The world is as migrating as in the days of the old herdsmen and shepherds. Happy the man who owns a house of his own, and whose wife and daughter don't compell him to move to a larger house, in one of the genteel Avenues. If any man is blest, it is he! He fears not the coming of the May, nor the many quarter days thereafter. But for the rest of the world, the New Yorkers in particular.

"They are miserable men,"—(and women,)
They are hopeless every one."

The mere fact of moving isn't so much, though that is bad enough heaven knows, if it knows anything at all; but the looking in the newspapers morning after morning to see if some benevolent individual hasn't by mesmerism advertised just what you want; the not finding it there, nor anything like it; the tramping which necessarily ensues, up one street and down another, whether the sun shines, (but it never does when one is house hunting!) or it rains cats and dogs, through snow and sleet, and over your rubbers in mud and water; up slippery "stoops" to read illegible Bills, and find that the apartments won't suit; the disgust with which you regard the fool of a landlord who asks such an enormous rent for so little room; these and a thousand similar evils might melt the heart of a brickbat, but fail to move the inexorable wife or daughter, who must and will have another house.



HUNTING FOR HOUSES.

LORD NORBURY'S JESTS.



HERE is a few of Lord Norbury's jests, which are not in general currency, that may be worth mentioning here. Sir Phillip Crampton (father of the present British Minister at Washington) was a remarkably fine-looking man, tall in stature, erect in carriage, elegant in manner, and graceful in movement. In 1824, when George IV. visited

"The emerald set in the ring of the sea," Sir Phillip was Surgeon General of Ireland, which high position he retains. At the king's levee, he appeared in the rich military uniform of Surgeon General. The monarch was immediately struck with his appearance, and, turning round to Lord Norbury, who stood by his side, rubicund and burly, asked—"Who is this very handsome officer?" With the merry twinkle of his eyes which always accompanied Norbury's jokes, he answered—"May it please your majesty, he is general of the Lancers."

Lord Norbury was in Tipperary taking what he used to call his health ride. One of the country gentlemen, a Mr. Pepper, joined him, but this deponent saith not whether he

was mounted on "The White Horse of the Peppers." His steed, however, was handsome and spirited, and Norbury (who was an excellent judge of horse flesh) paid him some compliments on the animal. "Has plenty of life—eh?" Mr. Pepper answered—"So much that he threw me over his head the other day." "Named him yet?" Mr. Pepper said that he had not. "Why, then," said the joker, "considering who you are, and how he has served you, suppose you call him Pepper easter."

Going to a levee at Dublin Castle, with another of the judges, they slipped when ascending the stairs. "Oh, my lord," said Norbury, as he rubbed the broadest part of his person, which had been barked by the fall, "you and I have tried many cases in our time, but the hardest case of all is this staircase."

In 1816, when Prince Leopold, who was only a serene highness, (as only the son of a king can be addressed as royal,) was about marrying the Princess Charlotte of Wales, he was complimented by her father, then Prince Regent of England, with the title of "Royal Highness." This was spoken of before Lord Norbury, who remarked that "marriage was the true way of making a man lose his serenity."

A Quaker named Nott opened a large shop exactly opposite that of Kinahan, the well-known Dublin grocer, advertised his tea as cheaper and better than any in Ireland, and declared that he would not vend any sugar, as it yielded no profit. The novelty of the concern, and the excellence and low prices of Nott's tea and coffee, drew many customers to him, and diminished the sales of Kinahan, his *vis-a-vis* neighbor. Lord Norbury went to the Quaker's, bought fourteen pounds of tea, (on which the profit was large,) and crossed over to Kinahan's, where he asked for a supply of sugar, on which the profits are, or were, normal. While Kinahan was having the sugar weighed, Nott's porter entered the shop with the large parcel of tea for Lord Norbury.

"Leave it there on the counter," said my lord; then, turning to Kinahan, who was dismayed at seeing one of his oldest and best customers a purchaser at his rival's he said—"I suppose, Mr. Kinahan, that you sell a great deal of sugar—by *Nott's* selling tea."

Yellow Fever Story.

The following amusing incident is related by a correspondent.

A gentleman from the country, who had been in Port Gibson some time during the first week of the epidemic and was riding home at a pretty smart gait, was brought up by a man running out of his house and inquiring:

"Say, have they got the rare yellow fever in town?"

"Oh, yea. There's no doubt of that, I reckon," was the answer.

"And is it a fact, they've got the quarantine 'long with it? I'll swear, it's bad enough to have one disease, without havin' another to help it along!"

This filled the gentleman on the road "too full of utterance," and putting the switch to the horse, he was off to make the woods resound with his pent up laughter. Reaching his destination, he must tell it to a friend, a plain, honest hearted man, who, however, had neglected the "rudiments." The incident was too good to keep, and so he related it.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the honest John. "Why, dod darn the al-fired fool's soul to thunder, didn't he know that the quarantine was nothing but the black vomit?"

The last brick floored the newsbringer, and he "rolled."

QUICK WRIT.—One of the readiest replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish laborer. A gentleman travelling on horseback "down east," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he.—"A herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honor, wasn't I fenceing it into kape the poor bastes out iv it?"

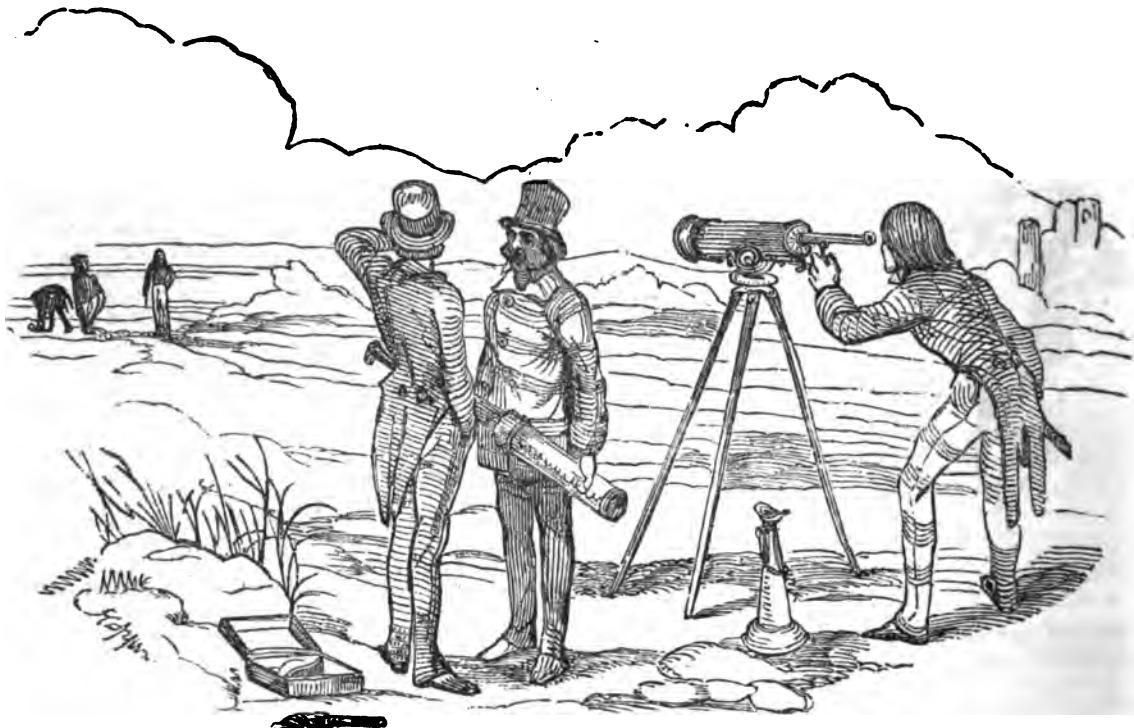
A reverend gentleman down South being invited by a young friend to take a private drink, agreed to dispose of lemonade. By some mistake he drank his young friend's whisky punch, and the young man informed him he had taken the wrong horn. The minister smiled affably and remarked. "Ah, the horn of the ungodly shall be put down."

An agricultural paper recommends a quart of brandy to cure the staggers. We have thought that brandy was the cause of staggers.

IMPORTANT IF NOT DESIRABLE.—Wedderburn asked Sheridan how he had got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to get rid of his Scotch accent. "My dear fellow," said Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing; the house listens to you now, because they don't understand you; if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure."



PRISONER IN DUNGEON HEAVILY CHAINED.—Sings "I would not be away, I ask not to stay."



"FOR DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

The affair of the late duel between Mr. Soulé, our Spanish Minister, and M. Turgot, has not yet died out, almost every European mail bringing over some further particulars. According to the latest and best authenticated account Mr. Turgot, threatened to answer Mr. Soulé at the pistol's mouth but lo, and behold, when the parties came to the ground, M. Turgot had rather altered his mind, and through his second, began to measure off one or two hundred paces! "Is that" quoth Soulé, "what you call answering me at the pistol's mouth?" The question was rather significant, and M. Turgot was like the little boy mentioned in Scripture, he hadn't a "word to say for himself."

This and other particulars of the duel, however, are by this time, well known to the public. The manner in which they came to be known, the source through which they "leaked out," is another matter. Some attributed it to the "our own correspondent" of the *London Times*, and some to the *feuilletoniste* of the *Paris Debats*, when the fact is, it was nobody but the War Correspondent of the *Notions*! The *Notions*, as the reader will know, is one of *the* papers in the world. Not so great perhaps as the *London Times*, nor so small as the *New York Tribune*, but midway between them, the one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Being a great paper, it must maintain its position by knowing everything and everybody. It knows a great many things that never happen, and a good many bodies that are nobodies at all. Among its *attaches*, independent of its Five Editors, (one of whom is Mr. Scissors, so well known in connection with various country Journals, in which he generally takes the selecting department,) its twenty regular Artists, and its five regular Bill Stickers, is a War Correspondent, now in Turkey: (when we saw him last, (it was on Christmas day,) the turkey was in him!) a Peace Correspondent, now in Pennsylvania, (viz., at Erie, where he is endeavoring to save the pieces,) and three Foreign Artists, Tony Johannot, Raphael Morghon, and Mr. Edmund Landseer. From the first mentioned, the designer of the sketch above, and our French Correspondent, the facts of the Soulé duel were derived, and may be relied upon, especially the sketch as being the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Our Chawles" presents his compliments to Cap'n Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner, and begs information from that great naval authority on the subjoined queries:

- 1st. How many ells in a ship's yard?
- 2d. Are the ship's mate and "companion" on friendly terms? Are they the same kind of companions that we see advertised for by "elderly ladies" in the newspapers?
- 3d. Can a vessel with a "cat-head" catch mice?
- 4th. Was the nautical lyrist who asked for "a wet sheet and flowing sea," a believer in hydropathy?
- 5th. How soon would a young duck come out of a hen's egg if put under the ship's "hatch?"
- 6th. As the ship's cook works in the "galley" he is a galley slave; how then is he always reckoned a great man?
- 7th. Why should one boat be called "jolly?" Are any of the others boats sad?
- 8th. As every ship has a "cut-water," have they anything to cut biscuit?

PERFUMERY.—An article that indolent young ladies make use of to supply the place of clean water and yellow soap.

The first Bloomer, Punch thinks, was Joan of Arc, who wore a short tunic with tights, and was otherwise clad in mail attire.

When people don't see icy sidewalks, they are apt to see the stars. If you want to look up, just tumble down and introduce your upper story to a couple of hard bricks.

A nosegay is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies a day for a couple of months, will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

The surest way to prevail on a young couple to marry is to oppose them. Tell them you "would rather see them in their graves," and twelve months afterwards their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"—Shakspeare.

"YOU MUST HAVE IT."

A friend of ours, now resident at the West, vouches for the truth of the following anecdote:

A hotel-keeper in one of our large Western cities, being in want of a waiter, engaged a gentleman lately arrived from the "ould country," in that responsible capacity.

On the morning of the day on which Pat was to make his debut, the landlord called him aside and give him a few necessary instructions.

" You must recollect," said he, " that at dinner we always serve soup first. That's the rule of the house. You understand, do you? "

" Shure, sir, I'll recollect it. Just be aisy on that score. As sure as my name's Pat O'Flannigan, it shall be done."

Supposing that the new waiter was sufficiently indoctrinated, his master left him.

At dinner, Pat followed his instructions faithfully till he came to a gentleman who pushed aside the professed plate of soup, and said :

" I won't take any soup."

" But you must take it," said Pat, in a determined tone, attempting to place it before him.

" Must have it!" said the gentleman, in astonishment, " what do you mean? "

" That's jist what I mane, sir. It's my orders that you should have soup, and soup you must have."

" But I don't eat soup at all. You may bring me some roast beef."

" So I will, sir, when you've eaten the soup, but not a minute before. *You must have it. It's the rule of the house!*"

The gentleman, who began to see into the joke, requested Pat to call the landlord, which he did with the air of a man who had done his duty.

It is needless to say that Pat was informed that the "rules of the house" did not require the guests to eat what they were averse to.

THE MANNER OF DOING IT.—" How comes it," asked Fubbs of a "cheap" city grocer's clerk, who had, unsolicited, honored him with his confidence, " that you can sell a certain brand of flour for fifty cents a barrel less than your neighbors? "

" Why, don't you know how it is done? "

" No! "

" Well, (smiling sagaciously, and turning a barrel bottom upwards) here is the secret—between you and I. Take out this head carefully, remove a couple of scoops full, head her up, turn her over, and shake down well; and the barrel is just as full as ever, provided it is not weighed; but mumm's the word, you know."

Very nice—conscientious—moral—God fearing sort of business, is the cheap store system, eh, reader? Prime school for young men!

The passengers on a western steamboat on a trip from Keokuk to St. Louis, were recently kept a whole day without food. The usual American remedy, an indignation meeting, was called in the cabin, but it was speedily dissolved by the hands of the boat dragging the chairman from his place, and tearing up the resolutions.

It is as much as a fellow's life is worth, if he hasn't got white kid gloves on, to sit beside one of the *ton* at a concert. The ladies get quite disgusted, and the young "ladies' men" look "daggers," as much as to say—"Meet me to-morrow morning, in the neighboring State of New Jersey, with coffins and pistols for two!"

A fellow without legs has been accused of making a "stump speech."



A PROMISING APPLICANT.

HIBERNIAN CELESTIAL.—Mister Storekaper, would ye be aither 'mployin a pore craythur ev a Chaney man, as is fur away from home an countrhy?—Ah do now, the Heavens be ye'r bed for it! An' sure its meself as can weigh the Tay an' Sugar out illigantly, being used to that same in Chaney! An' I understand the language illigant, an' can't I bother the customers wid it av it's necessary? Ah do now, rest yer' soul, ye darlin'!"



IMPRESSIONS AT FIRST SIGHT.—This subject being brought up at the supper table, was getting talked over, when the lady who presided over the cups and tea, said "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight; and that idea she found was generally a correct one."

"Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present."

"Well, my dear," said the fond mother; "what do you want?"

"I want to know," said Young America, "what you thought when you first saw me?"

There was no answer to this query; but we learn a general titter prevailed, and that Charlie was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant.

Yankee "Enough for Him."

Soon after the treaty of peace between England and America, the captain of an American vessel in London fell in company with some sharpers, who urged him very much to join them in drinking a bottle or two of porter. He, however, not aware of their policy, consented to go to a public house, when, after they had drank freely, dropped off one by one, until the Yankee was left quite alone.

The innkeeper coming in, says to him:

"What! are you left alone!"

"Yes," replied the other.

The innkeeper observed to him that he was not much acquainted with their "English blades."

"I am not," replied the American.

"Well," said the man of the tavern, "the reckoning falls on you!"

"Does it?" replied the other, affecting surprise, and clapping his hand into his pocket as if to pay, but pausing said:

"Well, if this be the case, give me another bottle before I go."

The innkeeper stepped out to get it. In the mean time the American wrote on the table—

"I leave you American handles for your English blades," and walked off in his turn.

Turkish Report.

After the Turkish admiral had surrendered at Navarino, a British lieutenant was ordered to conduct the admiral's secretary on shore. Seeing a mast with about twenty wounded and exhausted Turkish soldiers clinging to it, attempting to save themselves, the lieutenant said he must rescue these poor fellows. "Never mind them," said the secretary, "they are only common soldiers." "It would be a disgrace to the service if I did not save them," cried the lieutenant, and, rowing to them, he stowed away the poor creatures in the bottom of the boat. The secretary burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "What is there to laugh at?" says the lieutenant, "*Laugh?*" exclaimed the Turkish secretary; "Yesterday you English came into the bay whilst we were quietly at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, killed and mangled all our men, till our fleet is all one vast slaughter-house, and this morning you pretend to be so humane that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them."



"Meet me by Moonlight Alone."

Irish Wit.

"Please your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tom, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident," remarked Captain Charles Halloran.

"By accident," continued the postillion, "I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my aim, all on his own accord."

"The game keeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Och, don't put faith in what that fellow says," says Tim Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth anyhow. He told me the other day, yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!"

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Killakipery, "indeed, and what did you say?"

"Please yer lordship, I said yer lordship was."

Master Charles.—"More pudding, please pa!"

Pa.—"More pudding! Why, I ought to be made of pudding!"

Master Charles.—"Oh, crackey! don't I just wish you were!"

A writer of "leaders" for the Philadelphia Ledger raises one perfectly stunning and annihilating objection to a Pacific railroad, and it is this—"that at the first sound of a steam whistle the frightened buffaloes, running in masses of thousands, would tread the track into the earth, as a man's boot heel would crush a flower."

Fact!

The same writer once saw a shad run up a telegraph pole and balance itself on its own tail five years, by a stop watch.

N. B.—The shad's there yet; so are the buffaloes.

HOW TO SEE THE TEETH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.—Praise her rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, she will soon show her teeth.

A fellow who chopped off his hand while cutting wood the other day, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

A sick man was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of catnip tea. "Then I must die," said he, "I dem' hold but a pint."



Y. Z.—A California correspondent tells the story of a showman who delighted an "appreciating public" with a view of the Mammoth Cave:—It was his custom, as each scene was exhibited, to explain it. When the great cave came to view, he stepped forward and said—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a great phenomena—indeed the greatest of the world. The learned of all nations have visited it; but while none could agree as to the cause which had produced it, they all came to this grand conclusion, that it was one of the most tremendous holes in the ground they had ever seen."

Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock, a friend of ours, an artist, took a "draft from nature." He became so sickened, that nothing sits well on his stomach since, not even his vest.

The artist who is painting a landscape on a political canvass, intends to have it framed with wood from some of the logs rolled by the politicians.

If anything will make a young person swear, it is to send a one horse sonnet to a paper, and have it knocked into nonsense. We once introduced a "prize essay," with the following quotation:

"—It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round Nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

We sent the production to "the Bugle of Freedom," and the next day had the pleasure of reading the following:

"—It is the gift of poetry to hollow every place in which it moves; to braid around nature an odour more exquisite than perfumery to shed, over it a taint mere magical than the blush of morning."

It is not necessary for us to say that if we ever run against the youth who set that up—the collision will be attended with one or more caved heads.

Appeal to a Jury.

Gentlemen of the Jury: I quote from Shakespeare when I say to you, "To be or not to be *licked*—that's the question." My client is a national stump machine—he flings his wrath in pailfulls; and it is dangerous to run a snag against his interest. Let me be made fodder for a fool, and chowder for a powder mill, if he is guilty, notwithstanding the criminal absurdities alleged against him. Do you believe that my client is so destitute of the common principle of humanity—so full of the fog of human nature—so wrapped up in the moral insensibility of his being, as deliberately to pick up a *tater* and throw it at the usual protuberance of the prosecutor? No; not while you can discern a star in the northern sky—while the waters of the Ohio roll, and the race of Buffaloes nestle on the Rocky mountains, this immutable principle will remain—that my client is a *gentleman, tater or no tater!*

A respectable looking old gentleman who said he hailed from the west, and who was palpably "cupped in the head," called at the Franklin a few nights since, and requested one of the clerks to take charge of his money. "The fact is," says he, "I met a number of old friends soon after I landed here—that is they all remember me—though I don't them—and we have got on a bit of a spree, and I don't know but I might lose my money." The clerk took his wallet and reckoned up the contents, which amounted to nearly \$500, put it away, and the old fellow went back to his friends. The next morning he returned and claimed his pile, saying that he had a glorious time without spending a cent. The old chap is up to pulverized narcotic.

French Grandiloquence.

A Gascon was talking in a very bombastic style of himself, and levelling the pretensions of every other person with the utmost contempt, when a listener said—"Pray, sir, what may your business be?"

"O," replied the Gascon, "I am but a cork cutter, but then it is in a very large way."

"Indeed!" replied the other, "then I presume you are a cutter of bungs!"

Or Course.—The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

A surgeon writes from the gold fields of Australia that he has now quite discarded the lancet, and opens the veins with a pickaxe.

Why can a person cook eggs sooner in England than in America?

Because in England all that he has to do is to steal them, and they immediately become poached eggs.

A SECRET DIVULGED.—All men are happier for being hem-pecked, providing their wives are clever enough to keep the secret.

MACAULAY ON MUTTON.—Mr. Macaulay once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

A COMPROMISE.—A lady was recently waited on by a poor woman, who lived in the neighborhood, and who solicited charity, urging that she had named her children after the lady. "I had understood that the little one was a boy," said the lady. "So it is," said the other. "Certainly, then, you could not have given it my name." "I know it," said the other, "but your name is Augusta, and I named my boy Augustus, which is so near it that I thought you would give me a new frock for him; and I will do without the hat on account of the difference in the last syllable."



A MODERN PICT.



"HARD SHELL."

How to GET A FEATHER BED.—The following extract is from Lover's "Handy Andy."

"In carrying off the small thing of a feather bed, Jake Cake, the bold burglar, showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backward."

"Backward!" exclaimed Harry Logan.
"What's that for?"

"You'll see, by and by," said Croggins.

"He descended backwards, when suddenly he heard the door opened, and a female voice exclaimed:

"Where are you going with that bed?"

"I am going up stairs with it, marm?" said Jake, whose backward position favored the lie, and he began to walk up again.

"Come down, I tell you," said the lady, "we want no bed here, man."

"Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself," said Jake.

"Come down, I tell you," said the lady in a rage, "there's no Mr. Sullivan here."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Jake, then turning around and marching off with the bed, fair and easy.

Well, there was a regular shillo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes wouldn't hold the lady for the rage she was in."

A Western Hand.

A correspondent tells a good story, although at somewhat too great length, (a common fault) of a Western steamboat captain who hired, "off-hand," a shiftless fellow, at one of the ports on the river, to go as a hand on board one of his boats to New Orleans, "forty dollars and found," giving him in advance five dollars, to supply an urgent present necessity. The new hand was to be on board in the morning, before "the first chickens crowed," but never made his appearance.

Long after, the captain discovered him at a wooding-station, jumped ashore, collared the dishonest hand, and asked him the reason why he had not kept his engagement.

"What were the terms?" asked the fellow, with the utmost coolness and indifference.

"Forty dollars a month, and found," replied the captain, "you know the terms well enough."

"Very well," replied the recusant, "did you find me?"

That was a poser. The captain hadn't found him until now, although he had looked for him at every port and stopping place on all the rivers he had traversed.

A gentleman the other day, visiting a school, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring, the querist asked—

"What is inheritance?"

Answer—"Patrimony."

"What is patrimony?"

Answer—"Something left by a father."

"What would you call it left by a mother?"

Answer—"Matrimony."

She was too much for him.

Mr. Bungle, Attorney, became rather elated at the result of the election, and helped to drink the two bottles of wine he won upon his favorite candidate, and by the time he got home, he felt the effects thereof. He, however, was determined that his good spouse should be none the wiser for it, so he went to bed and gave her the cold shoulder, that she might not smell his breath—but judge of his surprise when he heard her silvery voice break upon the stillness of the night with this remark:

"Oh, Joe, you needn't think to hide it by turning your back, *for you are drunk all through.*"

Bungle smiled.



"SOFT SHELL."

A friend of mine, says a correspondent, has sent me a most amusing "law-p'nt," which although it is already travel-worn, I think too good to sleep in manuscript:-

"Mark S.—was a very fair specimen of that class of pettifoggers who thrive in some of the bytowns. He had, in his early youth, (shrewd people suspected,) possessed a conscience; but, coming to years of discretion, he had dispensed with the superfluity, and now stood untrammeled. Mark used to try small causes in Justices' Courts, and looked upon himself as a model of jurisprudence. His principal *forte*, and that on which he prided himself most, lay in the examination of witnesses. Mark boasted that he could "worm the truth out of a stone;" and perhaps he could: he had wormed the truth completely out of himself, and *he* approximated somewhat to a stone. In consequence of some rather "sharp practice" in a suit in which he officiated both as counsel and witness, Mark had reason to suspect that the District Attorney was preparing, in a merry way, an indictment against him for perjury; and being disposed to humor the joke, he carried it out still farther—and himself with it; disappearing from his accustomed haunts; and, until the affair had been blown over, sojourning—"on a little law-business," as he afterwards said, when thereto closely interrogated—on Snipe Hill a kind of Whitefriars, or city refuge for small criminals; being the same place of which somebody said the inhabitants had broken every law, Sabbath, and sheriff's head, for the last ten years. And Mark made a good Snipe Hillian, for he wasn't the man to resist public opinion—"not by no means."

Well, after his return, he was one day trying a cause before a Justice, in his usual happy way, in which he had exerted himself, if possible, more than usual to render the position of the witness unhappy. At last a boy was called as a witness by the opposition, to whom Mark objected on the ground of his simplicity; that he was "*non compost*," as Mark sagely remarked; and he insisted on the *voir dire*. The boy was accordingly sworn on the preliminary examination, and Mark, assuming his sternest face, and looking at the boy as though he would eyehim into a fit:

"Boy," said he, "who made you?"

"The Lord, I thpothe," lisped the boy; "who made you?"

"Never mind who made me," said Mark; "folks say you are a fool: how is it?"

"Do they?" answered the witness; "that'h no thign. Thome folk'h thay't you won't cheat. Folkth will lie, you theeh."

"Boy, no impertinence!" said Mark, glowering fiercely, as the Justice checked the subdued snicker that ran around the room. "Suppose you were to commit perjury; do you know what that means?"

"Yeth, thir: thwearin to a lie; juth what you did lathe winter, ain't it?"

"The witness is clearly incompetent—a rank fool!" appealed Mark to the Court; but the Court "couldn't see it so," and Mark proceeded:

"Well, suppose you were to commit perjury, and swear falsely, where would you go to?"

"To Thnipe Hill, I thpothe," drawled the boy, "where you went latht winter!"

The Court smiled a grim smile, and the boy was admitted to testify. Mark didn't gain that suit, as appears from the Justice's docket."

By-the-by, "speaking of lawyers," the acute reasoning of an impudent lawyer was well repulsed in another "ilk" quite recently. A prosecution under the "Maine Law" was on trial. The State's Attorney, who thought he was a "cute chap," was trying to make out his case through circumstantial evidence, by showing that the defendant had the means of crime in his house. He called an undoubted "customer" to the stand, a man who would know a ruin-jug "at sight," and with him held the following colloquy:

Lawyer—Mr. Sargent, were you ever in Benjamin Kimball's bar-room?

Witness—Yes, s-i-r-r!

Lawyer—Did you see any liquor there?

Witness—No, s-i-r-r!

Lawyer—Did you see any thing containing liquors there?

Witness—Not as I knows of.

Lawyer—Did you see any decanters or tumblers there?

Witness—No, sir.



"How old was you, mother, when you got your first lover?"

"Twenty, dear."

"Twenty, and only one lover! I'll have fifty before I'm sixteen, see if I don't."

Lawyer—Did you see any barrels or kegs there?

Witness—Yea, I see some *kags* there.

Lawyer—Ah, yes, (exultingly,) you *did*, then, see some kegs? Now, sir, tell the jury what there *was* in those kegs.

Witness—I do' no; I didn't look in."

Lawyer—Yea, sir, but were there no marks upon the outside?—tickets, or labels, or printing, or writing, of some kind?

Witness—Yes, well there was; I remember it neow; I veow I should have forgot it if you hadn't put me in mind!

Lawyer—Oh, yes, you *do* remember; just state, then, sir, before you forget, what there was printed or written.

Witness—It was different on all of 'em; none of 'em had it alike.

Lawyer—Well, sir, tell us what it said on the *first* one you saw.

Witness—Well, I mostly forgot neow, but I believe it said *Gin* on the fust 'un.

Lawyer—*Gin!* Then, sir, I guess we can find out what there was in those kegs, if you *didn't* look in. Now, sir, tell us what it said on the *next* one?

Witness—Well, on the next one it said, "*BEN KIMBALL*," but *I didn't suppose that Ben Kimball was inside the bag!*

"Abcdnego Babcock, Esq.," of whom "Ollapod" wrote years ago, would have been awakened from his stupor, and startled from his gravity, by the roar which was heard in court after this answer.

A "brilliant" young Miss, discoursing on poetry the other day, burst into the following high-flown strain:—

Poetry, sir, in my opinion, is harmony; it is the voice of the angels, the music of the spheres, the royal harp of love, the parent of purity, the benign instrument of charity. Poetry breathes sweetly in the passing zephyr, and sings lullabies in the majestic symphonies of Boreas; the sea echoes its music, and the waves, as they roll onward without cessation, in the chromatic scales, express its very soul. Poetry to me is the—the—the—Jane, my dear, where did you purchase that new bonnet?"

A dandy addressed his neighbor at table, with: "I'll take some of the sauce, sir." "Very well, I've no objection," was the reply.



"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious General to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"

"Do!" replied Pat, "may it please yer honor, I walked up bouldly to wun of the inimy and cut off his fut."

"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the General.

"Ah, am' faith, that was off already," says Pat.

The fellow who was whipped by a threshing machine, has commenced an action for assault and battery.

"Georgiania! Georgiania! where's the butter paddle?"—"Tim's got it in the woodshed spanking Roxy Anne." To what base uses do butter paddles come at last.

Shanghai Items.

Nothing about the revolution, but only an illustration or two of the charming tones which evolve from the throats of that graceful race of chickens, known as Shanghai's.

Illustration No. 1.—An individual of the more sensitive sex was staying at the house of a friend in the country. At midnight she came rushing down to the lower apartments, to intercede for what she supposed to be a delinquent darkie, wailing under the lash of the enraged overseer. Imagine the revulsion in her "pheelinx" when informed that the fuss proceeded from the Shanghai chicken coop.

Illustration No. 2.—A lady of education and refinement was spending a night recently with a friend who lives on the lunatic asylum side of Columbia. The family were sitting late in the parlor, around a dull grate fire. Conversation had flagged, and the party formed a regular Quaker meeting.

Suddenly the silence was interrupted from without by an unearthly scream, and another, and another, and then several together, until the uproar became general. The visitor could stand it no longer. Clasping her hands, with upturned eyes of deepest sympathy, she exclaimed:

"Ah! the poor inmates of that melancholy asylum! How the heart

sickens to hear those terrible screams of anguish, and—"

"Why, my dear madam, excuse me for interrupting you," put in the astute master of the house, "but that's only the crowing of my favorite Shanghai."

Pewter Reasoning.

At a young men's debating society, somewhere down in Indiana, the discussion was. "Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney." After the disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator arose and begged the privilege of "making a few remarks on the occasion." Permission being granted, he delivered himself in this way:

"Mr. President, I've been almost mad a listening to the debates of these 'ere youngsters. They don't know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evils of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years, and been hammered and jammed, and slammed, all the while, and wait till they have been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they came too soon for dinner, because they were a minute to late, because they tore their trowsers, because they invited women to call again, because they got sick, or because they did anything else, no matter whether they couldn't help it or not, or because they didn't do something else, no matter whether they could or not, before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of stones and hammers on twenty tin pans and nine brass kitties, than the din, din of a scolding wife. Yes Sir-ee, I would; to my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife, than a little nigger to a dark night."

The politician who got out of breath running for an office, has purchased a pair of bellows, and proposes to run again.

The man who "threw up" a bargain, came near having his hat crushed when it came down.



Florida Diet, or Life among the "Crackers."

GENTLEMANLY LANDLORD OF HOTEL, TO STRANGER.—Now Sir, what will you take? There's roast shark, broiled shark, pickled shark, boiled shark with oyster sauce, shark's fins fricassee, potted shark, shark soup, shark's head, fried shark's tail, shark's giblets, squab shark's liver and shark pie.



tradesman was waited upon in his shop by a superbly-attired female, whom he politely addressed, and desired to know what commands she wished to honor him with. The lady, after lifting the veil, which hid a not unhandsome face, intimated in a style corresponding with her dress, that hearing there was a vacancy in the gentleman's service, she desired to be engaged by him as housemaid.

The gentleman stated that his "better half" was at their residence in the suburbs. The following dialogue ensued:—Servant-girl (in the querulous and disaffected tone): "Then you reside in the country—that would be so inconvenient."

Gentleman.—"But, then, we could remove to town."

Servant-girl.—"And the washings, I am given to understand, are done at home, which I don't much like."

Gentleman.—"But, then, we could give them out."

Servant-girl.—"And are there any children?"

Gentleman.—"Twelve."

Servant-girl.—(In great excitement, and half inclined to faint): "Twelve children!"

Gentleman.—"But, then, to oblige you, we could drown a few of them."

The lady-servant turned upon her heel, and swept away from the premises with the air of Cleopatra.

The Loving Couple—A Funny French Police Case.

The wife of a small eating-house keeper appeared before the Tribunal of Correctional Police at Paris, lately, to complain of her husband for assaulting her. The moment he was placed at the bar, the accused cried:

"That woman, Mr. President, takes all she can get out of me to cram a son—a son of whom I am not the father? She will bring me to a crust and a straw bed before she has done with me!"

"Let us hear the complaint," said the President.

A buxom woman stepped forward, and said,

"That fellow, sir, whom I blush to call my husband, has treated me in a most abominable way! He has given me kicks in a part of the person which no woman who respects herself likes to receive! Finally, he gave me the other day such a blow on the arm that it was in a state of appoplexy all day!"

"In a state of what?" said the President.

"Of appoplexy! It was as stiff as an iron bar!"

"You mean to say catalepsy?"

"I have always heard say appoplexy—to die of appoplexy! However, sir, on the day of the great scene he came to me with his big kitchen knife, and said, 'I must skin you!' Yes, sir, the monster actually wanted to skin me like a rabbit!"

"Well, accused, you hear the charge. What have you got to say?" said the President.

"Sir," answered the culprit with great emotion, "My wife, my wife, I love her! I will even say, I idolize her! But she has a son! Let his father support him! It is only geese of husbands who support their wife's sons—and I am not a goose. No, I cannot swallow the son. But with that exception, I love her. Oh, yes, I love her dearly, devotedly."

Here the sentimental culprit burst into tears.

"And don't I love you too, my dear?" cried the wife suddenly sympathising, and weeping too.

"No, you do not love me."

"Oh, heavens, hear him! And after that let any woman waste herself away in loving a dog of a man."

"If you love me, would you——,"

"Come, let us have no conversation," said the President. "Did you strike your wife, yes or no?"

"Sir, listen to me, and you will see whether I love my wife or not."

"That is not the question—did you strike her?"

You shall see I love. "Well, we had a female servant, and my wife accused me of being too intimate with her. It wasn't true, sir, but I kicked the servant out of the doors to prove to my wife how much I loved her. But would you believe it, sir? She actually brought the girl back again. That put me, I admit, into a passion—and I administered to her a kick, a simple kick, and then a blow, only one blow!"

Here the tender-hearted man burst into a new flood of tears.

"Yes," cried the wife, weeping more abundantly, "It was only a single blow! He didn't mean to hurt me."

"In truth," said the President, "there is no making out what you would have. If we were to believe the deposition you gave on making your complaint, your husband wanted to murder you—and now you defend him. But the first complaint was confirmed by witness, and by that we shall abide. We condemn your husband to two months' imprisonment."

"Oh, merciful heaven!" shrieked the wife, "Two months without seeing him!"

"Two months!" cried the culprit in despair; "Oh, God!—two months from her!"

"Take away the prisoner, and remove the woman," said the President.

"Phrasie!—dearest Phrasie!—you will come and see me in prison, will you not?" cried the husband the very picture of despair.

"Yes—oh yes, my beloved!" exclaimed the weeping wife; "and I will bring you some of the macaroni which you like so well."

At a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at a table if his cup was out.

"No," said he, "but my coffee is."

The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin.

While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked:

"Does the stage dine here?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the girl, in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."



ACCOMMODATING TAILOR.—"My dear sir! Cleaks are all the rage—th
If you but knew how you looked in cleaks!"



"Mr. Jenkins you appear to live here comfortably, in fact you never feel the cold days!"

"Well, I should think the house ought to be warm, for the painter has just given it two new coats!"

BALL ROOM SKETCHES.

She wore a satin slipper,
A pair of silvery shoon,
And seemed the daintiest tripper
In all the gay saloon—
Her gown of pink was covered
With richest Limerick lace,
And sweet good humor hovered
Around her dimpling face.

Her hair was brown, or golden,—
It changed as fell the light—
Her boddice scarce could hold in
Her bosom's heaving white;
Her eyes were gay and merry
As a fountain in the shade,
And her voice was sweet and cheery
As the thought that it conveyed.

She bent as may the lily
When the morning-breezes glide
Adown the upland hilly,
To the river's rippling side ;
She waltzed, and as outfloating
Her robes and ringlets streamed,
I could not keep from noting
How fairy like she seemed.

But when with heightened color
She ceased the whirling dance,
A strange and panting pallor
Came o'er her countenance—
I asked her—"Oh, forgive me,—
Can I serve you?—nay, I will—
My fears do not deceive me,
You are—you must be ill?"

Then she, with timid glances,
From lips as sweet as thyme
Replied—"These eastern dances
Ill suit our western clime ;
Could you—it might relieve me"—
(I rose upon the hint)—
"A glass of water give me,
With a little—SHANKS IT?"

GOOD.

We heard, lately, a little story of one of our Lawyers. He was engaged in an important case and was cross-questioning a witness, whose character was impeachable, and whose testimony was rather bothersome. In vain did he criss-cross—the witness was firm. At last he exclaimed—

"Well Mr.—isn't there something else? Haven't you forgot something?"

The witness paused a moment as if deeply reflecting, and answered,

"Well really, Mr.—*I can't recollect anything I have forgotten.*"

A man in the State Prison recently sent for a box of Russia Salve. He said that he had heard it was good for a "breaking out."

Fashionable Devotion.

[Two fast friends meet outside a church door on Sunday.]

Zeke—Why, Hawk, you ain't turned serious and taken to church going, have you?

Hawk—Well, you see the stores are closed on Sunday, and so I comes to church to see the fashions. No harm in it, I hope?

UNTIMELY DEATH.—A good old country dame who has entered her 100th year, having a few days ago lost her daughter, who was not much more than 80, exclaimed while her eyes were filled with tears, "Alas, I always said I should never raise that poor child!"

Somebody advertises to "set up" with the sick for \$1.50 per night; delirium tremens double price.

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

A smoker is never so put to his "stumps," as when he is out of cigars.

A LIVING SUPERIORITY.—Punch says a woman has this great advantage over man—she proves her will in her lifetime, whilst man is obliged to wait till he is dead!



"Captain," said a ragged country urchin to a city dandy with an immense shirt collar, "Captain, are you going to haul manure to day?" "No, you ragged rascal, what makes you ask that question?" "Why, kase you've got such a thunder in' big pair of side boards up."



SUING FOR A TRADE; OR, HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.

(Scene, Engine Room—One of the b'hoys cleaning the machine; enter another b'hoym whose toes are bound up in rags, and protrude through a cavity in an old boot which partially covers his foot.)

1st B'HOY.—“Hallo, Syksey, what's up? Got a smashed foot?”

2d B'HOY.—“Oh, no, Jim; you see Boss, wanted me to work to-day, but I wanted to see ther machine turn out in ther parade, so I tied up my toes, put on dad's old boot, and a long face, and limped up ter ther shop. ‘What's happened?’ says ‘Boss.’ I told him I wer cuttin’ wood for the old woman—the axe slipped and cut my toes nearly off; told him I'd show him the gashes; but you know, Jim, what a tender-hearted feller ‘Boss’ is; said he didn't want ter see it; I'd better go home, and I groan’d and limp’d good, I tell yer; and here I am, bound to see der machine turn out, or die!”

1st B'HOY.—“Well, Syksey, you had better luck than I. Last parade, I swallowed chunk er ter bacco; told ‘Boss’ I was sick; wanted a ‘dollar’ ter get medicine. He give me a dollar, sent me home in er hack, and at night found me down to ther tavern, drunk as thunder.”

2d B'HOY.—“It's all in tact, Jim, yer see. It runs in our family to be *smart*. You know brother Joe; oh, he was a dreadful sickly feller, especially if a target-shootin’ or parade was to come off. I'll tell yer what he done. You know he was bound prentice to a shoemaker. Well, he was sick almost every other day, till he was twenty-one, and then when his time was up, sued his “Boss” for a trade!—Yes you may *laugh*, but he got *damages*, too!”

The Cent and the Eagle.

Simon Holdfast was not a liberal minded man. There was no danger of his ruining himself by his extensive charities. Still, whenever there was a collection taken up at church or a public meeting, he always took care to give something.

“It looked well, to give something,” he said, “and there was no need of letting the public know how much you gave. He hated ostentation for his part.”

He always put a cent in his vest pocket on such an occasion. People might think from the rattling that it was gold, or at least silver.

Mr. Holdfast was about to attend an evening meeting for a charitable purpose. He accordingly deposited in his vest pocket, as he supposed, the usual liberal sum.

This he deposited in the box with an air of conscious liberality lighting up his face.

When he reached home, he had occasion to open his pocket book, when to his consternation he discerned a cent laid carefully away in a recess. *The eagle was nowhere to be found!*

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Simon, “I've gone and given away ten dollars to that cursed charity—an amount, which, properly laid out, would have served for a thousand occasions of the same kind!”

Simon sat down quite overcome, but it couldn't be helped. As an offset to this extravagance, he has decided to reduce the wages of his servant girl till the amount is made up.

“TOTAL LOSS.”—A Yankee has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

The man who “held out an inducement,” has had a sore arm ever since.

Some more Things we don't Understand.
We don't understand why a magistrate always addresses a female as “My good woman.”

We don't understand why the baker always laughs with the housemaid when he leaves the bread.

We don't understand why, when a vocalist is encored in a song, he's sure to sing something else.

We don't understand why a woman always looks pretty in a gig.

We don't understand “how to live like a gentleman on a hundred a year.”

We don't understand why pancakes are only made on a Shrove Tuesday.

We don't understand why we never won anything in a raffle.

We don't understand why a man invariably insists that he's “all right” when when he's all wrong.

We don't understand what shabby gloves have to do with going to church.



An Exile of H-ear-ing taking to Reading.



LADY IN HARDWARE STORE.—Have you any of the Carmineative Balsam?"

TALENTED CLERK.—No ma'am, but we've got the Boarfunkum Jelloquin.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"So our neighbor, Mr. Guzzle, has been arranged at the bar for drunkardice," said Mrs. Partington; and she sighed as she thought of his wife and children at home, with the cold weather close at hand, and the searching winds intruding through the chinks in the windows, and waving the tattered curtain like a banner, where the little ones stood shivering by the faint embers. "God forgive him and pity them!" she said, with a tone of voice tremulous with emotion.

"But he was bailed out," said Ike, who had devoured the residue of the paragraph, and laid the paper in a pan of liquid custard that the dame was preparing for Thanksgiving, and set swinging the oven door to and fro, as if to fan the fire that crackled and blazed within. "Bailed out, was he?" said she; "well, I should think it would have been cheaper to have pumped him out; for, when our cellar was filled, after the city fathers had degraded the street, we had to have it pumped out, though there wasn't half so much in it as he has swilled down." She paused, and reached upon the high shelves in the closet for her pie plates, when Ike busied himself by tasting the various preparations.

The dame thought that was the smallest quart of sweet cider she had ever seen.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.—"Jack," said a coal merchant, "what kind of morning is it?"

"Very cold, sir!"

"Did it freeze?"

"Yes sir; hard!"

"Raise the coals four shillings a ton. God help the poor."

There is a good deal of primitive preaching to be heard in the country still. A lady who had just returned from a visit to New Hampshire informs us that she heard a sentence from the pulpit in a village of that State, something like this:—"Yea, my brethren, times have changed; our fathers were contented with plain fare; but folks now-a-days must have *ræsberry sarse*, or they think it's mean livin'!"

We never much admire the church warden's wife who went to church for the first time in her life when her husband was church warden, and being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered; and she said with a sweet condescending smile, "Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen: I think no more of myself than I did before."

The Bill of Fare.

A party of our friends stopped one day, a year or two ago, at "Barkis' Hotel," somewhere "out west" and asked him to get them some dinner. "Barkis was willing," and spread before them the following bill of fare; various, "that the tastes of desultory man, studious of change, and pleased with novelty, might be indulged."

BARKIS' HOTEL—BILL OF FARE.

Tuesday, May 15, 1851.

ROASTED.

Pig,	Pork,	Ham,	Hog.
	BOILED.		
Ham,	Eggs,	Ham and Eggs,	Hams.
Beans,	Pork and Beans,	Bread,	Biscuit.

COLD DISHES.

Boiled—Ham,	Roast—Swine,
" Pork,	" Pig,
" Pig,	" Pork,
" Swine.	" Ham.
Cooked—Animals,	Baked—Pig,
" Injun,	" Ham,
" Pies,	" Pork,
" Cake,	" Swine,
" Biscuit,	" Hog,
" Beans.	" Beans,

PASTRY, ETC.

Pie—Mince,	Cake—Fruit,
" Berry,	" Sponge,
" Apple,	" Cymbala.

Apples and Cheese.

LIQUORS.

Jamaica Rum,
Monongahela,
McGuckin Gin,

Pale Brandy,
Dark do.
Whiskey Bill.

One of our friends tells us that he ate so heartily of some of the earlier dishes, that he had little appetite for the cold "courses!"

THE STATESMAN.—It will be seen from the card of the publishers, that this paper has been abandoned for want of support. Well, it is not the first statesman that has met with such a fate. Indeed the name was a very unfortunate one in our humble opinion, as it has begun to be regarded as necessarily associated.



FAST IRISHWOMAN.—Good morning, Granny Cranewood, and how are ye the morning?

SECOND DITTO.—The devil a hap worth is on me bones, but is as weak as water gruel.

MRS. JONES "AROUND."

A correspondent contains the following spirited advertisement, which does its authoress infinite credit:

To THE PUBLIC: Whereas my husband, Edward H. Jones, has falsely advertised that I have left his bed and board, and that he will pay no debts of my contracting, &c., this is to inform the public that the aforesaid Edward H. Jones had neither bed nor board for me to leave, he having been living at the expense of my father; and further, under pretence of procuring money to pay his way to Birmingham, Connecticut, he borrowed \$100 of my father, and with that paid for his lying advertisement against me, and even after this dastardly act, he took all the money I had, and borrowed every cent in my mother's possession, and left town. For the past three months he has been kept from nakedness and starvation by the exertions of myself and relatives; he squandered in dissipation all the money his inborn laziness would allow him to earn. The stamp need not have advertised that he would not pay debts of my contracting, for the public will know that he would not even pay his own. He is a lazy, ungrateful, loafing scoundrel; not content with living at the expense of my relatives and borrowing their money, he publishes an outrageous lie. His bed and board indeed! If left to himself, his bed would be nothing but a board, and I should not be much surprised if the bed he dies on were made of boards, with a strong cross-beam overhead.

Modest Aspirations.

"James," says one unbearded republican to another, "if some kind fairy were to promise you whatever you wished for, what would you request? Would you ask for oriental splendor, boundless wealth, the command of a tremendous army, with which, like 'Macedonia's madman,' you might conquer the world; or for high offices, titles, and honors—or, in short, what would you wish for?" James wiped the molasses candy from his mouth, and replied—"A Jew's-harp and a stand-up collar."

THE FORLORN HOPE OF LADIES.—Expecting an old sweetheart to marry you on the death of his third wife.



TO A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

EACH day when the papers I read,
And count up the smashes on rails,
I sicken, and feel my heart bleed;
And long, despite floggings and jails,
To kick a director,
Or railway projector.

I have dream'd of some fearful mishap
With each visit to town father paid,
Either finding my Pa squeezed to pap,
Or Ma pressed to marmalade,
Because the engineer
Had eye-sight rather near.

I never go down any line
But each time a red lamp I see
I think of a surgeon's night sign
And a leg taken off at the knee.
Then the fear which takes me
Like a dice-box shakes me.

Oh, the Fates were directors of railways,
Life's thread was an up or down line,
And the cutting that ended your days
Was through tunnel or rocky incline;
Only the greek ladies
Spared your hey-days.

What for limbs torn off do they care,
If their own dividends be increased?
Can the groans of the wounded compare
With cheers from shareholders pleased?
Who cares for accident
When he gets six per cent?

Until actions are brought by the score,
And large damages teach them a lesson,
And each train of directors bears four,
Railway accidents never will lessen.
The schpoling's so expensive,
Reform must be extensive.



TEXAN GAME.

SPORTING STRANGER, NEWLY ARRIVED IN TEXAS.—"Any game hereabouts Sir?"

TEXAN.—Reckon se, and plenty of 'em. "There's bluff and poker, and euehre, and all fours, and monte, and just as many others as you like to play!"



ocus.—A little girl, says the Knickerbocker, had seen her brother playing with his burning glass and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word "focus" meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, "as grand as could be," that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was; she said it was the word "focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary, what does it mean?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she, triumphantly—"Focus, a place where the rays meet. Calves are meat and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I, father?"

Caught in his own Trap.

A girl young, pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had of course, a sufficient elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, then being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly: Mademoiselle, according to our law you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, then you can go before a Judge and swear that he is your lover.

"And that will suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one farther condition."

"Well?"

"That you will produce witnesses who will make an oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questions her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Capital, capital!"

"Persevere in your design, Mademoiselle, but mind, the next time you consult me you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render so happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterwards the young person more naive and candid than ever, knocked discretely at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within than she flung herself into a chair, saying, that she had mounted

the steps too rapidly, and that the emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to re-assure her, and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to release her garments.

"It is useless, Monsieur," said she, "I am much better."

"Well, now tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to expose?"

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you, I have been three times *tote-a-tote* with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent house keeper.

Doctor, he has Done it.

A physician in this city tells the following story—not without some regret on his part for the advice given:

A hard-working woman had a drunken husband, who, when partly sober, would get the blues and endeavor to destroy himself by taking laudanum. Twice did the wife ascertain that he had swallowed the destructive drug, and twice did the doctor restore him. Upon the second restoration, the doctor addressed him as follows:

"You good-for-nothing scoundrel, you don't wan't to kill yourself, you merely want to annoy your wife and me. If you want to kill yourself, why don't you cut your throat and put an end to the matter!"

Well, away went the doctor, and thought no more of his patient, until some two weeks after, he was awakened from a sound nap by the tinkling of his night-bell. He put his head out of the window and inquired "what's the matter?"

"Doctor, he has done it," was the reply.

"Done what?"

"John has taken your advice."

"What advice?"

"Why you told him to cut his throat, and he has done it, and he is uncommon dead this time."

Imagine the doctor's feelings. He was since ceased giving such cutting advice.

"Many a young lady who objects to be kissed under the mistletoe has no objection to be kissed under the rose." A stupid compositor made an error in the above, rendering it to say, "has no objection to be kissed under the nose."



THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

Bob White Jr., who is fond of decorating his neighbor's fence with original designs, gets up one on the first of April, for the benefit of Mr. Smith, who gives him something to help him forward in the world.



ACTIVE DIET.

Recommended by old Stubb's Physician, by way of infusing some agility and activity into his system.

Quick in her Application.

"It amazes me that ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish you that. Take this one." "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

"Do you mean me, sir?" inquired the lady quickly.

"O, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."

Aunt Lizzie's Courtship.

Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' to me, I hadn't the least thought what he was after. Jobie came to our house one night at dark, and tapped at the door, and I said "come in." He opened the door and there was Jobie. I said "come in and take a cheer." "No," said he; "Lizzie, I've come of an arrant, and I allus du my arrants fust." "But you'd better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W." "No, I can't till I've done my arrant; the fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead three weeks, and everything's goin' to rack and ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, and take care of my house, and children, and my things, tell me, and I'll come and take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu."

Why, I was skeered. I said, "if you come on this courtin' business, come in. I must think on it a leetle."

"No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant. Can't set down till my arrant's done."

"I should like to think on't a day or tu."

"Now you needn't, Lizzie."

"Well, Jobie, if I must I must—so here's tu ye, then."

So Mr. W. came in, then he

went after the Square (Justice of the peace), and he married us right off, and I went hum, 'long with Jobie, that very night.

Tell ye what it is, these long courtins don't amount to anything. Just as well do it up in a hurry.

Our Solomon agreed with aunt Lizzie, and cast a sheep's eye at her daughter Nabby.

An Episode.

The other day, while going down Fulton-st., our attention was called to the opposite side of the way by the actions of a large, tall, stout-built countryman, whose whole appearance denoted either insanity, or else a paroxysm of grief. We crossed over to him in order, if possible, to ascertain what was the matter with him.

"You appear to be in trouble, sir?"

"Trouble? Have you ever had your heart's dearest treasure stolen from you? Have you ever had your soul become one wild chaotic waste of despair? Have you ever been thrown in one moment from the highest summit of happiness to the lowest abyss of misery? If you have, then you may conceive whether I am in trouble or not. Two days ago I came to this city. I had him with me, him who has clung to me for years, and now he has gone forever. I have searched the whole city over and I cannot find him. When I ask people if they have seen him they laugh at me."

"Who do I mean? You ought to know who I mean—my big yaller dog—lame of his fore leg, and blind of one eye?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Wife," said the victim of a jealous rib, one day, "I intend to go to camp meeting on Tuesday evening, to see the camp break up."

"I think you won't," replied she.

"I'll go if I see fit!"

"You'll see fits if you do go."

He did not go—probably on account of the rain.



A COOL PROPOSITION.

A young man just married in humble circumstances; wife's cousin comes on from the country to pay them a visit—very glad to see each other, etc., etc. In the midst of the rejoicing an ominous thought crosses the mind of the husband.

"Well, Martha, I don't know how we're going to accommodate you. We've only got one bed, you know."

MARTHA.—"Oh that's nothing, George, I can sleep with your wife, and you can get lodgings at a Hotel for three or four weeks, very easily."

"Oh—ah, y-e-s!"

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No. 5.

MAY.

Vol. III.



NOW THEN, WHERE'S THE LITTLE JOKER.

JONATHAN, AS THE POLITICAL THIMBLE RIG.—“One of these here little thimbles, gentlemen, I call “HARD,” and the other “SOFT,” and the game is to know which one ou ‘em contains the real Simon Pure Democratic party. Here it is in one now, see! and here it is in the other!

Now then, walk up, and WIN! I'll bet the White House agin’ the Whig Party, you don’t know, where the little Joker lies! (ASIDE) For the matter of that, though, I don’t exactly know myself!”



Duellng.



considered an insult, and so the offended mosquito steps up to the other one and said :

"Did you turn out your sting at me?"

"I ran out my sting; you can apply it as you choose," was the answer.

"Sir, your remark savors of rascality," said the first.

"Ha!" exclaimed the other, "a downright insult. No gentlemanly mosquito will submit to such treatment without satisfaction. Draw, villain, and defend yourself!"

They both rushed together, and running one another through the body, died honorable deaths.

THE INQUIRY.

"Tell me, ye ragged rogues that round the railway grin,
Can ye not find some cab, that travellers may get in—
Some low, unpleasant drag, unsuited to the west,
Where mail-train-wearied men their rigid limbs may rest?"
The tatter'd urchins straight began to throw
A summersault a-piece, and answered, "No!"

"Tell me, ye sooty sweeps whose brushes around me play,
Do you know some stand, some cab-rank far away,
Where drowsy men may find some respite from the rail—
Where Broughams for ever wait, and Handsoms never fail?"
The chummies showed their teeth of sootless snow,
And paused awhile to grin and answer, "No."

"And thou, policeman blue, that with such oily face
Dost eat our surplus prog, and eke our cook's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy round hast thou not seen one spot
Where miserable cabs of some kind may be got?"
Behind the crowd the peeler turned, to go
Towards the City, as he answered, "No."

"Tell me, my secret foe—oh! tell me, cabby vile,
Is there no getting hence for half-a-crown a mile?
Are there no means by which a man may go
From Shoreditch, with his trunk and bag, to Brompton-row?"
Upon his nose his thumb the cabman put
With gesture low, and answered, "Yes, a-foot!"

From a pleasant gossiping epistle of a legal friend in Indiana we take the following amusing passages :—

"In the intervals of leisure afforded in one's office, a good story is occasionally brought to notice, or an old one occurs, that affords a laugh, hearty enough to be shared by others. In talking some time ago with a friend about the usage in the Methodist Church in taking members upon trial for six months, he related an incident that presents an entirely novel view of this feature of ecclesiastical polity.

"An Irishman, in time of a revival, had joined that church. Some time afterward, a piously-inclined person was exhorting him on the subject of religion, when Pat indignantly answered—

"'Sure, an' didn't I jine the Met'odists? Faix an' I did. I jined for six months, and behaved myself so well, they let me off wid t'ree!'"

"My thoughts often recur to a neighborhood where, in days when the country was new, and the people unsophisticated, religious worship was a very different thing from what it is now. Where sincerity and simplicity existed, what matter if a touch of awkwardness or ignorance did raise a laugh? The laugh did no harm, and the religion was none the worse. Among the traditions of that day is one of a good old brother who officiated occasionally at 'blewing' and

'striking,' and who was trusted frequently with the office of concluding the exercises. He had heard the presiding elder, with more than usual ceremony, precede the benediction by requesting the congregation to sing the Doxology. Brother A——, with equal solemnity, occasioned among his hearers a bursting of buttons and hooks-and-eyes that would have done honor to Peggotty, by announcing that they would 'sing the *Sockdologer*, and then dismiss.' An actual fact, I do assure you.

"The politicians occasionally say a good thing. I fear stump-oratory, at its best estate, is altogether vanity; an immeasurable waste—'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' The stray sun-beam of wit or humor is all the more attractive in so melancholy a desert. I have often thought of a shot from Tom Walpole's bow, that transfixed Abe Hammond. Both were candidates for the State Senate. Walpole, an old stager, cunning as a fox, a good speaker, and thoroughly acquainted with the people; Hammond, a man of talents, but a novice in the field. After a period spent in the ordinary process of electioneering, a meeting was held at the country-town, where all the candidates were to appear and make speeches. Hammond had satisfied himself that he was pursuing a 'cold trial,' and in his turn to speak, told the sovereign public that he had been a candidate nine days, and having convinced himself that all efforts to succeed must prove abortive, he had determined to retire from the canvass; and accordingly, to use our western phrase, he 'flummoxed.' The temptation to Walpole was irresistible—'Yes, fellow-citizens,' said he 'you all know it takes a puppy just nine days to get his eyes open!'"

"Tom Marshall did nearly as well when Pilcher was haranguing about 'his father having been a poor man,' 'his father was a cooper,' and more of that sort of thing. Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was, (pointing to Pilcher,) he had put a mighty poor head to one of the whiskey-barrels!"



SCENE—Bar Room, half-past nine, Business rather dull.
Thirsty Sucker.—"See here, wont you buy a ticket for my gift enterprise only six cents! I give a \$20,000 farm, (hic) and orders for hats, and drinks."

Stranger.—"My friend I'll take a ticket to-morrow, rather short now. But say, can't you treat to a drink now, on one of those orders!"

Indignant Sucker.—"Me! (hic) I never drink! I'm (hic) tea-total!"



Scrap from a Tourist's Note Book.

Portrait of a gentleman who met Mr. Wilkins in a lonely place in Bologna, (time midnight,) and asked him for a penny for the love of God!

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

B July 8 | 53

Mr. mester —— sur your gun [which happened to be an old cannon, procured to "help to celebrate" the fourth of July,] proved to be A bad one we charge It Lite a Hole blood threw the syde we Plug It up then Bust the one that tuch it off wars Hurt consibble be four he is able worke his wagis wil amonte To \$4.00 dollars if you will pay the above amont we will Suttell iff not we Shall be compelled to take sum and more de sprut measures. Yours In haste

North Kingston October 7th 1853.

Mr —— sir i hav not had achance to send after it but i shell send after it as soon as i can i wish you would see if their is any bunches inside the barrels by heating ovthem if you please

Mr. ——

October the 23

Mr —— sir i want to now if you hav got pay for ficking my double gun and if you hav what is the reason you hav not sent it i hav been up to the depot and was up their the 22 and could not here eny thing of it i sent the money up to you by my brotheringlaw —— the 15 i want you to send me the reason why you hav not sent it if you hav got your pay send it to night and direct it to wickford depot please send me word by Mr. ——

A principal in one of our Public Schools, it appears from the "Ledger," has been sending around circulars to the parents of his pupils, which when signed and returned, will authorize him to "inflict such punishment, corporally or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that some of the parents are quite pleased with the idea:—

Dore Mr. Rattan—Your foggyn aiklar is duly received. I hopes as to my sun John, you will flog him just as ofteen as you kin! Heas a bad boy—is John. Although I've been in the habit of teachin him misself, it seames to me he will nevar learn anithing—his spellin specially is ottraguly deficient. Wallup him wel, sur, and you will receave my hearty thanks.

Yours truly,
P. S. Wat accounts fur John bein
that hes my sun by my wif's first husband.

Quick on the Trigger.

" You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, led us through his school the other day, " that the required to display the utmost attention to questions and discipline, and in a short time become divested of that most annoying disposition to tease each other: in short, they soon settle down in all the gravity of mature years, under the wholesome system I have introduced."

We at this moment arrived in front of several boys, who were standing around a bucket of water, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of a tin cup, while the old gentleman was stooping to recover his pen, from the floor, when another boy passing behind, snapped his finger beneath the boys ear, causing him by a sudden start to eject the contents over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright with face and hair dripping the master shouted.

" Who done that?"

The party unanimously cried out. " Jim Gun, sir."

" Jim Gun, you rascal, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered out that it was not his fault, but Tom Owen had snapped him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath and shaking his hand portentously over Tom Owen's head, he asked him, " did you snap Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, murmured. " Yes, sir, I snapped Gun, but I didn't know he was loaded!"

Cornelius O'Flanagan meeting an old employer the other day, thus addressed him:

" Please your honor to give us a little help now for we're kil't entirely of starvation!"

" Why Corney, what are the boys doing!" said the man.

" Jist looking for bits of jobs of work as they can get them."

" And your daughter, Molly, is she not working?"

" Oh? your honor we cant spare her for that; we want her at home all day just to do the cooking for us."



SCENE.—Centre Market.

Mrs. Mullrooney who has just gone into the Boarding business wants a scotter for which she goes to market early, in merely to get one fresh. " What! bad scotter to ye, is it these poor devils of lobsters ye want to sell a decent lone widdly like me?—And they so cauld it's as green baies they look with age! Show me some of the RED ones, the same ye keep for the big bugs. Do you think I can't pay for em?"

" Wal missus," said Oufree, " if you just wait a minit, I'll have some for you dimby."



A LITTLE MORE GRAPE.

"Now Charley my boy, there's a bottle of wine that's forty years old."
 "Forty years! by Jove I'm astonished."
 "What, because it is so old!"
 "No Jack, but to find it so infernal small of its age."
 "That's true, but isn't it odd that it should have lasted so long, to go off by a rapid consumption after dinner?"

A LANDLORD AND HIS CROWD SOLD.

An Old but Good Story.

Christopher Scriggins, the hero of our story, is a genuine, full blooded Yankee, and no mistake, and is famous for his "Yankee Tricks."

As Chris., as he is generally called, was on a "tour" a few miles north of this city, he chanced to spy a country tavern, and as the dark mantles of evening were being drawn about the earth, an idea popped into his head, suggesting the practicability of seeking a resting place for the night. Without giving the subject a second thought, our hero found himself, (or rather was found,) at the bar of the aforesaid tavern, ordering the various luxuries generally found at like places, and after coolly devouring a pretty considerable share of the same, concluded that he would abscond to the second story and turn in for the night.

After having absconded, the "Landlord and his crowd" were very busy discussing the various topics of the day, and after a while, (accidentally of course,) the subject of "Yankees" and "Yankee Tricks," was brought up, and all parties entered into the discussion with uncommon eagerness.

After deciding the very important question, all hands were satisfied that the landlord was right in his conjectures, and as a natural consequence, all "tuk a smile," at his expense, after which the landlord informed them that there was a "genuine Yankee" in the house, and if possible he would have a trick out of him before he left.

Accordingly, next morning the landlord and company were ready to snap at the Yankee as soon as he should make his appearance. After partaking of a "hasty plate of soup," etc., Christopher, with an air peculiar to his countryman, strolled into the bar-room, and was about to pay his bill and depart, when the landlord, slapping him on the shoulder, thus addressed him:

"If I should judge from appearance, I should say you were a Yankee; could or would you oblige us with a trick or two?"

"Have dun such things afore, but dunno as I kud now, tho."

"Oh do, do," exclaimed the anxious crowd, "come give us a good trick, and we will settle your bill for you."

This was a poster. The Yankee consented to try his hand.

"Landlord" says he, "'spose yew have some darned goodlicker in the parts?"

"Yes," says the landlord, "got two casks of the best wine that the country ever beheld, in my cellar."

"You don't say so? Well, come along all you, that wants to see the miracle performed," and down they all went into the cellar, and the casks were pointed out.

"Now," says Christopher, taking a good sized gimlet out of his vest pocket, "I kin draw water out of one end of the barrel and 'lasses out of t'other."

"Do it," exclaimed the crowd, "and you can take our heads for foot balls."

Thereupon Yankee proceeded to bore a hole in one end of the pipe, and requested the landlord to cover it with his thumb. He did so, and soon a hole was bored in the other end. Christopher kept on a "phiz" much resembling that of an old deacon, during the operation, and requested the landlord to reach over and stop the other hole, while, as he expressed it, he could find something to put the darned stuff into.

Of course the landlord complied with the request, while Yankee sloped.

The landlord's back begun to ache—soon his restrained patience began to break forth in curses on the whole Yankee nation, and as the joke got around, the walls of the old cellar rang with a deafening roar. At last, by a promise to "wet the whistle," of the company, and cancel Yankee's bill, he was released from his back-aching position, and has never

since wished to see "a trick or tu" performed by Yankee Doodle.

The oldest fire arms, are the arms of an ardent young lady. We may add, in a whisper, that they are frequently the most dangerous.



An ever Protected Female.

"Well, I'm glad to see at last that we poor women are not going to submit to the tyranny of you men any longer. We've been imposed upon and trampled on long enough. Don't groan in that way you great overgrown wretch. You know it Sir, and if you don't acknowledge it I'll—No matter, wait till to night and I'll put my cold feet down your back till every bone in your miserable little body rattles with the cold." (The Husband's teeth already shatter in anticipation.)



Forward youth.—Barber, you may leave the moustache. Do you think it will amount to anything?

Barber.—Why yes, if you will come to me three times a week and get shaved, and use my Hairolean, which is only one dollar a bottle, it will eventually, in the course of time amount to something.

The lady who "colored" with indignation, says it is far better than rouge and vermillion.

"Was Paul inclined to politics?" we asked of Mrs. Partington, as we saw the old dame reading a "grand rally" handbill at the corner of the grocery store. She asked us to wait a moment till she digested her specs. "Inclined to politics!" said she, and her eyes rested upon the period at the end of the last line, till she seemed to be meditating a full stop. "He was, but he wasn't propagandist nor an oilygarchist or an ovarionist nor a demigod as some of 'em are; all he wanted was an exercise of his sufferings and the use of an elective French eyes, as he used to say. Ah, heaven rest him!" exclaimed she, as her eyes rose from the period at the bottom of the bill and rested on the top of the fence. "But did he never get an office, Mrs. P.?" we asked. "Yes," replied she, and we fancied the tone of her voice had an expression of triumph in it—enough to be perceptible, like three drops of paragoric in a teaspoonful of water—"yes, he was put one year for a hogreefer and got neglected." As we were about asking her opinion of the new Constitution, Ike came along whistling "Jordan" and swinging a pint of milk in a tin pail, around his head, and the old lady forgot her politics in her solicitude about Ike's soiling his new cap.

Rather a Hard Hit.

A minister was traveling where the road was difficult to find, requested a man by the way-side to direct him, naming the place where he wished to go.

"Well," says the hedger and ditcher, "keep on just as you are going, about a mile and a half; there at the cross-roads you will see a minister, who will direct you to the left a couple of miles, and there at the fork of the road is another minister, who will direct you to the right about three miles, and so on, at every fork and cross of the road is a minister to inform you which road to take."

"Ah," says the parson, "what do you call ministers?"

"Why," says the other, "those things which stand-up at the cross and fork of the road, with something like a hand on them."

"Finger-boards, you mean; why do you call them ministers?" said the preacher.

"Because they are always pointing the way to other people, and never go themselves."

A Yankee gentleman, conveying a British gentleman around to view the different objects of attraction in the city of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said—

"This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen 4th of Julys in his countenance—

"Hurt him!" exclaimed he, "he was killed sir!"

"Ah he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing the height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

It makes all the difference in the world how a woman pants—whether for your heart, or ten dollar doeskins.



A fellow having a spite against a sausage maker, rushed into his shop when crowded with customers and threw a large eat on the counter, and said: "That makes nineteen; we'll settle for 'em when you are not so busy." Departing, he was soon followed by the sausage amateurs, empty handed of course.

Old but Good.



In a correspondent's letter we find the following old story. It has received additional spice in the rejuveninating process.

During a recent visit to the interior, we heard of an incident not yet cold on the breath of local circulation, which would as well receive newspaper life and immorality now as at any other time. A city-country gentleman who *listeth* after the most approved fashion, wanted a few pigs, for the purpose of supplying his family with roasters in the Fall and bacon in the Winter. He had a new man-of-all-work, who was not very familiar with his peculiarity of speech, and had not exactly taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the line of business in which his master was engaged.

"John" said the city-country gentleman, one day after breakfast, "go out this morning and buy me two or three *thows* and *piga*."

"Yes, sir," replied John, "it shall be done."

John did not return till late in the day, when he was met by his master and accosted thus:

"Did you get 'em?"

"No, sir," answered John, "not all. The drovers have been about buying up large numbers, and I could get only eight hundred."

"Eight hundred *what*, thir?" demanded the master impatiently.

"Eight hundred *pigs*, as you told me," replied John.

"I told you no such thing. I told you, thir, to go and buy me two or three *thows* and *piga*."

"I know it," answered John, "but I couldn't get two or three thousand. I've been out all day, and scoured the country, and could get but eight hundred."

Light now for the first time after the order had been given, flashed upon the gentleman's mind. He comprehended the cause of the misunderstanding and although not exactly in the mood for laughing, very good naturedly pocketed the costly joke, and asked:

"How many did you get, John?"

"Eight hundred, sir, that is all I could get."

"And did you buy them outright, John, or only talk of taking them?"

"Bought them for good," replied John, "and had hard work to keep them out of the hands of drovers, and the owners will be here for their pay in the morning."

The best of the joke, so far as the gentleman is concerned, is to follow. This happened last season. The hogs were received, kept and fed for a short time, and then sold for the block at a handsome profit.

Partisan Sketch.

A friend living in the Faubourg du Temple, went out at a late hour of a winter evening to take a pistol without a lock to the gunsmith's.

Turning to the corner of the canal, he was stopped by a man of ferocious aspect who demanded his life or his purse. It is related that Odry escaped, when placed in a similar predicament, by a pun; our friend adopted the readier plan of taking his pistol from his pocket and placing it on the highway.

man's breast.

"Follow me to the next guard-house, or I'll pull the trigger!" he exclaimed.

As it was dark, the robber did not perceive that he was threatened by an imaginary lock. He had recourse to the supplication usual in such cases.

"Sir, do not ruin me!"

"It is to save you, on the contrary, that I lead you to the guard-house."

"I am the father of three children."

"I have six."

"I have a wife who depends upon me for support."

"And so have I."

"Indeed, I am not in reality a wicked man."

"Neither am I. Come, it is late, and rather cold by the water side. March, or I shall fire."

The robber was obliged to follow our friend to the guard-house. They arrived there just as a patrol came in. Our friend related his history. The robber was examined, and discovered to be an escaped convict, of whom the police been for a long time in search.

Our friend was duly congratulated upon his presence of mind, and the energy which had been displayed.

"But," added the officer in command, "I regret to say, I shall be under the necessity of bringing an action against you."

"Why so?"

"Because it appears from your own avowal that you carry arms upon your person, without the authority to do so."

Our friend then exhibited his pistol, and showed to the officer, that without the cock, it was no arm at all.

"Not so," said the officer, "a pistol is always a pistol. I must put your name on the charge sheet."

The robber, turning to our friend, said to him:

"Sir, you have deceived me. May what happens to you now, teach you that bad faith and lies always receive, sooner or later, their punishment."



THE IRISH GROCERYMAN.

IRISH GROCER.—Good evening, little Katty, and how's your fine ould mother this evening?

LITTLE KATTY.—Ah, sure she's bad, bad, and she wants to know if you want let her have two penny worth of Gin; and she'll pay in the mornin'.

IRISH GROCER.—Arra be off, ye dirty little skater ye, divil a drop of Gin will you've having ould mother have wid out the money.



The present complicated condition of Eastern affairs made perfectly comprehensible to the meanest capacity.

Patent Piety.

Under this head, an exchange publishes what it styles "No. 1 of the Modern Drama, and it contains so much of pointed and trenchant, and in two many instances, justly applied satire, that we have concluded to give it to our readers entire. Here it is:

SCENE—Fashionable street—Plenty of four story blocks, plate windows with Ophirs of goods behind. **TIME**—Winter morning. Shaver and Pinchem discovered walking together towards their places of business.

S. (Qoq.) How's your new church?

P. Flourishing finely. The steeple when completed, will be two hundred feet high. Think of that? How's *your* new church?

S. All right. You beat us on steeples; ours is already built, and measures only a hundred and ninety. We give that up. But we shall knock you on organs. Ours cost \$8,000.

P. You do floor us on organs, that's a fact. But, per-contra, we shall throw your chandeliers into the shade. Ours are ordered from the best firm in Paris, with a *carte blanche* as to cost. I may mention, incidentally, that I paid a hundred dollars towards it.

S. Well, as to chandeliers, I yield the palm, but our pulpit and fixings will leave you nowhere. The pulpit is to be all mahogany, and so are the sofa and chairs. The Bible alone comes to two hundred dollars. The covers of the sacred volume are edged and clasped with solid gold: actual weight, nine ounces. I may add that I donated all but fifty dollars of it. (*Aside*—Beat him that time.)

P. You have us there again? Such generous rivalry in the great cause of religion is truly cheering. Though we may differ on some small points, (they belong to different denominations) we yet work together for the common triumph of true Christianity.

S. Beautiful! My sentiments exactly.

(A child with a skeleton face, and her little legs red with cold, solicits charity. S. and P. by a common impulse look very hard into vacancy ahead. The child importunes. At last S. almost stumbles over her and is forced to notice the tiny wretch.)

S. (Majestically.) Can't help you. Never give a cent to beggars. Invariable rule.

P. (putting on an extra touch of frigidity.) Just my principles. Thank you for expressing them so well. If folks will be lazy, let 'em starve!

(S. and P. move at a faster gait while the morsel of a mendicant sits down on a chilly stone, sticks her dirty knuckles into her eyes, and has a good cry.)

S. Here's my place. Good morning. *Aside*—shrewd humpug, P., but I'll get the start of him yet.

P. Good morning. (*Aside*—Sharp fellow, S., but I'll knock him on the next trade?)

(S. enters and writes a notice to quit to a family of poor tenants, while P. goes down to his store and bullies the clerks.)

Curtain falls.

A Brisk Place.

There is a good anecdote told of the little town of Portland, India :

While a certain steamboat was about "putting out" from there, not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers, and remarked :

"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull, but I assure you, it is *perhaps* a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flatboat to New Orleans we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and seeing a coat hanging out of the shop door, just took it. The owner came after me—caught me—took me before a magistrate—I was tried—convicted—took thirty nine lashes—and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes! I tell you, gentlemen, a mighty brisk little place is that same Portland."

Hobbs just came rushing into our sanctum and popped the following extraordinary illumination :

"What is the very *lightest* diet?"

We scratched our head and looked at the stove-pipe for inspiration, several minutes—and gave it up.

"The Chinese feast on *lanterns*!"

Scene closes at the St. Charles, over a "hot one."



A RETAINER AT THE BAR.



Signs of the Times.

SCENE.—Almost anywhere in Canal or Grand Streets.
"Great Bargains! Wet Goods &c.—A magnificent article of Watered Silk, almost ready to be sold at tremendous sacrifices!"

(See the placards in the windows.)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

the good old times of stage-coaches, four-horse teams, and on miles an hour, including stoppages, there lived upon the great eastern stage-road, a jolly fellow by the name of Zachary Merrywell, who kept a "house of entertainment for man and beast," one of the old-fashioned caravansaries which, with their sheds, piggeries, stable and other outbuildings, used to occupy nearly two acres of ground. Merrywell kept a good table, charged moderately, and was very popular; for he could sing a good song, tell a good story, was on the right side in politics, an officer of the militia, and a county commissioner. In philosophy he was an optimist, and whenever any mishap occurred to him, as mishaps will occur to the most fortunate of mortals, he always turned it off with a jolly laugh, and the remark—"It's well it's no worse." Among his other good qualities he was an admirable judge of animals, and the dealer who used to horse the eastern stages, never made a purchase without consulting Captain Merrywell.

One night there came to the "Bald Eagle," for by that designation was mine host's establishment known, a thin-visaged, melancholy man, who looked like an itinerant clergyman, from the solemnity of his countenance, and the cut and color of his garb, mounted on a very nice nag with a good gait, a lovely eye, and a long flowing tail that swept the ground.

"Putty good hoss!" thought the landlord, but he didn't say so. He merely asked—"Hev your hoss put up, friend?"

"Yass," answered the melancholy man in a drawling, listless tone. "I calculate to stop here to-night, if you can 'conodate a fellur?"

"Walk in and make yourself comfortable, sir, Jim, hand me them saddle-bags. I'm pretty full to-night, sir—but I can manage to give you a bed—it's well it's no worse."

While the guest was eating his supper, Cap'n Zack walked into the stable, to have a look at the traveller's pony.

"Jim!" said he, after looking in the animal's mouth, poking his ribs, lifting his dock, and performing other manipulations common to all horse-fanciers—"now I don't want you to say a word—but I know that's a terrible nice hoss now."

"Yes'r," said the hostler.

"Can't be five year old—his bridle teeth's just comin'."

"Yes'r."

"What an eye he's got, Jim!"

"Yes'r—two on'em."
"No trouble 'bout *his* wind?"
"Yes'r."
"What a color!"
"Yes'r."
"And a most elegant tail!"
"Yes'r."

"Jim, it strikes me that is jest the kind of hoss I'm arter for my own ridin'. I expect I shall hev to serve on the staff and that are tail is worth a kurnil's commission. Now you know, I'm *some* on horses, Jim—"

"Yes'r."

"Shut up, you chowder-head! and I'll ventur to say he's cheap at two hundred."

"Yes'r."

"And I'll get him for one."

"Yes'r."

The landlord went into the house, where he found the melancholy man seated in a corner of the bar-room, at the extremity of a long nine.

Captain Merrywell took a chair beside him and opened a conversation.

"Goin' to Boston, Sir?"

"Yes!" replied the melancholy man, with a sort of smothered groan.

Merrywell started.

"Anything the matter with your innards, sir?"

"Wickedness of cities!" answered the stranger, laconically.

"Ay, ay, sir, cities is wicked places," said the landlord—"It's well it's no worse. Want your hoss airly?"

"Seven o'clock," answered the traveller.

"Well—we breakfast at half-past six. I reckon you're goin' to Boston on business?"

"Yass—I've got a small amount of business to attend to—lumber—and I want to sell my hoss, too."

"Bad time for that," replied the landlord with a shake of the head. "Boston's chocked full of hosseas. I see a string yesterday—prime ones, no sale for 'em—going back east."

"Why, there's where I come from," said the stranger, sadly.

"You'll be fetchin' your hoss back, I reckon," said the landlord.

"Donnow about that," said the traveller. "He's an extraordinary fine animal."

"What do you reckon he's wuth?" asked the landlord, carelessly.



Chinese Definition of Philanthropy. *She maid a pair of boots!*



MODEL BABY JUMPER.

"A hundred and fifty."

"Come—come, my friend," said the landlord, pleasantly. "That wont do between ourselves. I don't know what you give for him—but if you give anything like that, you got suck'd in."

The stranger glanced sharply at the landlord, and then dropped his eyes.

"Come," said the landlord. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you his full worth—a clean hundred—cash down—say nothing about the bill here—you throw in the saddle and bridle, and we'll call it square. Take me up or you'll lose a chance."

"My friend," said the traveller, after glancing furtively round—"I'm terribly in want of money—I've got a payment to make to-morrow. I'm afraid in Boston I'll be like the man in Skiptur' that fell among thieves—you—you may hev the hoss."

"Step up to the bar and take the money and a drink."

The traveller did as he was requested, and sorrowfully received the hundred dollars giving a receipt therefor. The landlord indulged in a portentous wink at the hostler who was leaning on the bar, as he tucked the receipt away in his wallet.

The next morning, mine host hurried off the traveller by the first coach, for he couldn't bear the sight of a man he had so cruelly done out of a "terrible nice horse."

"Jim!" said he, slapping the hostler on the back, as the stage rolled off—"have you seen to my hoss!"

"Yes'r."

"How did he eat his corn?"

"Couldn't, sir."

"Couldn't! Why he aint off his feed, is he? Wall, it's well it's no worse. Fagged out with the journey, I spose. He'll come to his appetite."

"He's hungry enough now, sir!"

"Why the deuce don't he eat, then?"

"Cause he's dropped his teeth out in the manger."

The landlord stared aghast. "Well—that beats all natur. However, it's well it's no worse. He's got a good eye, Jim."

"A pair on 'em—glass ones," said the hostler.

"He has!" cried Boniface. "It's well it's no worse. What a tail he's got!"

"What a tail he had last night, you mean, cap'n. I found it laying in his litter?"

"Is that all? it's well it's no worse, Jim. Any how, you can't say nothin' agin his color?"

"It was real putty color," said the hostler. "Clar red."

"Jim! Jim! it's well it's no worse. Anyhow, his wind's sound?"

"He's got the heaves tremenjious bad, cap'n" said the hostler.

"No teeth—glass eyes—no tail—no color—heavy, too—blastation!" cried the landlord, beginning to get into a passion; but his habitual good nature came to the rescue, and he added, blandly—"well I don't blame nobody for puttin' off a hoss like that. I wouldn't keep such an animal. You can knock him in the head, and heave him in the hog-pen, Jim; he'll make fust rate pork. I only gin a hundred dollars—and I might have given a hundred and fifty if that peaky long-faced chap had stuck out—for he took my eye mighty, and all I have to say, Jim, is—it's WELL IT'S NO WORSE!"

A laundress who was employed in the family of one of our distinguished men, said to him, with a sigh:

"Only think, your excellency, how little money would make me happy!"

"How little, Madam!" says the old gentleman.

"Oh! dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy."

"If that is all, you shall have it," and he immediately gave to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and, before the old gentleman was out of hearing, she exclaimed, "I wish I had said two hundred."

A gentleman of African extraction, who used to display his combination of ivory and ebony about the streets of Indianapolis, was asked by a white gentleman:

"How old are you, Sam?"

"Twenty-five, Massa," was the reply: "but if you counts by de fun I'se seen, jest call me seventy-five."



"How short your coat is Pat." "Yes yer honor, but it will be long nnoghe before I get another."



THE ELOQUENCE OF MOTION.—Every one has read of the “action,” “action,” “ACTION” of Demosthenes, and of what a variety of emotions and passions Roscius could express by mere gestures; let it not be supposed that such perfections of art belonged to the ancients only. The following anecdote of William Preston is illustrative of our remarks:

“Some years ago, among a thousand others, we were listening to one of his splendid harangues from the stump. Besides us was one as deaf as a post; in breathless attention, catching, apparently, every word that fell from the orator’s lips. Now the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now, in an ungovernable ecstasy, he would shout out applause which might have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunder storm.

At length Preston launched out one of those passages of massive declamation, which those who have heard him well know him to be so capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor, it was what Byron has described the mountain storms of Jura. Its effect upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer, but bawling into our ear, as if he would blow open with a tempest, he cried:

“Who’s that a speaking?”

“William C. Preston,” replied we, as loud as our lungs would let us.

“Who?” inquired he, still louder than before.

“William C. Preston, of South Carolina,” replied we, almost splitting our throats in the effort.

“Well, well,” returned he, “I can’t hear a word he or you are saying, but great Jericho, don’t he do the motions splendid?”

acts of a five act tragedy, or before ascending in a balloon, or after coming off the jury of a coroner’s inquest, or when you are sitting up for your wife, or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar;—and in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels rather low, or feels in very high spirits.

“Vonce, ven I vas courtin’ my Caterine, I vas gone to my field to hoe my potatoes. Vell, den I see my Caterine comin’ in der road, so I dinks I give her a boo; so I climbs a tree, and shust as I was going to boo her, I falls off on der hemlock fence, and sticks a pine knot-hole in mine pantaloons, and Caterine vas laff and make more shame dan a sheep mit one tam tief on his pack.”

Two young ladies, says a correspondent were singing a duet in a concert room. A stranger, who had heard better performances, turned to his neighbor, saying: “Does not the lady in white, sing wretchedly?”

“Excuse me, sir,” replied he; “I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments, being not impartial in the case; it is my sister.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” answered the stranger in much confusion, “I meant the lady in blue.”

“You’re perfectly right there,” replied the neighbor; “I have often told her so myself; it is my wife!”

Sam and Seth were talking about fencing—the art of self-defence, and the like. Sam remarked that he had seen a rail fence. “Pooh!” said Seth, “that’s nothing, I’ve seen a hot box.”

A French Canadian posts his wife in St. John in the following words:—“Ma nam, dats Pete Kowville—ma wife he leave ma hous and shant ax me—any man dat trus him on ma name, dats loss for you.”

When Greg may be taken Medically.

A late number of “Puneh,” gives the following as the occasions upon which spirituous liquors may be taken medicinally after the Maine law goes into effect:

After goose, or duck, or pork, or Irish stew, or any delicacy of the season, into which onions may have seasonably entered.

Invariably after salmon.

When there is any washing being done at home.

When the painters are in the house.

When a person feels faint, and doesn’t know what is the matter with him.

When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend whom you do not expect to see for several years.

When a person has the tooth-ache.

When a person has lost at cards, or when a person has come into a large property.

When a person has met with a great misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain.

When a person has quarreled, and when a reconciliation has taken place.

When a person is riding outside a stage-coach, or is on a sea-voyage, or goes out between the



“Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don’t you put a heavy coat of flesh on him?”

“A heavy coat of flesh? By the powers the poor critter can hardly carry what little there is on him.”



"Waiter, if you call this bread bring me a brick. I want something softer."

An old Bachelor's Diary.

At 18 years, incipient palpitations towards the young ladies.

- 17, Blushing and confusion of conversation with them.
- 18, Confidence in conversing with them much increased.
- 19, Angry, if treated by them as a boy.
- 20, Very conscious of his own claims and manliness.
- 21, A looking-glass indispensable in his room to admire himself.
- 22, Insufferable puppyism.
- 23, Thinks no woman good enough for him.
- 24, Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
- 25, The connection broken off, from self-conceit on his part.
- 26, Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.
- 27, Pays his addresses to another lady, not without the hope of mortifying the first.
- 28, Mortified and frantic at being refused.
- 29, Rails against the fair sex in general.
- 30, Morose and out of humor in all conversation on matrimony.
- 31, Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
- 32, Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
- 33, Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.
- 34, Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.
- 35, Falls deeply in love with one of seventeen.
- 36, Another refusal.
- 37, Indulges in every kind of dissipation.
- 38, Shuns the best part of the female sex.
- 39, Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.

- 41, A nice young widow perplexes him.
- 42, Ventures to address her with raised sensations of love.
- 43, Interest prevails which causes much cautious redaction.
- 44, The widow jilts him, being cautious as him self.
- 45, Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.
- 46, Becomes gouty, and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
- 47, Fears what may become of him when old & infirm.

- 48, Thinks living alone irksome.
- 49, Resolves to have a prudent young woman as house-keeper and companion.
- 50, A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.
- 51, Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.
- 52, Begins to feel some attachment to her.
- 53, His pride revels at the idea of marrying her.
- 54, Is in great distress how to act.
- 55, Completely under her influence; and very miserable.
- 56, Many painful thoughts about parting with her.
- 57, She refuses to live any longer with him.
- 58, Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.
- 59, Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside and attends espousing her.
- 60, Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit.

Turning it down.

To one who can properly appreciate the "points," the following incident will pass as a "diamond of the first water:"

A clever fellow entered one of our hotels, not long since, and approaching the "bar," called for a glass of brandy and water. His request was complied with. Holding up the sparkling fluid before him, he observed to the bar-keeper—"This is trumps, ain't it?"

"Yea, I spouse," so answered the man of spirits.

"Well, I declare! It's the right bower ain't it?"

"So it is," replied the bar-keeper, humoring the fancy.

The fellow stood a moment longer, eyeing the glass, then observed:

"Well, now, that's hard—the right bower—and I have to turn it down!" Saying which he placed the glass to his mouth, and drank the liquor, amidst the roars of the crowd.

Snook's mother and old Mistress Stubbs, were talking about little babies. "Why," said Mistress Snooks "when I was a baby, they put me in a quart pot, and put the lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonished enquiry of Mistress Stubbs.

"They tell me I did," was the very astonishing reply of Mistress Snooks.

"Well, did you ever?"—and Mistress Stubbs fell to knitting like all possessed.



Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.

BOY.—"Small dog marm—all white marm, with long ears and curly tail marm—yes ma'am, I seed a butcher's boy have him, round the corner, guess he cut up for Sausages by this time marm, that way marm. What a tr. boy Bill."



Old Nick in a Quandry.

"I must have Constantinople; but I'm dreadfully afraid there's too many of them."

To Let.

Certainly, Japhet in search of a father never met with more adventures than Mrs. Pips in search of a house. She had given notice in February, and her "rapacious landlord" had immediately set his mark upon the lintels of her door, and she could never cross her own threshold without having visions of herself and her little Pipses wandering houseless about the city like so many children in the wood. Landlords and tenants are somewhat like turtle doves—between them there is much billing, though but little cooing. So Mrs. Pips was necessitated to "make an effort." It was rather to her liking this, for it enabled her to gratify a laudible desire she had of seeing whether some of her neighbors were as "scrumptious" at home as they were abroad. Her first visit was to a neighbor, an old maid, who had long excited her virtuous indignation by not being communicative nor even showing herself much to her neighbors. The old maid's house (not she) was in the market—to quote a poet, "She had her warning given, and her bill was on the door."

Mrs. Pips rang, the door opened, and the old lady appeared, certainly, with a visage that only a daring woman like Mrs. Pips, would have ventured to encounter.

"Please, ma'am, may I look at the house, ma'am;" said polite Mrs. P.

"Certainly, look at it as long as you like," said the inhabitant of the house, making a movement as if to shut the door.

"At the rooms, if you please," hurriedly gasped Mrs. P. "You didn't say so before," was the reply. "Come in."

Mrs. Pips lingered as long as she dared in each room, and noted the capacity of each, as well as its contents. She stopped in the parlor, and ventured to say, "You have no fire ma'am!"

"I am tolerably aware of that fact," was all she could get. She made a last effort to melt the icy cold maid into a conversation.

"What do you do with your ashes, ma'am?" said she.

"Make cakes of 'em!" said the incorrigible tenant, without doubt a tenant at will.

Mrs. Pips retired defeated, and disgusted with her first adventure in search of a house and knowledge under difficulties.

A California Tavern.

Time, 1851. Place, one of the mining counties, on Bear River. Scene—high mountains, appear to be made of gold, from the reflection of the sun, as it was just about to sink behind the waves of the Pacific.

A fine, large house on the roadside; sign upon a post, on which was written INN. Landlord standing on the steps—up rides a traveller.

Trav.—"Can I stay all night?"

Landlord (bowing in the kindest manner)—"Certainly."

Trav.—"I suppose you can give me some bacon and beef, for supper?"

Landlord (rubbing his fingers through his hair, and looking rather puzzled)—"Sorry to say, I have no bacon or beef."

Trav.—"Well, you certainly can let me have some coffee and bread?"

Landlord.—"Hav'n't got any coffee—flour been out for a week."

Trav.—"Can you let me have a bed to sleep upon?"

Landlord.—"I have no beds; I sleep upon the floor myself."

Trav.—"Surely I can get some barley, oats or hay, for my horse."

Landlord.—"My barley is out—I never had any oats or hay."

Trav. (looking around, with an air of utter astonishment)—"Well, great heavens, Mister, how do you do!"

Landlord (taking off his hat and bowing in the blandest manner)—"I am very well, I thank you Sir, how do you do yourself?"

Exeunt traveller, on suspicion that the fare at that house was not of the highest order.

Here is something which the Hoosiers consider quite "tall" for a little girl of three years. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her that we were all made of dust: arrived at home, she looked up in her mother's face with an anxious, inquiring glance, and said:

"Ma, has Dod got any more dust left?"

"Why, my daughter? what makes you ask such a question?"

"'Cause if he has, I want Him to make me a little brother!"



Old Mr. Spriggen never having purchased a newspaper in the whole course of his life, is startled with the cry of an anxious looking Newsboy—"Ere's your Herald! News from Mexico! Great Battle! War in the 'terior!" He is very much surprised; he knows that he has read the Herald that morning (having borrowed it as usual from Mr. Binger; he saw nothing about War there except that between the Turks and Russians. He calls the newsboy, and beats him down in his price, that is he pays him only one cent for the paper instead of two. "Bless my soul," say Mr. S. "this is news! and so cheap too. Let us see, the Extra; it must be the 3 o'clock issue." Here the old gentleman started with horror for he saw that he had purchased a Herald of four or five years ago! He makes up his mind never under any circumstances to buy a paper again.



*Country Cousin.—Jeems I cant find out where I does live.
I've been away up —*

City Cousin.—Why Jonathan how far up did you go?

*Country ditto.—Kakkilate it was away up—somewhere
about—yes now I know for I seed it on the corner—“ Stick no
Bill” Street.*

A Queer Fix.

An amusing scene occurred at the St. Louis Hotel, a few days, since which we cannot avoid noticing, inasmuch as a staid and solemn "member of the press" was the chief actor therein. The "member" in question is an eccentric individual, who has the worst eyes that ever pretended to discern the punctuation of a sentence. He was always half blind, and now he is more than three-quarters so. Being anxious to see an acquaintance who was staying at the St. Louis, he went about seven o'clock yesterday evening, anticipating no difficulty in so simple a matter. Ascending the first flight of stairs, he halted before the clerk's office, and not knowing the number of his friend's room, politely requested to have his card sent to Mr. Blank. The clerk bowed politely, and said nothing.

"I wish you to have my card sent to Mr. Blank," said the visitor.

The clerk looked astonished but said nothing.

"Why don't you answer me?" asked the journalist, in an excited manner.

The clerk grew more wrathful in appearance, but continued as mute as a mummy.

"Well," said our friend, "you are one of the most thoroughbred boors I ever met, and require a little delicate chastisement, quite as much as any precocious boy of the Faubourg."

The thing was becoming really unpleasant. The silent clerk stood, gravely facing the angry stranger. There was a pause of a few moments' duration. At last, a happy thought struck our friend, and muttering to himself, "he does not know English," said—

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur!"

The clerk bowed politely, but still said nothing.

"Pourquoi," said our friend, in his broken French, "pourquoi ne parlez-vous?"

But the inflexible clerk would enter into no parley. The visitor was, as Horace says, *meditans nescio quid*—that is, he was making up his mind for serious mischief, and scientifically turning up his sleeves as a preliminary, when it occurred to

him that, impolite as the clerk assuredly was, he was too good-looking a fellow to intend an insult to one who had done nothing to provoke him.

At this moment, an old gentleman, sitting near, who had evidently been repressing his laughter for some time, burst into an uncontrollable guffaw which almost shook the hotel, and all the waiters, catching the contagion, threw up their heels and fell back in that state which is called (in pictur-esque Celtic) "regular kicks of laughter!"

This caused the half-blind editor to look round, when, to his great dismay, he discovered that he had been addressing, not the clerk, but *himself*. There is a looking-glass in front of the clerk's office, which seemed to him to be the usual rectangular opening in such places, and the handsome clerk he had been so wrathful against him was his own reflection!

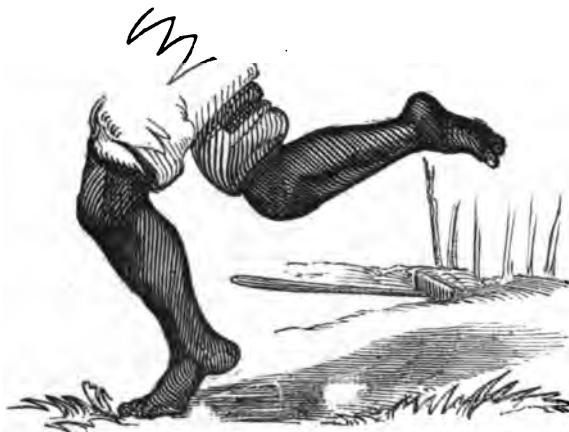
How SOLDIERS CAN BE KEPT IN ORDER WITHOUT FLOGGING.—A military correspondent of the *Notions* tells the following anecdote illustrative of this:—"I had in my company an Irishman whose name was Connolly, a clean, good-humored, and brave soldier; but he had an inveterate passion for selling his shoes. One evening my pay-sergeant came to me and said, 'Connolly has sold another pair of shoes.' My answer was, 'Parade the company to-morrow morning at six o'clock, without arms, and fatigue jackets; but let Connolly parade in heavy marching order, but no shoes.' I marched the company ~~out~~ on the road four miles and back, poor Connolly all the way under the laughter of the men, while his only remark was, 'Faith and truth the captain has the right way of it.' He never sold another shoe, and he escaped with sore feet, but a sound back."

It is said that "Time cuts down all, both great and small." House rents however, are an exception; for they are always going up.



A GREAT ORDER.

*Scene, Taylor's Saloon.—Street Boy addressing dignified waiter.
"Say, old feller, jest bring me a pint of pea nuts, a bottle of root beer, (some of yer fine old crusty, you know) and a penny iced." (Waiter swoons on the spot.)*



Two Black-legs.

The dangerous Members of Society pictured above, are oftenest seen and most dreaded "South of Mason & Dixon's Line." Strange to tell tho' they are Black-legs and no mistake—ang child can see that—they have never been accused of gambling, tho' they are the very deuce for running away, with Valuable Property.

Phrenological Wellerisms.

Amativeness.—"Sweet food and fruits of early love," as the boy said to the almonds and raisins.

Philoprogenitiveness.—"What blessings children are!" as the clerk said when he took the fees for christening them.

Adhesiveness.—"You stick to me like true friends," as the man said to the tar and feathers after he had been lynched.

Inhabitiveness.—"Home, sweet home!" as the vagrant said when he was sent to prison for the third time.

Concentrateness.—"I see the whole of your disorder," as the cobbler said to the boot that was worn out and wanted patching.

Combativeness.—"We've both had many a brush in our day," as the old sailor said to his cocked hat.

Destructiveness.—"It's a to-e-tal loss," as the sailor said when the shark bit his leg off.

Alimentiveness.—"We are both matters of taste," as the gingerbread said to the fine picture.

Secretiveness.—"I'll hide you where nobody can find you," as the school-master said when he took the truant into the cellar to larrup him.

Cautiousness.—"I'll ratify it, after I've put my concluding claws to it," as the cat said when she was watching the mouse.

Approbateness.—"We've come off with flying colors," as the ensign said when he ran from the enemy.

Self-Esteem.—"Industry must prosper," as the pickpocket said when he stole three handkerchiefs before breakfast.

Firmness.—"The more you drive me, the firmer I am fixed," as the nail said to the hammer.

Conscientiousness.—"I shall prevent the use of ardent spirits," as the inn-keeper said when he watered the liquors.

Marvellousness.—"Shouldn't wonder if that made my headache!" as the sailor said when the cannon-ball smashed his skull.

Veneration.—"All the world looks up to me," as the chief said when he stood in the pillory.

Benevolence.—"I leave you the bulk of my personal property," as the fat old gentleman said to his lean nephew.

Constructiveness.—"I'll do it for you with pleasure," as the carpenter said when the hangman asked him to make a gallows.

Ideality.—"I'll banquet on the smiles of love," as the hungry poet said when he thought of his mistress about dinner-time.

Imitation.—"I'll follow in your footsteps," as one thief said to another when he spelled him on the treadmill.

Mirthfulness.—"I'll die laughing," as the ticklish man said when the sheriff was fixing the rope round his neck to hang him.

Individuality.—"That is a personal remark," as the prisoner said when the judge told him to hold out his right hand.

The Reason Why.

"Why does Kate look so pale, mother?

Why are her arms so small?

Why does she never smile, mother?

Why do her eye-lids fall?

Why does she walk alone, mother?

As if she had no friend?

Why does she sigh so oft, mother?

Is she so near her end?

Why does she breathe so quick, mother?

And start as if it shocked her,

To hear the quiet rap, mother,

Of Smith, the village doctor?

Why does he come so oft, mother?

Can he prolong her days,

By leaving pills and gifts, mother,

And singing love-sick lays?

'Twas but the other night, mother,

When Kate lay near my heart,

She urged me to be good, mother,

And said we soon must part.

She said she was to go, mother,

Away from home and me,

And leave papa and you, mother,

To dwell near by the sea.

Is it Jordan's stormy banks, mother?

Where she is to be carried?

"Shut up, shut up, you little brat—

She's going to be married!"



Young America to his room-mate. (Both are to spend a day out of town). "As we are to be gone a day Fred, wouldn't it be advisable to carry our razors?"



THE PRISONER OF ROCHELLE.—Here is a scene from the vaudeville of the "Prisoner of Rochelle," which, says a metropolitan journal, keeps the audience in a roar of laughter every night of its performance. Corporal Cartouch amuses himself by going through the manual exercise, while Leza, seated at her work table, abstractedly questions him concerning matrimony.

Leza.—If a girl was to fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?

Cartouch.—(Manoeuvring with his musket) present arms!

L. She would doubtless look to you for—

C. Support!

L. And then what a heavy burden you'd have to—

C. Carry!

L. Your butcher and baker would have

T to—

C. Charge!

L. Your prospects, of course, would not—

C. Advance!

L. And you'd have to—

C. 'Bout face!

L. And never have any—

C. Rest!

L. Now, Corporal, pray give me your—

C. Attention!

L. A man of your years is not able to bear such a—

C. Load!

L. But you are not in your—

C. Prime!

L. Your wife may—

C. 'Bout!

L. Leave you, but she will soon—

C. Return!

L. And then you'd have to bear all on your—

C. Shoulder!

L. Would you be—

C. Ready!

L. I think you have some other—

C. Aim!

L. And you'd throw all your epistles into the—

C. Fire! [Fires the musket.]

Look before you Kick.

A minister of one of the orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of the members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was travelling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them—they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to the family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along. This objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious great coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course, this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps. The obsequies at the grave being completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who desired to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps!

"You will excuse me, brothers and sisters," said the minister confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it—I have sausages in my pocket, and that tarnation dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"

Your readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral. Tears of sorrow were suddenly exchanged for smiles of merriment.

By Shears,

An old soaker who lived in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head one day that it was necessary for his future welfare to be "born ag'in," and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B., the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued:

Old S. It's your doctrine, boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer *immersion*, isn't it?

Mr. B. Yes, Sir, it is a fundamental doctrine of our church that a man to be regenerated must repent of his sins, and be *immersed*.

Old S. Well, boss, after repentin' of his sins, and been *sick under*, if he flashes in the pan, then what?

Mr. B. Although back-sliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sins, and is again immersed, the church will receive him again.

Old S. Well, s'pose he *ag'in* kicks out of the traces after the second time, (for you know what critters there are in this world, boss,) then what's to pay?

Mr. B. Notwithstanding all *this*, if he will seriously repent and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the church will again receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.

Old S. (After a few moments of deep tho't,) proposes the closing interrogatory—Well, boss wouldn't it be a blasted good idea to *keep such a fellow in soak all the time?*

My informant did not say whether Old S. joined the church or not, but I incline to the opinion that he didn't.

There are three things you should never take—a cold, a lady's character, or your neighbor's umbrella.



(Little young America.) "Tell your mistress young woman! that Miss Mings and her mother are down stairs."



THE SLIPPERY SEASON.

BOWERY BUTCHER BOY.—*Can't ye stand on yer feet, say? If ye can't, I'll trade yer off for Bullocks, now*

JONTA SMITH.

Many years ago, when we attended a district school, in a little town in Massachusetts, a little affair of rather a laughable nature occurred, which will be remembered by those who attended school at the "Old Rabbit Hill School House," (so called.) Our teacher was one of that kind who are great wags in their own estimation, and delight in playing a joke, though it be but a poor one, on the ignorant or unsophisticated.

A little fellow of eight years old, by the name of Jonathan Smith, attended the school, who for convenience sake, was called "Jonta" among the boys. He was one of that kind who don't show himself on a short acquaintance, but nevertheless, you couldn't get much ahead of him in a joke, whether practical or otherwise. If there was anything which Jonta despised, it was study, and he would manoeuvre all sorts of ways, to get rid of a lesson, especially in Arithmetic, which to use his own words, "wasn't adapted to his constitution, anyhow!" From his idle habits in school hours, the master got the impression that he was naturally thick headed, and resolved to amuse himself and the older members of the school generally, by playing one of his masterly jokes on him. How he succeeded will be seen.

One morning Jonta came loafing into school at a late hour and took his seat. "Jonathan," said the master, with a sly wink at some of the large boys, "I have a sum for you to do."

"Yes, sir," said our hero.

"Well," said the master, "suppose a frog is at the bottom of a well twenty feet deep; he climbs up two feet every day, and falls down three feet every night, how long will it take him to get out of the well? Can you do the sum?"

"I can try."

"Well, take your slate and go at it. I'll see at noon if you have an answer."

Jonta saw the "catch," and thought he'd see who would play the best joke, he or "the old man." He had got rid of all his other lessons for that day, and was suited of course. He amused himself by drawing pictures of the master on his slate all the forenoon, which pictures were certainly not very complimentary to that sage dignitary. Noon came and the slate was clean.

"Well, Jonathan, have you got an answer yet?" asked the master.

"Not quite sir, most done," was the reply.

"Well," said the master, hardly able to suppress laughter

at the success of his joke, "take hold of it again in the afternoon."

Jonta spent the afternoon as he did the forenoon, "perfectly satisfied with the arrangements," he said, "if the old man was!" At night, just before the school was dismissed, the master asked him if he had not an answer?"

"Yes sir," said Jonta.

"Well read it up to the school; they are all interested."

Our hero had told some of the scholars at noon that he was going to get the old man "on a stick" and there was some stir among the scholars as he arose. Holding the slate before him, he said,

"After careful study, sir, I cal'lat that the frog, sir, would be in purgatory in just three months sir, to a minute!"

The tremendous shouts and crowing which followed among the scholars, was a caution to barnyard fowls, and cured the master of attempting any more fun at Jonta's expense.



"False one I love thee still."—Old Song.

The Thirty-Nine Dollar Mare.



of the evening—"Speaking of horses reminds me of a mare I knew a long time ago, when 'three minute nags' weren't so plenty as we hear about now a days."

There was a blacksmith in the town where I then lived who was a very fair judge of a horse, and who generally owned a "rasher," for those times—though almost his entire fortune was ordinarily invested in his "crab." He sold his old mare one day, and kept his eye open for another beast, when the right kind of an animal might fall in his way.

It chanced soon afterward, that there came to the door of his little shop, one day, a grey mare—a long, lean bodied wench—the owner of which desired to have her shod. The blacksmith looked in her mouth (as horsemen sometimes will,) and then he tried her dock. He stood in front of her, and then beside of her, and then examined her feet—and then went to work to shoe her.

"How old is she?" he asked quietly, as he proceeded to pare and trim her hoofs.

"Nine years come Spring," said the owner.

The blacksmith looked in her mouth again and said—"Yes, you can warrant that."

"Warrant? well, she's a good beast, anyhow," responded the other.

ous or five years ago, while traveling in the State of Maine, I chanced to halt at an out-of-the-way tavern in those parts—in the bar-room of which, during the evening, I heard the substance of the following story related. It may divert a portion of your readers, and so I write it out for you.

"Speaking of horses"—remarked the leading talker

"Is she sound?"

"As a fresh hick'ry nut."

"Kind?"

"As a cosset sheep."

"Maybe you'd sell her?" continued the blacksmith, slowly, as he finished her last foot.

"Yea," replied the owner, handing the blacksmith a dollar for his job. "Yea, I'll sell her."

"How much money—cash down?"

"Forty-five dollars."

"Five and forty. She must be a good 'un then."

"She is a good one."

"Say forty, stranger, and I'll ventur to take her."

The bargain was closed, the stranger walked away with his old saddle on his arm, and the grey mare walked into the blacksmith's little shed stable. It was a heap of money for him to put into a single horse, but he thought she had good points in her making-up, notwithstanding the fact that she hadn't been over fed, of late, or too carefully groomed.

A little care and grooming very soon developed her more satisfactorily, and the purchaser chancing to be a dozen miles from home one night, "hurried up her cakes" on his way back, and led a noted three minute pelter straight into town, like open and shut!

"Well done! Well done, old thirty-nine," said the blacksmith, enthusiastically, as he applied two huge straw whisks to her reeking sides—nor left her while a single hair was turned upon her body. "Well done, old 'oman! I'll take you round Walnut hill, and will see about this."

And he did take her there—once, twice, thrice—fifty times; but he said nothing, only that "the mare was a good creatur to draw and he was content with her."

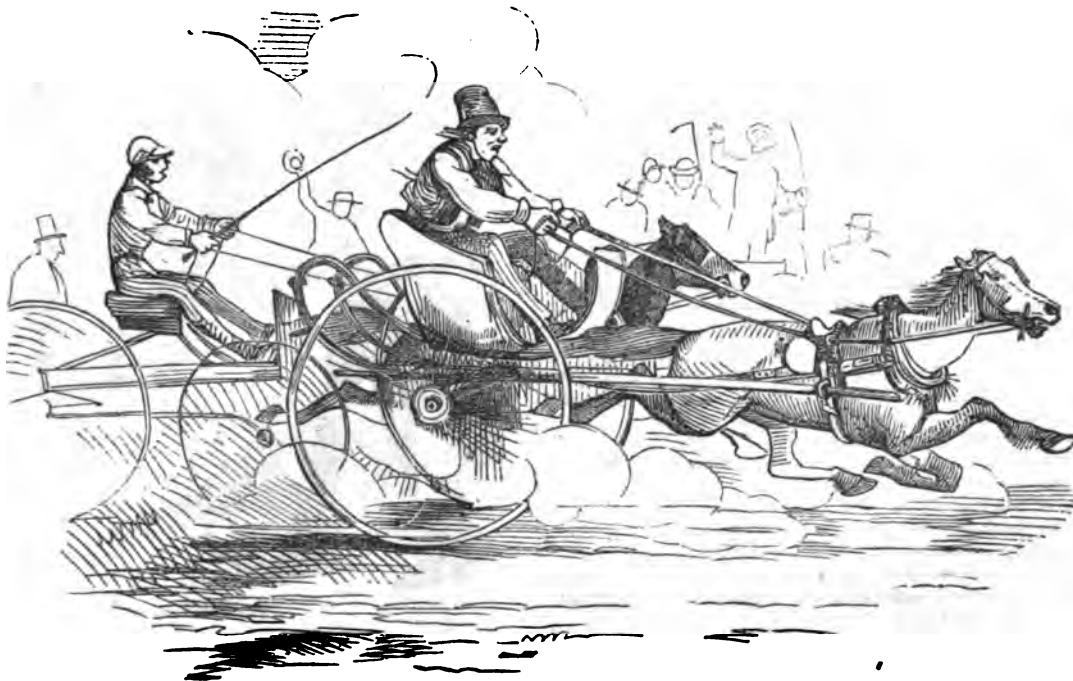
At the end of four or five months, the old man took a leather pouch, shut up shop, and rode his gray mare in Boston—halting at the old Eastern Stage House, in Ann street. Here he remained, quietly, for three or four days, scarcely showing himself, and never speaking of his mare.

One evening he overheard some of the "boys" in the bar-room "talking horse," and he listened earnestly.

"Go!" said one of them, "I rather think he can—in twenty-five, sure!"

"Ha-ha!" roared the rest, (for three-minute horses, even, were not very plenty at that period.)

"I'd like to match him against something that can trot. Your wiggler and racker and runners are not the thing.



THE THIRTY-NINE DOLLAR MARE.

*An ancient Roman Skating.*

Give me a square trotter, and I can just leave him!—that's all."

"Ken you?" asked a voice near by, modestly.

The company turned about, and saw an unshorn, rough visaged man sitting in his shirt-sleeves, to whom the young buck did not reply at all. Our blacksmith (for it was he) continued to smoke his pipe. The boys put their heads together for a lark—and the foremost asked:

"Perhaps you've got a horse that you would like to exercise a little?"

"Yaas," responded the rude-dressed stranger. I don't mind a little exercise bate nothing on it, I take it."

"Why, yea. Just for the name of the thing, we'll go five hundred or so."

"Five hundred what?" exclaimed the green 'un jumping from his chair and smashing his pipe at the same moment.

"Five hundred dollars, to be sure."

"O, git aout! You're jokin'."

"No—we can't trot Tim short of that; it wouldn't pay."

"Wal, now, look here, nabur, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll trot hoss agin hoss—yourn agin mine—in harness."

"No, sir, that won't do."

"But, five hundred! Come say fifty. That's enough, raily."

But there was no other way, and the blacksmith placed his money at last in the landlord's hands, which the sharpers instantly covered.

"Do you know him?" they asked, as the old fellow moved off.

"No," said the host. "He has just come in from Salem, he says."

The preliminaries were quickly arranged, and the afternoon, but one following, was agreed for the trot—over the Upper Mill Dam road. Everybody had heard of the queer bet before the next evening and the road was lined with pedestrians and carriages. The challenging party lived in Charlestown, and the horse they had named was the crack of the time; so they cared nothing about what was to trot against him, and asked no questions.

The day was clear and cool, and the blacksmith had been upon the ground full two hours. His grey mare stood at the roadside in a wretched harness and worse gig, (though the latter was light and strong) and several times, as the company gathered, she had been moved and buffeted for being in the way of gentlemen. She bore her persecutions meekly, however, and the blacksmith, in his shirt sleeves, said nothing.

"Where's your horse?" asked the confident jockey, who was to drive his competitor.

"She'll be here in time, now. Don't go to givin' yerself any extra trouble about her naow, cause you'll hav your hands full, I'm thinkin', bye and bye. Wot'd yer give fer that ere skillit you've got on your head?"

"That's my riding cap, Sawney."

"Edsackly. And them silk fixins—ar'n't them rather costly?"

"Where's your horse? Time's up."

"Out of the way there, with that old crow-bait," shouted one of the fast boys, hauling up at this moment, and seeking to get the place occupied by the blacksmith's team.

But there stood the mare, with her head drooping almost to her feet, seemingly jaded and woe begone, when the blacksmith hopped into the gig, looked at his watch and said—

"Ere we are, then, Mister."

"But where's the horse that you are going to trot?"

"Here she is."

"Well, I don't trot with no such skeleton as that, mind you," said his opponent, "not by a long chalk."

And a furious roar of merriment went up from the crowd, who were in extasies.

The blacksmith insisted, however. He'd trot his mare, or claim the money. And the animals were duly called to the start,—mile heats, from the crossing, best two in three.

At the word, away they went; the horse fairly leading the way. The mare kept behind up to the half mile post, fell away on the third quarter, and the horse came in to the post, a splendid winner, in 2:42—the mare barely saving her distance, coming home at a half gallop and half trot, amid the yells of the crowd.

The blacksmith had a "friend" in the congregation, who had a "pile of the ready." To be sure, no one knew this, and he was evidently a rich man. He took all the side bets he could muster, at big odds against the mare. She blew badly, at the stand, and the blacksmith looked haggard and earnest. The crowd roared again, at the second start, but the roar was brief this time.

"Now go, thirty-nine!" screamed the blacksmith, as they went away on this heat. And she did go. Instantly taking the pole, stretched right along, passed the half mile mark, finished the third quarter without a mis-step, and came home five lengths ahead in 2:40.

Money began to change hands again! But the horses came up for the third heat, and at the word "now go, 'thirty-nine,'" the mare made an awful gap between herself and her competitor. The mare led the way—aye, every foot on it?—from the start; and distancing her rival, passed the winning post, well in hand, clear down in the thirties. She was a good "un," added our narrator.

"And what became of this beast?" we asked.

Oh, he sold her for a thousand dollars, before he left Boston. She went South but died soon afterwards. She cost him, (with her new set of shoes, valued at one dollar,) forty dollars. He called her "thirty-nine."

"Bed time," said our host. "And I left."



Half a dollar, you say?

Yes your honor, and cheap riding at that.

Well, you see I'm regularly cleaned out; but its a pity you should lose the money, I'll fix it. Suppose you lend me a half dollar, and I'll give you my note for the whole amount. Cabman is dumb with astonishment but respectfully declines

Wouldn't Contend.

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkably cool, calm non-resistant, and addressed him thus:—

" That piece of fence over there is mine and you shan't have it."

" Why," replied Mr. F., " you must be mistaken, I think."

" No, no, it's mine, and I shall keep it."

" Well," said Mr. F., " suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

" I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

" Well," continued Mr. F., " shall we leave it to any four men in the village, that *you* shall select?"

" No, I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, Mr. F. said, " Well, neighbor th' shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong, w' to you or to me."

Struck dumb by the appeal, the wrathful man turned away, saying—

" I won't have anything to do with a man that *won't contend for his own rights*."

One of our correspondent's, is responsible for the following

" Good morning, stranger, where are you moving to?"

" To the Ar-kansas."

" Where did you come from?"

" From the State of South Caroliner."

" Will there be much emigration from that State this year?"

" Almighty sight. I reckin—might hard times this year. A heap of people is on the pint of starvin."

" Why so—what's the matter?"

" The 'simmon' crop has failed, and I'm gwine to look for a better country."

We mizzled.



HOW THEY DREAM IN TEXAS.

" Wal, stranger, I see no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed is rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see I'm an old trapper, and generally dream of shootin' and scalpin', Injuns. Where I stopped night afore last, they charged me five dollars extra, cause I happened to whittle up the head board in the night! But you can come stranger if you like, I feel kinder peaceable now; I think you'll get off in the morning with your scalp on, if you happen to keep your head."

A Botanical Joke.

When the great American Aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York on exhibition, was on his way up the river under the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked, " This plant belongs to the Cactus family, does it not, sir?"

" No, sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply of the straightforward attendant.

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and as usual, after the lecture, the pledge was passed around for signatures.

" Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing towards a gang of bloated and red nosed loafers near the door. " Pass it along—perhaps some of those gentleman would like to join our cause."

" We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.

" Well," replied the ready clergyman, " I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers, that do not bite."

DEATH AND BURIAL

or

THE NEBRASKA BILL. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.

Who killed the Nebraska Bill ?
 We said the Cabinet,
 We did the stabbing it,
 We killed the Nebraska Bill.
 Here is the Cabinet,
 Which did the stabbing it.

*The Cabinet Larder.*

II.

Who saw it fall ?
 We, answered all,
 The men in the Hall,
 We saw it fall !—
 Here is the Hall
 With the congressmen all.

*Some of the Congress.*

III.

Who caught its blood ?
 I, said a "Soft,"
 And he held it aloft—
 I caught its blood.
 Here is the "Soft,"
 With the blood held aloft.

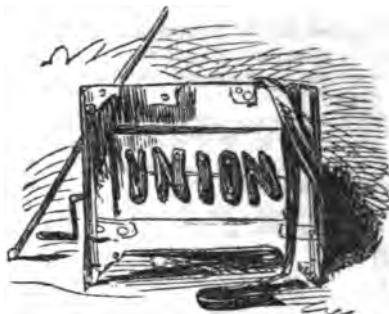
IV.

Who'll make its shroud ?
 I said old Marcy,
 With my patch on my—Elbow—
 I'll make the shroud.
 Here is friend Marcy
 With his patch on his—Elbow !

*Portrait of Gov. Marcy.*

V.

Who'll dig its grave ?
 I, said the Union,
 With a "Soft," in communion,
 I'll dig its grave.
 Here is the Union,
 With a "Soft" in communion.

*The Government Organ.*

VI.

Who'll bear the pall ?
 I answered Davis,
 (From whom the Lord save us !)
 I'll bear the pall.—
 Hear is Jeff Davis
 (From whom the Lord Save us !)

*The Secretary of War.*

VII.

Who'll carry it to its grave ?
 We, said the "Lobby,"
 With the "Spoils" for our hobby,
 We'll carry it to its grave.
 Here is the Lobby
 With the "Spoils" for its hobby.

*The Lobby with empty Pockets.*

VIII.

Who'll be the parson?
I, answered Mike,
If you do not dislike,
I'll be the parson.
Behold! here is Mike,
Whom we do not dislike.

IX.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said Judge Douglass,—
I watched its death-struggles,
I'll be chief mourner.
Here is Judge Douglass,
Who watched the death-struggles.



Arnold Douglass Esq.

X.

Who'll toll the Bell?
I, said New Hampshire,
I made its death damned sure
I'll toll the Bell.
Here is New Hampshire,
Which made the death damned sure.

XI.

So the Congressmen all,
They laid hands upon Marcy,
With the patch on his—Elbow—
Did the Congressmen all.
And they came down on Marcy,
With a patch on his—Elbow!—



The fate of the Patch.

A COMMISSIONER said to an insolvent debtor: "Pray, sir, how could you wilfully, and with your eyes open, contract such a number of debts, with no means to pay them?"

"Sir," said the insolvent, "I never wilfully contracted debts, I have done my best to enlarge them."



A Thought or two on Apes.

Plato, who everybody allows was something of a philosopher in his time, defined man as "a two-legged animal without feathers." The definition was quaint and appropriate, but not so good, all things considered, as that of our Philosopher, viz., that "man is a better sort of Ape." Strictly speaking he bears resemblance to a good many other animals; as the Hog, the Ass, and the Porcupine; altogether, however, he comes the nearest to the class *Ape*, the head of the imitative animals. It is not what we ourselves are, not our true lives that we endeavor to live, but fictitious ones: those of the Rev. Mr. Narrow Mind, if we are piously inclined; those of the Hon. Mr. Dough Face, and Shirk Out, if we are political, or those of Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar, if we appear to be at all fashionable.

Our fashionable people, take them for all in all, are the most imitative and ape-like. They are so conscious of their own demerits or so appreciative of the merits of others that they seldom let us behold them as they really are. We see them surrounded and encrusted with affectations and seemings.

How they dress in Paris and London; the usages of the *ton* here; what Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar, and the Staggs and Bragg's say and do; not what is becoming in them, not what genuine men and women ought to be and do, is the subject of their thoughts and lives.

Mrs. Potiphar for instance gives a supper or a ball. Very well. Mrs. Potiphar goes to the confectioner's and orders it, *a la mode de Paris*. That done she sends out cards of invitation; not to her friends and relatives, but to those whose coming will shed the most *eclat* on her entertainment. Having invited a sufficient number she takes it upon herself to dictate the *style* in which they shall come, their costume and so forth.

Being one of the followers,—now and then by dint of hard pushing she succeeds in becoming a leader of the fashion—her commands are obeyed to the letter, and the gents present themselves in the masquerade that is most pleasing to her; *a la Grande Monarque*, *a la Louis Quinze*, or *a la Tom Fool* in general.

One of our New York fashionables recently gave a *petite souper* and *bal masque* at which all the ladies and gentlemen were dressed in the style of Louis the Fifteenth's time, this lady personating a famous court beauty, (and prostitute,) and that gentleman a famous gallant, (and rake.) The "rake" and "prostitute" part of the business was left out, we are charitable enough to believe; partly because the parties in question were not sufficiently posted up in French History to know their characters, and because none of them had their manhood or womanhood enough to do anything so unfashionable. Sin demands a certain quantity of genuineness in the individual practising it; the *bon ton* at Mrs. Potiphar's supper only followed the fashion; that being insipid and virtuous, they were so, and much good did it do them.

According to the account of those who were present it was a funny affair. The gentlemen strutted up and down catching their rapiers between their legs, and treading on the ladies trains; now pulling up their long boots, and now adjusting their heavy horse hair wigs. Nor did the ladies fare much better; what with their wigs, head dresses, and patches, the flirting of their fans, and their dancing the *minuet de la cour*. (by the way, it ended at last in a Virginia reel,) it was too much for their delicate susceptibilities, and most of them were completely fagged out before the thing had well begun. The upshot of the matter was that everybody voted it "a bore," and declared they would never go to a similar frolic again. They will though, as you will see next fall or winter, for what else can they do, being apes?



LD Briggs asked us the other day, if we could tell why people almost invariably took a journey after marriage. We replied in the negative and made application to him for information.

"Because," exclaimed the misanthrope, "they seek for happiness and feel satisfied that they will not find it at home."

Briggs married when quite young, and his wife put on his inexpressibles the first week; so we could not put too much dependence on his sayings.

A good story is told, in an eastern paper, of the treatment of a drunken husband by his admirable spouse. After trying various experiments to cure drunkenness, she thought of another plan of making a reformed drunkard of her lord.

She engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward, to carry Philander to the watch house while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, Philander walked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself up on his elbow, he looked around until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove smoking a cigar.

"Where am I," said Philander.

"In a medical college," said the cigar smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up!"

"How comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we bought your body to make a'natomy."

"It's a lie—I'm not dead."

"No matter—we bought your carcass from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could make of you. If you're not dead, that's no fault of the doctor's, and they'll cut you up dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"Ay, to be sure we will, now, directly," was the resolute answer.

"Well, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that Philander was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so, with no gentle-handling, he tumbled the irreformable inebriate out of the watch house.

"OVER THE LEFT."

O, don't you remember Bill Spriggs, mother,
Old Sprigge, that lived at the mill;
With eyes just like a pig's, mother,
And nose like a parrot's bill?
With a turn-up chin,
And a yellow shin;
He was just the man for a beau,
Over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

He came to court me—once—mother,
When he lived over South;
And tried to kiss me—the dunce—mother,
But poked his chin in my mouth:
The old scpegrace!
I slapped his face—
But he said 'twas a loving blow
Over the left you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

He was ugly and old—but rich, mother—
The last an important thing—
So I let the stupid wretch, mother,
Come, when a present he'd bring.
He said, "My dove,
Will you be my love?"
I told him, "Oh, yes, just so,"
Over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

And Harry got quite jealous, mother,
Although no reason had he;
And sighed like a broken bellows, mother,
But I told him, "Fiddle-de-res!"
It's all a charm,
The old thing to harm;
For all the love I show,
Is over the left, you know, Harry,
Over the left, you know."

And ere I was wedded to Harry, mother,
I still my humor would please;
And though I consented to marry, mother,
I yet could not help but tease.

I should love evermore
Old Sprigga, I swore—
It made Harry as mad as a hoe,
But 'twas over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

When I stood up at the altar, mother,
To wed the man of my choice,
I pretended to tremble and falter, mother,
And spoke with inaudible voice.
To "love and obey"
Dear Harry, that day—
To pledge I was no ways slow;
But 'twas over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

Tee Witty by Half.

A youthful reader of the *Notions*, thus experimented on his mamma, who was making the family bread a few days since:

"Mother, it strikes me you are very lazy, just now."

"How dare you say so? why, don't you see I'm making bread?" indignantly returned the lady.

"True, but that's neither more nor less than *loafing*."

[The wit got no hot cakes for several days.—He makes no such puns since.]



SCENE—Wharf near Washington Market.

1st. Gentleman of Leisure.—(viz. loafer.) "Bill, are you a-going to be about this evening? I'm on a lay, and want you to help."

2nd. Gentleman etc.—"Pon my soul, Jack, you must excuse me; for every time I go on a lay, I am sure to go to sleep."



the king will not give you so much."

"Och, and be jabers," said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the Guards, and as quick as he sees you he will ride up and ask you three questions; first, his majesty will ask you how old you are. You will say twenty-seven—next how long you have been in the service; you must reply three weeks—finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer both."

Patrick soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions, in three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him; Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the king.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the king.

"Both," replied Pat, who was instantly taken to the guard-house.

Mems of an Old Reformer.

To give up the filthy habit of smoking as soon as I possibly can.

To harden myself against the insinuation of snuff, and to put my hands in my pockets, whenever a pinch is offered to me.

Never to stop out later than eleven o'clock.

To answer my letters directly when they arrive.

To summon every cabman who is impudent or neglects to give me a ticket.

To tutor myself in better habits of punctuality, so that when I am invited out I may not arrive an hour after my time.

Only to buy those things I positively want, and never to buy anything until I have the money in hand to pay for it.

To take some energetic means to get, once and for all, out of the debt of my tailor.

To deal with my own tradesman, instead of allowing the servants to order all the things for me.

To insist upon having all my accounts sent in regularly every week.

To entertain the deadliest hatred, and to wage the most relentless war against

FREDERICK of Prussia, had a mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the "Royal Guards," and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them.—One day a recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life, and a large bounty, so delighted Patrick, that he at once consented.

"But," said the sergeant, "unless you can speak German,

that most ruinous of all systems—Credit.

To try the experiment for a short time of seeing that the cellar, in which my wine and spirits are kept, is locked.

To examine more carefully my washerwoman's Bills—and to check them always when they come home.

To ascertain what stock of linen I have.

To discontinue the folly of giving money to beggars.

To stop drinking when I feel I have had enough!!!

To forswear unlimited tea, and learn chess.

Never to be in bed later than eight o'clock.

To walk always a good hour before breakfast.

To begin to think seriously about marriage, and the policy of insuring one's life.

Chronology of Remarkable Events.

1854. City Improvement begins. Temple Bar and Lord Mayor's Show end.

1856. Restoration of the bonnet to the crown of the head.

1857. Act passed for the Relief of London Lodgers. Prohibition of barrel organs, cats, blunt knives, and door chains.

1859. Teetotalism introduced among the London Cabmen. No less than three to take the pledge at once.

1880. Something useful done by the Sanitary Commissioners.

1881. Great excitement prevails in literary circles. A London Author gets a cheque from a New York Publisher.

1899. Cultivation of genuine Havana Tobacco Plants at Richmond ends.

1900. A clean street in the City.

1901. Publication of Mr. James's 2,000th Novel.

1919. Completion of the Library Catalogue at the British Museum—up to the letter H.

1920. A racing prophecy fulfilled.

1939. Ventilation of the House of Commons effected.

1945. A London lady for a wager walks down Regent Street with her husband without stopping at a shawl shop.

1980. Maine Law introduced in England—for an hour or two.

1999. Starvation of Curates ceases.

2000. Restoration of a borrowed Umbrella to its rightful owner.

2001. Apparition of a Policeman at the moment he was wanted.



INVITATION TO
MR. & MRS. POTTERHAR,
TO THE
FANCY DRESS BALL,
A la Louis Quinze.

Mr. P.—Ahem! my dear, excuse me, but who the d—l is this Louis Quinsey? Don't know any such name in our Bank. Don't believe his note could be done in the Street at ten per cent a month.

Mrs. P.—Why Mr. P. I am ashamed of your ignorance. Louis Quinsey was one of the original Knickerbockers, and died a few years ago of a sore throat.

THE DUELL@,
Or a true and veritable account of ye late Bloodless Tragedie.
(Air "A Frog he would a wooing go.")

I.
Two "Gents" they would a fighting—go,
Heigh ho for Nebraska.
And how they did it I'll let you know,
With a roly poly gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho for Nebraska.



II.
Mr. Breckenridge sat in his seat in the house,
Heigh ho, &c.
Watching *The Bill* as a cat does a mouse,
For he saw Cutting's motion the poor bill would douce,
With a roly, &c.



III.
When the motion had passed, in a terrible passion—
Heigh ho, &c.
Breck rose to his feet in Hyena like fashion,
And called Mr. Cutting "a treach'rous assassin,"
With his roly, &c.



IV.
When Breckenridge finished, Cutting rose in a rage,
Heigh ho, &c.
Like a lion, or any wild beast in a cage,
And said that in stabbing he didn't engage,
With a roly &c.



V.
And just by way of returning a slap;
Heigh ho, &c.
Said Breckenridge skulked like a cowardly chap,
And "owed his election to NEW YORK HARD PAP,"
With a roly, &c.



VI.
Says Breckenridge then, "that's false and he knows it,
Heigh ho, &c.
Or if it was true it was mean to disclose it,
Mr. Cutting tells fibs, and his argument shows it"
With a roly, &c.



VII.
Then Cutting cut home as fast as he could,
Heigh ho, &c.
To write a cartel as a gentleman should,
For he'd made up his mind that fight Breck he would,
With his roly, &c.



VIII.
So he called for pens, paper, and something to drink,
Heigh ho, &c.
And sat himself down, and ere you could wink,
He wrote off a letter of blood—with black ink,
With his roly &c.



IX.
Breck got it at breakfast with coffee and toast,
Heigh ho, &c.
"This fellow," said he, "shall have no time to boast,"
So he sent him an answer right off by the post.
With his roly, &c.



X.
Says Breck to himself, "the north I will stifle,"
Heigh ho, &c.
And Cutting shall find that with me he can't trifle,
"I go in for Pierce, so I bore him with a rifle,"
With a roly, &c.



XL.

But Cutting was not to be riddled that way,
Heigh ho, &c.
He thought that rising like that wouldn't pay,
And would have said pistols could he have his say,
With their roly, &c.



XII.

The Police got the scent. So they both cut and ran,
Heigh ho, &c.
Or to "quod" they'd have gone as sure as a gun,
Which would have the effect of spoiling their fun—
With their roly, &c.



XIII.

So when the seconds had chosen the ground,
Heigh ho, &c.
Neither Cutting nor Breck were there to be found,
Breck was cutting, and Cutting was cutting around,
With a roly, &c.



XIV.

So after three days of extreme botheration,
Heigh ho, &c.
And all sorts of vexatious procrastination,
They settled the row by outside mediation,
With a roly, &c.



XV.

So then Breck and Cutting agreed to the "terms,"
Heigh ho, &c.
Quite weary of war and all its alarm,
And rushed into each other's wide open arms,
With their roly, &c.



XVI.

Breck called Cutting "a brick," Cutting Breck, "bricks
and mortar,"
Heigh ho, &c.
And they both took a drink like warriors ought's,
They didn't shed blood, and they didn't drink water,
With their roly, &c.



XVII.

Now the country is safe, without powder or ball,
Heigh ho, &c.
And the fight just amounted to nothing at all,
And "a fizzle" the duel, the people all call—
With their roly, &c.



HOW TO WRITE A SPLENDIFEROUS POEM.

Go roll a prairie up like cloth,
Drink Mississippi dry,
Put Alleghany in your hat,
A steamboat in your eye,
And for your breakfast, buffalo,
Some five and twenty fry.

Go kill the whole Camanche tribe,
Some day before you dine;
Pick out to make your walking stick,
A California pine;
And then turn round, and frown so dark
The sun won't dare to shine.

Go, whip a ton of grizzly bears
With nothing but a fan;
And prove yourself, by all these feats,
To be a western man;
And you can write a poem grand
If any body can.

An old lady looking at the curiosities in Barnum's Museum, came to a couple of large sea dogs, and after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near "if they ever barked?"—"No madam," replied he, "not now—*their bark is on the sea.*"

"Sammy my son, how many weeks belong to the year?" "Forty-six, sir." "Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?" "The other six are Lent." "Mother, put that boy to bed. He's getting too for'ard."

Snoobledyke lives in the country, and recently commenced going to Singing School. He heard the teacher say some thing about "two beats in a measure," when he eagerly remarked—if he means a half peck measure, the beets must be a darned sight bigger than the ones we raise, for it takes a dozen of them to make a peck."

A Merchant engaged in carrying it with the horses more than the invincible porter; "sure t' be troubled," said theager took it out to open the hoghead with."



Terrible Consequence of the Shocking State of the Streets.

Pat.—(Who walking on the frozen surface of the mud thinks he has found a hat.) Och, by the powers of mud here's a pries! Och, hawly Moses, shure and there's a man under the hat!

Gent in the mud.—Hallo there, what do you mean by disturbing a gentleman in this way.

Pat.—I ax your pardon Sir, but do you stand upon the pavement.

Gent.—Devil a bit—I've got a horse under me. We are waiting for the Street Inspector.

Pat.—Och, murther murther! Take your hat for shure; you'll want it bad enough if ye wait till you see that Gentleman.

The Lawyer and Witness.

There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even tempers will sometimes become ruffled. At the Assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, England, both judge and counsel had much difficulty to make the timid witness speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury, and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, there was called to the box a young witness, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

"I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather belittled out by the witness, in tones that almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in speaking too softly.

"Pray, have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsellor, who lost the remnant of his temper.

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Coffee, zur."

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" said the exasperated lawyer.

"A spunc, zur," innocently shouted the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court, except the counsellor, who flung down his brief, and rushed from the Court.

Questions and Answers.

Q. What is the "Dead Sea," like?

A. An Alderman's stomach.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is fathomless.

Q. How is gold like charity?

A. Because it "covers a multitude of sins."

Q. Does it render people deaf, dumb and blind; and how?

A. Yes; it makes them deaf to the whisperings of conscience as well as to the cry of misery; dumb when they should hear true testimony; and blind to vice and crime no less than to scenes of desolation.

Q. What is the greatest of modern crimes?

A. Poverty.

Q. Why did Shakspeare say "Who steals my purse steals trash!"

A. Because there was nothing in it.

Q. Was Shakspeare unlike other literary men in that respect?

A. No; he was the father of the whole race of poor devils who write for a living.

Q. Who is considered the wisest and smartest?

A. He who requires most money—no matter how

A waiter was examined the other day, before one of our Courts. We annex his testimony:

"Your name is Flunkey, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, Robert Flunkey."

"Well, Mr. Flunkey, you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?"

"'Cause, sir, he always says "Thank you," when I hand him a mutton-chop, or even a bit of bread. Now, a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out "Here, Bill, get me a mutton-chop, or I will throw the pepper-box at your head." You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your Worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many of 'em on the race-course." Verdict in favor of Mr. Brown.



Little Young America.—"Mamma! When am I to return Miss Ming's call?"

Mother.—"Oh! you're too young daughter."

"Well! I don't care! She mustn't think I'm ignorant of the customary forms of society."



FRENCHMAN AND THE YANKEE.—A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When the killing time came, they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he should get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide it was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it on the condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take his choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back and the Frenchman asked: "Vich piece will you have; ze piece wid ze tail on him or ze piece vat ain't got no tail on him?" "The piece with the tail!" shouted the Yankee instantly. "Den by gar you take him and I take ze oder," said the Frenchman. Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

Down South.

Through the "Rural Districts" of Georgia, "bald face," or corn whiskey, is the universal beverage. A traveler who had drank of it until fairly disgusted with it, came one hot noon to a rather niceish looking roadside Inn, where he proposed to refresh both "man and beast," as the sign said he might. Above the bar on a printed card, where the names of all the fine (and coarse) liquors, known to those who delight in them, from hock and fine old port, to Philadelphia ale and Newark cider. Accosting the landlord, who was bursting officially about, he requested some port wine.

"Got no port, sir."

"Well, let me have some sherry."

"Got no sherry, sir."

"Well, I'd rather have wine, but give me some brandy, then."

"Got no brandy, sir."

"Well, let me have gin, then."

"Got no gin, sir."

"Well, a glass of porter, or ale, or cider."

"Got neither porter, ale, or cider."

"Well, then, what the d—l have you got?"

"Got some good corn whiskey, sir."

Our traveler exhaled instanter, and mounting his horse, he studied a form of malediction to be bestowed upon all inn-keepers, who thus gave a promise to the eye, but break it to the hope.

A Sister's Vengeance.

"Brother, I've got a ticket for the Galland Band Ball, which comes off next Tuesday night. I can't get a beau—won't you take me?"

"Take you? No!" replied the affectionate brother; "I'm going to a hog-guessing, to be sure."

"A what?" cried the sister, boiling with wrath.

"A hog-guessing," replied the brother.

"What's that?"

"A select party where the boys guess the weight of hogs and bet on the result."

"And are you, you, going to one of them ar' things?"

"Well, I am."

"And you won't go with me to the ball?"

"No; I shan't."

"Then I tell you what it is," cried

the infuriated sister, shaking her delicate little fist under the nose of her affectionate brother: "You're a low contemptible feller; and keep low company; and as mother's laid up, and karn't tend to things, and as I am major of this ere 'establishment. I'll take tarnation good care that you don't get any buckwheat cakes for a month."

South and the North.

The following which we find under the head of "A Compromise," (says some one to whom the anecdote is new) appears to us to illustrate pretty well the relative positions of the South and North:

One cold night Quashee woke from his sleep and addressed his shivering bed-fellow:

"Hallo, Sambo! I want half de cubbering."

"Ha! Quashee? You got more nor half already."

"Hump! Den tink dis nigger fool to ax for what he got already eh? I want tudder half, you fool!"

"Jimbo! den I quit; for I no see what business I got in dis bed!"

"No, you won't quit neider, my brudder; you berry well for to keep my back warm; so just keep quiet and lay where you is, if you know what good for you, you niggar."

Hot and Cold.

An Irishman discovered a part of the wood work of a chimney on fire that endangered the whole house. He rushed up stairs to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. A large kettle of water was boiling on the fire.

"Well, why don't you put out the fire?"

"I can't sure."

"Why, you fool, pour the water upon it!"

"It's hot water, sure."



HUMANE SUGGESTION.

Street boys having captured a wretched Grimalkin, and borrowed a sack, (without the owner's consent,) are about to launch both on a nautical voyage from the end of a pier. A few stones are supposed to constitute part of the freight.

Other Boy, rushing in.—Say, Juke, Pets! look a here! here's a first rate brick, put it in, an' she can SIT on it, an' be drowned comfortable!!!

YANKEE NOTIONS,
MAY FIRST, 1854.



Fatal Effects of the Fall of Nebraska Bill.

JONATHAN'S CAB, WITH HIS READERS.

It 'pears to me, Brother Jonathan said to himself, 'tother day, while whittling a clean pine shingle, the chips from which his new Jack Knife curled off as slick as the skin comes off an eel, it 'pears to me that it's just about as well that I should hold a slight confab every month with all them folks that have taken a shine to my Notions, and be a little sociabul like. So here goes, and the most important 'pint he has to talk about jist now is the noos.

Brother Jonathan has established for the entire use of the *Notions* a new never failing unwearable sub-marine noos cirkilating telegraaf which being well posted up itself with locust and shesnut saplins is bound to post up everybody else. He has hearn tell of lots o' things lately which it has fotched to him, and so now, while he sets *tater tater*, as his brother who has been to France and can partly voo fust rate, and has got a 'normous pair of mousecatchers says, he's just a going to let the cat out of the bag and give loose to his felines upon all points.

Nebraska Bill has kicked up as big a row as Billy Patterson did and it kinder 'pears to us (hem!) that the man that struck the Nebraska Chap, if he ever gets found out, will be some pumkins, and he oughter be, because he squashed it.

It is mellankolly to think of. Well we hev had a little the darnest time out getting o'er streets cleaned, and enough dirt has been carried away to make about sixteen farms,

as big as uncle Joshes, but as the board of health had to plank down for the expense, and as the board of councilmen and aldermen cant find any ord'nance to sweep the streets it's mor'n likely that they will soon be wuss than before and all behind hand in the mud again. The old woman says that the streets are so ruff that they will never look flat enough till the aldermen and councilmen lay themselves out upon them.

The old lady feels mity skeery abeout her T because the Chinese and Philabusters have played hob with the Souchong gardens, and have killed old Hyson, and his son young Hyson, and are using up all the gun powder to pepper the old die nasty. She says she wishes they'd give the tartars one of their own emetics and make 'em throw up their hands. It 'pears to me as if them Chinese must like chowder, 'cause all their towns have a chow in 'em; there's Teen Chow, and Chin Chow, and Lun Chow, and Chow Chow, all of which the Philla'busterer's have took. They have got Shanghai too, and cut off the heads of all the old cocks. They say they will not leave a coach in China even, so that I kinder reckon after they get through with the fite it would be a good chance for a man to start an omnibus line, but we cant say at this stage of the game.

The mane law is passed and nobody is aloud to take any more quiet tod. There ain't no licker to be sold except for mecanical purposes, or for fisic, so all the mecheen shops are laying in a stock to keep the injins agoin' and the Doctor shops is going to be turned into doggeries, and it's likely they'll sell more snaps than canine or barks. The old woman says she must have her cup of old rye tea for her rumitism. She says the law is agin' the constitoochun, and the rye tea ain't, she knows.

The *Notions* is agoin' a head mor'n ever. Brother Jonathan has got lots of sellers full of fun cutting the funiest pictures ever made on blocks, out of their own heads, and he has got a new machine for making new jokes, with finer points than anybody ever saw. He expects when this number is read there is so many people will laugh at once, that all creation will shake as if it was an earthquake. The jokes will be, and are calkilated to punch fun out of the thickest skull. In fact those who believe that the Yankee Notions ain't the funniest paper that ever was printed will be sucked as bad as aunt Aggy's cat.

Ye see one day in harvest Tom got to prowlin' around and got into the milk house and was lappin' away at a pan



Awful developments disclosed by cleaning the streets.



Taking of Shanghai.

of fresh milk like all rath, when all of a sudden aunt Aggy she come'd along. "S'cat ye," shouted aunt Aggy.

And Tom he scatted, but he was so all fired skeered he went kerwollap right into the pan of milk.

He scabbled out in such a milky way that he was a star cat, now mind I tell you. Well, he run out by aunt Aggy like lightning, and cut off right deown into the calf pasture. The bossys smelt the milk and got after him. Tom run nipperty cut and the calves after him, finnely they caught him, and one took a suck, and another took a suck, until poor Tom he was sucked to death.



Cachinatory (Catching a Tory.)

Inhospitability.

One of our Correspondents, sends us the following sketch. Since receiving it our Funny Man has suddenly quit, jealous probably of the superior talents of his "competitor." In this dilemma we print the missive, and beg his, and the reader's pardon. The joke is plain enough except in the word "talle," what Gustie de Witt meant there is beyond our comprehension. We shall send it to Collier for his comments.

ED. NOTIONS.

Females Teacher.—"First class in spelling stand up. Alexander Richard Montgomery, go above that head boy for not paying attention, William St. Anthony, pay strict attention

to this instructive exercise, and let those girls alone. Martha Evangeline, proceed with your drawing; those other young ladies will let their doll babies alone and mind French. Arlington Taylor, put that top in your pocket, ain't you ashamed of yourself—you a young man sixteen years of age, who studies (aside) not learns French and drawing, to be playing with such things; hereafter Sir, be more careful. (Taylor trembles.) Head, spell Inhospitability."

Head Boy.—"Inn-horse-pie-talle-eye-tie, is that correct?"

Females Teacher.—"As far from being correct as you will be from getting in your father's Counting Room, since you can't spell it however, you may define it syllable by syllable."

Head Boy.—"The best way to define the word is as follows: the other day myself and some friends had a ride, and we stopped at the Inn, and put up our horse, went up and had some pie, after that I had quite a social talle, which ended in a black eye, and I had to get some one to tie it up." (It is needless to state that this smart un' graduated after an elapse of a week.) Alexander Richard Montgomery, is at present a book keeper in an Oyster Cellar.

GUSTIE DE WITT.

We heard of a rich incident that occurred at a Methodist prayer-meeting, once upon a time not a thousand miles from this place, and we can not resist the inclination to put it in print. We have references who are willing to vouch for its truthfulness:

The minister, whose name was John, after a season of prayer edged "up" to a group of young ladies who had recently been converted, and asked—

"Do these ladies love the Lord?"

"Yes, sir," answered one of them.

"Well then," said the minister, "kiss brother John for the Lord's sake."



Badly Sucked in.



Mr. Potiphar dressed for the Grand Fancy Ball.

Barber.—"Now Monsieur Potiphar you shall see yourself dress very fine, in costume de riguer."

Mr. P.—"Call this a costume de riguer, hey! Blessed if ever I saw a rigger dress like this, any where along South Street. But I suppose it's all right. Go on Parley vous."

Mayor Smith, of Boston, in answer to a congratulatory speech from some of his constituents a few days since, announced his intention to "make everybody comfortable."—The Mayor is yet a novice, evidently, or he would hardly promise so much; and we fear the issue will be much as it once was with a certain Yombo, "down souf." A knot of "nigs" camped down on the cabin floor, with their feet towards the fire, at the invitation of the occupant, who wished to "make ebery-body comfable," and who himself formed one of the group. Before long, Yombo partially raised himself, and seeing a number of heels very close to the embers, ejaculated,—

"Phew—ow! wot dat smell so? Somebody heel burning!"

Receiving no answer, he again reposèd, but soon springing up, again, said to his neighbor,—

"You, Jake! dat you heel? Somebody heel a burning shuah!"

Jake denying the scorch, a general investigation followed, when Yombo, in passing his hand over his own heel, peeled off quite a sheet of "crackling," and exclaimed,—

"Bress de Lord! arter dis, ebery nig look arter he sef! Dis ole darkey aint a gwine to cook he own shins any more—make odder folks comfable, shuah!"

"Take Yourself a Farm."

When McKenzie was trying to revolutionize Canada by inciting rebellion, he and his coadjutors were lavish of promises to all who would enlist for "liberty and fight it out." Every soldier was to have a good farm, and those who did extra well, two or three. After the bubble had

burst and McKenzie and his ragged band were at Buffalo, one of the most forlorn of the latter approached Mac, and demanded he should redeem. "You know you promised me a farm if I would jine in, and now I've come for it." "You have, ha!" said Mac: "Well, you cross right over to Canada and take the first farm you come to, if it's a good one. Tell them that I sent you."

Baby Talk.

Clarke, of the Knickerbocker, has lately devoted more than one leaf of his "table" to the sayings and doings of the "little folks," which, if not "run in the ground," will prove quite a pretty feature in "Old Knick's" countenance. We heard a baby story, the other day, which is about as characteristic of little folks as anything we have stumbled over lately. Two little boys, whose parents were spending a few weeks at Fort Hamilton, last summer, were boasting, as children will, of their "papas," and one of them with a good deal of pride said to the other.

"My father owns a sail-boat."

"That's nothing," said the other; "my father's got a fast horse, and he won a race."

"Well," replied the first one, "what of that? Didn't my father's boat win two races last week?"

This staggered the young gentleman's faith in horse-flesh for a moment; but, recovering himself, he retorted with the following "*non sequitur*!"

"Well, I know what I've got, that you haven't; I've got a dead grandfather, in a tomb in Greenwood, and my father's got the key in his pocket."

The aquatic young gent retired into his shell. He could not boast of having a dead grandfather.

"Father," said an ambitious shaver, about the size of a pepper box, "I can do without shoes, but I am suffering for a bosom pin."



UNCALLED FOR AGGRAVATION OF MISERY.

"Umbrella, Sir—Buy an umbrella!"

EARLY MARRIAGES.

She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature in fashionable clothes, with an empty pocket. "He came of good family," however, and blood, you know, is something. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, dark eyes and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

She stood beside the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birth-day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying; some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lacteal secretion. She stooped in despair and sat down and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas, Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

Anecdote of the Little Richard.

One night during Booth's last engagement at the National theatre in this city, and under circumstances "over which he had no control," a slender and rather inefficient Cates by rushed in and announced in a piping voice,

"My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham's taken."

The eminent tragedian turned, and with a face full of meaning, facetiously enquired.

"What will?" It was all up with Richard that night.

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?"

"No sir; but what amounted to the same thing—the Landlord footed me."

Verdict for defendant. Call next case

THE "FIRST OF MAY."

Turn out! Turn out! 'Tis the first of May—
A general exodus make to day—
Pack up your duds, your pots and kettles,
Sofas and chairs and stools and settles,
Come jump and be smart,
For here comes the cart,
Ten dollars a load,
For all that is rode,
Besides what's smashed and crashed,
And to pieces dashed.

And here comes the other
(Oh Lord what a bother)
Family, that moves in
As sure as sin—
Take care of the baby,
It'll be left, may be,
Behind, among the rubbish,
And look out for your wife,
For on my life,
You'll find her rather snubbish.

Now take down the beds,
Take care of your heads,
"There goes the best looking glass"
And the carman dod rot him,
My preserves over sot 'em,
And put his foot in the pickles alas—
"Come hurry along"—"There your doing that wrong"
"Can't you see all the crock'ry you'll crack"
"Take care of that table,"
"Come lift if your able,
"Oh Lord, the lord's breaking my back."



SCENE.—Why hello Bob, you look fine this morning! What's the matter, dressed to death, and a new Hat. Why you must have been making a run on your Banker.

Well Bill, I did make a run on a Banker, but he's not one of your Wall Street Chaps, that never solicit a run, but a certain fashionable Halter that is always ready for a rush, never allows himself to be crowded and will top you off with Hat, Cap, or anything in his way at the shortest notice. So you can make a note of it, and watch him as close as you please: and as far as you can see him you'll never find him napping. So give him a trial? Recollect "Banker" Fashionable Halter.

'Mid noise and confusion,
And blue black contusion,
And rattle and tattle,
Away goes each chattel,
In one chaotic mass,
As you cry out, alas,
Pots and pans, carpets and coals,
Shovels and rugs, and jugs and bowls,
Bedsteads and drawers
Ticks full of straws.

Mirrors and stoves,
And barrels and loaves,
Broken tumblers crammed into baskets,
Jewels rare knocked out of caskets,
Old boots, old hats,
Blind kittens, old cats,
Together are jumbled,
And rumpled and tumbled,
While children are squalling,
And cartmen are bawling.

You never have heard such a row in your life,
Sure no one can bear it,
'Tis so hard you swear it,
Enough is to make a man take to the knife,
So from morning till night,
Till you're all us'd up quite,
You rattle and battle away—
And just saving your neck,
From the general wreck,
Wish, old Nick had the First of May.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

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O F W A R .
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No. 6.

JUNE.

Vol. III.



LAYING OUT NEBRASKA BILL.

Wall, I'll swow ef that Bullyon Benton, don't make a fust rate undertaker: jest look how batiful he's laid eout that venerable darkee, how pooty the korps looks. Hello, there's that Horris Greely, a trying to make capit'l eout of the transaction by stealin' coppers off the departed niggers, eyes—





rose from his seat, took up his cap and pushed for the door. "Stop," said the tutor; "do you know what *no* means?" "Yes," said Charley, "it is a particle of negation, and two of them coming together, are equivalent to an affirmative." His wit was his passport.

Doing a Phrenologist.

"You say you have made the subject your constant study for the last six years?" interrogated a little gentleman of Mr. Adolphus Brown—the "man of *bumps*," who was sojourning in the quiet town of S—, giving glorious evidence of the irrefragable truths of great science, by lectures and explanations, public and private.

"I may sir," replied Mr. Brown, "that I have devoted more time to this profession, than any other subject that ever engaged my attention."

There was a numerous assemblage of persons in the little office, some waiting to be *examined*, some for the purpose of investigation, and others from mere curiosity to see this singular individual, who could fathom the mysterious depths of human character, by gently passing his digitals over their astonished craniums. The little gentleman proceeded:

"Nothing could gratify me more, than to see the science thoroughly tested."

"Then you have not had the pleasure of attending any of the lectures?" said Mr. Brown.

"Oh, yes, sir; but you know that there is a possibility that characters of individuals may be arrived at by physiognomic or physiological observations or by scanning the dress, manner and general appearance of the person. Mr. Fowler has, on different occasions, consented to make public examinations while blind-folded."

"He has, sir; and the result has invariably proved, to every honest mind, the incontestable truths of this great science."

At this juncture of proceedings, both the speaker and the listeners were suddenly aware of the fact that the door of the little office was being opened, and moreover, that a *real* Jonathan was about to intrude his inquisitive self into the presence of the learned disciple of Spurzheim.

He was habited in a mortal "long-tailed blue," beneath which a pair of rusty cowhides peeped forth in all their puritanic glory. On his head of dirty red locks, sat a most antique bell-crowned hat, pitched jauntily to one side, while the Jonathan wreathed in a sunshine of smile, no sooner opened the door than he bawled out at the top of his voice, regardless of all present—

"Feel a feller's pumpkin, here, mister?"

"Sir!" fiercely ejaculated the thoroughly distrusted professor.

"I say—you feel around amongst a feller's squash—his coconut you know" said Jonathan, removing his venerable hat, and smiting his head with his fist, by way of elucidating his interrogations—"to see whether he's got any sense in him, hey?"

MART BOY.—Dr. Wayland of Brown University, had a boy about six years old who was anything but a fool. The doctor placed him under the care of one of the students, with the charge that he should not go out, without permission from his tutor. "May I go out?" at length inquired our hero. "No" was the laconic reply. A few minutes' pause followed. "May I go out?" again inquired the boy. "No!" was again the response. The miniature edition of the doctor slowly

"I can manipulate the exterior surface of the capital member, to ascertain the peculiar characteristic qualities of the person under examination," replied Mr. Adolphus Brown, the phrenologist, with a great flourish of words.

"Jehu! du tell!" ejaculated Jonathan, starting back in astonishment. "Then you ain't Mister Brown, the old fernology *cuss*, *hey?*"

"I am Mr. Brown, sir, the phrenologist."

"Oh, yeou be, eh? Can examine a feller's head, *hey*—for the dough, *hey?*"

"I make phrenological examinations, sir," replied the genius of bumps.

"Charge in advance, *hey?*"

"One dollar," answered Brown.

And forthwith Jonathan forked over the "California," and deposited himself in the professor's great arm-chair, to be operated upon.

During the examination, that he purposely made as verbose and unintelligible as possible, in order to appear of some magnitude in the eyes of the assembled auditors, Jonathan would occasionally exclaim :

"Jehu—yeou don't say! wall, neow I never knew that ar afore! mistake, doctor, never was in all my life. Never knew I was half so clever a feller, afore; no heow!" &c., always disputing the truth of the "characteristic qualifications" ascribed him by the "Doctor," much to the chagrin of the latter, and much to the merriment of those present.

When the examination was nearly concluded, Jonathan began to work rather uncomfortable in his seat, and at length exclaimed—

"I say yeou doctor, ain't it *rather* warm here, just now? Guess I'll take off my overcoat."

And suiting the action to the word, he proceeded to rid himself of his extensive garment exposed beneath a suit of well made fashionable clothes; and then placing his hand on his head, he removed with a grace that would have done honor to John Van Buren himself, *his wig!*

"Why, Judge! is it possible?" exclaimed the little gentleman, springing forward and shaking the ex-Jonathan cordially by the hand.

Never was a man more completely dumb-founded than Mr. Adolphus Brown, the phrenologist, as the Judge held up the little dirty wig before his astonished gaze, saying, with a good humored smile, while a wicked titter ran through the crowd:

"Wal, doctor, you've gin that ar' wig a purty fair character, considering it used to belong to an actor, and neow I want you to give mine—if you please."

The Witty Prisoner.

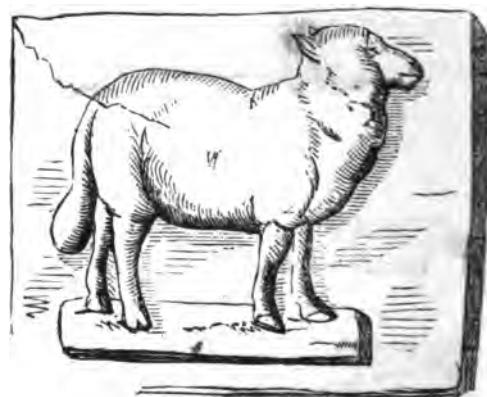
A prisoner being brought up at a London police office, the following dialogue passed between him and the magistrate :

"How do you live?"

"Pretty well, sir; generally a little beef and pudding at dinner!"

"I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"

"I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's and sometimes at the chandler's shop."



A Bas (baa) Relief.

*Beauty and the Beast.***Definitions.****Maiden—Preserved Sweets.****Children—A mother's history.****Bachelor—A social poacher on other people's preserves.****Widower—A liberated prisoner, who (if "well to do") the female police of society consider, wants "looking after."****Widow—One who knows "what's what," and is desirous of further information on the subject.****QUAKER PUNISHMENT.**

A Long Island Quaker, who had a very unruly negro boy living with him, and whose disposition he had tried for a long time to bring under the control of the peaceful influence of Quakerism in vain, tried a new species of punishment, which is related thus:

"Tired of moral suasion, the old Quaker was about giving up in despair, when a thought struck him." "I will punish the lad," said Aminidab to himself; "I will not strike him, for he is one of God's creatures, on whom men should not lay their unworthy hands. Josiah," said he, addressing the boy, "come here."

Josh, whose keen eye discerned in the look and manner of the old Quaker signs of some mysterious movement, came doggedly up to his master, and hung his head in token of humble submission. "Josiah," continued the old man, "thee has been a bad boy, and thy master has lost all patience with thee. Dost thou know, Josiah, where the wicked and unruly lads like thee go to?"

"No," whined the negro.

"No; boy, hast thou never heard of the bad place?"

"Yes was the reply, "I have heard that bad boys go to — down, down, down to dat dark dungeon where they get the brimstone from."

"That is the place, boy," continued the Quaker, in a solemn tone, "and there I must take thee, Josiah."

"Me, massa, oh Lora, oh Lora; I—I—I—O Lora, massa."

"Get thy hat Josiah, get thy hat, and come with me; I can hear no words from thee."

The boy got his hat, and followed the Quaker to the Railroad depot, where they took the cars for Brooklyn. The negro sat in silence, half fearing half doubting the old man's intentions. On flew the cars at a rate the boy never had rode before, the engine snorting and puffing, not unlike what his

imagination had pictured the chief of the infernal regions. Trees, houses, and fences seemed to fly as if on wings, and before the cars reached Brooklyn, the poor lad's head was fairly bewildered, and he scarcely knew whether he was going up or "down, down, down." Furious as the wind, came the train down Atlantic street; horses snorted and dashed away from the track in fright; the boys hooted and screamed, and poor Josh looked as if he thought he was on his way to the land of spirits. Presently the engineer gave one of those terrible whistles that echoed throughout the whole city; and the engine plunged into the tunnel. "Good bya, Josiah," said Aminidab, and he suddenly stepped from his seat to the platform outside the cars. A screech—a groan—and then a stifled moan was heard where the negro sat, and then all was dark and still, save the puffing and whistling of the engine, and the rattling of the cars, as they whirled on through the narrow passage. Once or twice a noise like a struggle or catching for breath was faintly heard coming from the negro's seat, but nothing was known of the horrors of that "middle passage" until the train emerged from the tunnel on the West side. The passengers were then horrified at a sight which they supposed was a case of cholera in their midst. A 'dead nigger,' was right among them. The old Quaker had poor Josh by the collar, shaking and scolding and trying to make him stand upon his feet. But Josh was a gone nigger to all appearances, and it was an hour before the passengers and 'Josiah' could make him understand that he had passed the infernal regions. Josh finally came 'out right,' and it is hoped that he will be a better boy, and long remember his visit to the bad place.

A LARGE THROAT.

The Morning Star, published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the South who expended a large fortune—money, land, negroes, every thing, in a course of intemperance and profligacy.

As he had just paid a last year's grog-bill of \$900 one day, he was walking in the streets leisurely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side he called out to him to come over.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just take a look down my throat."

"I don't discover anything, sir," said the doctor, after looking carefully.

"You don't" said he, "why that's strange, will you be kind enough, sir to give another look."

"Really, sir," said the doctor after a second look, "I don't see anything."

"No! why doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down there."

An Indian paper publishes an account of a queer hole on a hill side out there. The bank caved in, like many other Indiana banks, and left the hole sticking out about ten feet.

*"Have you anything over to day? I'm rather short."*



HARLES LAMB, sitting next some charitable woman at dinner, observing that he did not attend to her, "You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I've been saying to you." "No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman the other side of me must, for it all come in one ear and went out at the other."

"In short—ladies and gentlemen," said an overpowered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotion of my heart." (Vulgar boy from the gallery)—"Wouldn't a *pans* (pain) in your stomach do this time?"

REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
When I just began to creep,
How I crawled straight into mischief—
How I wouldn't go to sleep—
How I pulled the table linen,
With its contents, on the floor,
How my mother spanked me for it,
Till my tender flesh was sore.

I remember, I remember,
When I first began to talk;
And I also well remember,
The day I tried to walk;
Firm I grasped old Jowler's collar,
When he gave a sudden hop,
So into a pan of water,
Jowler spilt this child "ker slop."

I remember, I remember,
When I used to go to school,
How I kept a watchful eye upon
The master's rod and rule;
How I cut up monkey shines
Whene'er his back was turned—
How I used to catch it,
When I'd not my lesson learned.

I remember, I remember,
When I went a hookeying peaches,
How the dog came out and caught me
By the surplus of my breeches;
How I hung on to the bushes—
How the dog hung fast to me,
Till my crying brought a man,
Who flogged me "orful-LEE."

I remember, I remember,
When the girls I used to kiss,
How I thought it rather funny,
But it gave no extra bliss;
Now it seized me with rapture,
Now it fills my soul with joy,
Yet with manhood's blissful pleasures,
Would that I were still a boy,

Ever been Waxinated.

There was much puzzling of strange voters at the polls. At one of them a new comer a Patlander presented himself to exercise his "suffrage." He was shrewdly suspected of not being "right" by a man who winked at a "Challenger," who "thus then" interposed:

"Are you naturalized?"

"Yes, I *waxee*."

"Whon?"

"A spell ago—an' more."

"How long have you lived in the country?"

"Anan?"

"How long have you lived here?"

"Goin' on eight montha."

His consecutive answer proved satisfactory to the inspectors, and he was advancing to the polls to deposit his vote, when a wag with a face as "clerical" as Helland's the inimitable comedian planted himself before him, and in an under tone, but in a very significant manner, said:

"Pat, I'm your friend—look out! Have you ever been *waxinated*?"

"I never *waxee*!"

"Then you can't vote! It's bigamy—States' Prison!"
And the incipient voter was led off like a lamb.

A friend of ours, who when he writes, *edifies*, relates the following: "Travelling, the other day, in the cars of the Boston and Worcester railroad, there sat before me two respectable-looking individuals, whose conversation I could not but over-hear, and a "section" of which was as follows:

"Well, John has got himself into a bad fix *this* time: the proof is clear against him, and there is no doubt he'll be convicted of burglary."

The friend responded: "Why, he is out on bail; why don't he *slope*?" They say he is worth five or six thousand dollars: let him indemnify his bail, and 'cut'."

"Yes but then, Jonas is desperate fond of money, and he won't give up any of *that*, any how. No: I think he had better go to States-prison, and serve the sentence out. It wouldn't do him any harm."

"I don't think so," said the other; "Jonas is a man of high-toned feeling, and that would *cut him to the quick*!"

We should think it *would* have that effect!

"A decided Christian is wanted as a superior general servant, in a very small family. A good character indispensable." From the above advertisement in the London Times, it appears that there can be decided Christians with bad characters.

"I say Bob, what have you got in your carpet bag—peddling eh?"

"It's nothin' shorter."

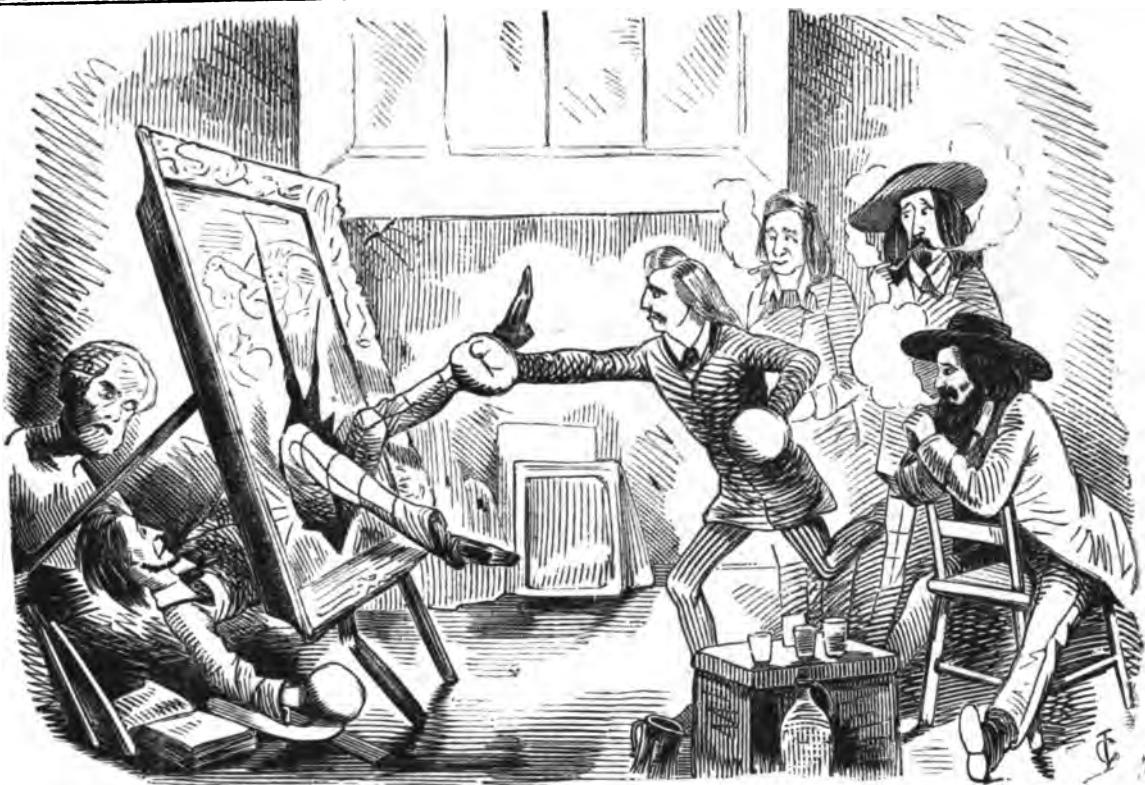
"Well, what have you got for sale?"

"Fools-caps!" and Bob left with a brick-bat in hot pursuit.



Unprovoked Assault on a Gentleman's Feelings.

Street boy, (whose organ and teneration is very imperfectly developed.)—"Oh ain't we proud of our Mustachers, Captain? Say—what did yer pay for yours. I got mine for two cents, and I tell you wot—I don't mind changing with yer!"



A STUDIO SKETCH.

Mr. Vandyke Brown having finished his Great Historical Picture, asks a few friends up to look at it, before he sends it to the Exhibition. They get to "sparring," and an unlooked for result ensues Mr. Vandyke Brown being knocked through his own canvas.

The Joking Clergyman.

Rev. Dr. Byles was an original compound of religion and mirth, conspicuous in the latter part of the last century, in New England. With a good heart, a mind of stable principle, and a decent reverence for his holy office, he nevertheless possessed a buoyant and genial flow of spirits, constantly running over with puns and witty conceits. He maintained his connexion with his (the Hollis street) church for forty-three years. He was a hale yet aged man when the Revolutionary war begun, and in his political predilections leaned towards the royal side.

In May, 1777, it was deemed necessary to arrest him as a Tory. He was ordered to be placed on board of a guard ship and sent to England. Subsequently the sentence was changed to confinement in his own house. A sentinel was kept before his door night and day, whom he was want to call an OBSERVATORY. At last the vigilance of the Board of War relaxed, and the sentinel disappeared; after awhile he was replaced, and after a little time removed altogether.

The Doctor used pleasantly to remark, he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded. Once the doctor tried to have the sentinel let him go after some milk for his family; but he was firm and would not; then he argued the case with the honest yet simple fellow, and induced him to go after the milk, while he, the Doctor, kept guard over himself. The people were filled with wonderment to see their pastor walking in measured strides before his own door, with the sentinel's gun on his shoulder, and when the story got abroad it furnished food for town gossip and merriment for several days.

The Doctor had a rather shrewish wife, so one day he called at the old distillery that stood in Lincoln street and accosted the proprietor thus:

"Do you still?"

"That is my business," replied Mr. Hill, the proprietor.

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "I should like to have you go and still my wife."

He served rather an ungallant trick upon the good lady at another time. He had some curiosities which people occa-

casionally called to see. One day two ladies called. Mrs. B. was then "in suds," and begged her husband to shut her in a closet while he exhibited his curiosities. He did so. After exhibiting every thing else, he said: "Now, ladies, I have reserved my greatest curiosity to the last," and opening the door, he exhibited Mrs. B. to the ladies.

There was an unseemly "slough of despond" before his door, in the shape of a quagmire, which he had repeatedly urged the town authorities to remove. At last two of the town officers in a carriage fairly got stuck in it. They whipped the horse, they hawed and geed, but they could not get out. Dr. Byles saw them from his window. He stepped out into the street—"I am delighted, gentlemen," said he, rubbing his hands with glee, "to see you stirring in this matter at last!" The "sore in the ground" was healed soon after.

Going along the street one day, he found himself in a great crowd near the old North Church.

"What is the matter?" inquired he of a bystander.

"Why, sir, there is a man going to fly from the steeple."

"Poh! poh!" said he, "you come here to see a man fly? Why, I have seen a horse fly."

A learned lady of Boston despatched a note to him on the great dark day, (May 19, 1780,) in the following style:

"Dear Doctor—How do you account for this darkness?"

His reply was—

"Dear Madam—I am as much in the dark as you are."

JUST LIKE 'EM.—A bashful Yokel was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Yokel called one day, when she alone was at home. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face, "I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? why now!"

"Yes, I dreamed you kissed me!"

"Why, now! what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home!"

A light dawned on Yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps Yokel's whip and perhaps not, but about a month more and they twain, &c.



A Remark on slight Acquaintance.

Boy.—Say, Lanky! are you employed by the Gas Company?
Thin Man.—What do you mean, you dirty little wretch.
Boy—Cos' you looks as if you was training to go down a gas pipe?

Western Eloquence.

A stump orator in the West uses the following appropriate language:

"If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or the night contrasts with the day. I will unrevet human society, clean all its parts and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese. My chief recommendations are that at a public dinner given to—, I ate more than any two men at the table—at the late election I put in three votes for the party; I've just bought a new suit of clothes that will do to wear to congress, and I've got the handsomest sister in old Kentuck."

The Pawnbroker.

What is a pawnbroker?—A chess-player who checkmates society with a "pawn."

Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business?—Yes; three balls.

In what respect is he theatrical?—Why he is a capital manager, and his private boxes are continually filled.

What does he lend money upon?—Upon undoubted security.

Personal security?—So personal that no one who leaves "a loan" beyond the twelfth month is ever likely to see it "again."

How does he upset all military tactics?—Because his is the retreat in which you obtain the advance.

What does he not allow?—He never allows you to pledge your word, your honor, your character, or your reputation; these being articles of no value in his estimation.

Is he a christian?—No; he cannot bear anything to be redeemed.

What relation does he bear to chemistry?—He can always be used as a receiver, and is always

ready with a "retort."

What is his shop?—The refuge of the robber and his gain—a place wherein poverty is obliged to witness the moral sucking of its blood, without the means of stopping the leech that draws it.

And is he not something of a circumnavigator?—I think so; when a lady pawns her cloak, he always "doubles the Cape."

Is he an orator?—Yes; he belongs to the "spouting" fraternity.

I have been told he behaves very honorably to a threadbare coat; is it true?—It is; he scorns to "take it in."

He has a strong hold on the affections of his customers, has he not?—Uncommonly so; they will leave their spectacles, hats, and umbrellas, or even their own apparel; and he, in return, takes "very great interest in accomodating them."

A Smart Youth.

Teacher.—"George, where are the mountains of the moon situated?"

Pupil.—"In Asiatic Africa."

Teacher.—"Why are they so called?"

Pupil.—"Cause they dropped from the moon."

Teacher.—"When?"

Pupil.—"Don't know, Sir! Very long ago, I guess."

Teacher.—"Well, you are not a bad boy, George, anyhow. You may sit down now."

A Lawyer's Retaining Fee.

A correspondent lets off the following anecdote of Mr. Burchard, the revival preacher, while he was at Lockport, N. Y. which is rather amusing. It was Mr. B.'s custom to go about the villages to enlist the wealthy and influential to attend his preaching, and give eclat to his meetings.

In the course of his perambulations one day, he fell in with Bob S., an attorney of some reputation and very famous for wit and readiness at repartee: "Good morning, Mr. S.", said the revivalist, "I understand that you are one of the leading men of this town and a lawyer of high standing; I have called upon you in hopes to engage you on the Lord's side." "Thank you," replied Bob, with an air of great sobriety, and with the most professional manner possible; "thank you—I should be most happy to be employed on that side of the case if I could do so consistently with my engagements, but you must go to some other counsel, as I have a standing retainer from the opposite party." The itinerant was amazed, piqued, nonplussed, and departed without any further ceremony.



"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?"

"No; but she does a precious sight worse, though."

"What is that?"

"Why she washes me every morning."



The head and front of her offending.

A young lawyer who had yet to make his maiden speech was electioneering for practice one day, when the following dialogue ensued :

"When will you make your *debut* at the bar as an Attorney?"

"Why, next Court of course."

"I suppose you will be honored with the privilege of charging the Grand Jury as that courtesy is generally extended to young lawyers."

"Certain, I shall, and I expect to see you there drinking down every word I say."

"I shouldn't wonder if I did, for I think it highly probable, it will be *thin enough to drink*."

The conversation was immediately changed.

To Poets and Philosophers.

When day "breaks" what becomes of its fragments?
When night "falls" does it sustain injury, or hurt anybody?

When the sun "rises," does he proceed to breakfast?

When the moon "sails," what kind of vessels does she have?

When stars (M. P.'s) are "twinkling," are they getting sleepy?

When streams are "murmuring," what do they grumble about?

When brooks are "babbling," what secrets are they disclosing?

When breezes "whisper," what do they say?

When the ocean "roars," is it with pain?

When Summer is "advancing," does it walk or run?

When the clouds are "flying," what kind of wings do they use?

When mountains "raise their heads," for what purpose?

When rocks "point to the sky," with which hand?

A Decided Answer.

As an acquaintance of ours was wending his way through Christie street, about 12 o'clock, one night last week, he was accosted by what he considered a suspicious looking character, whose aspect bore more affinity to the forbidding than the inviting class of features.

"Do you belong to a club, Sir?" asked the stranger abruptly, and without the least ceremony or apology.

"No," was the quick reply, "but this club belongs to me," and forthwith he drew from under his overcoat a skull cracker of formidable appearance. The man vanoised at once.

Forgive Your Enemies.

An excellent story is told us of the elder Kean by one who was an ardent admirer of him when living, and an enthusiastic eulogist of him now he is dead.

As the great actor sat alone one day in his room, in a Philadelphia hotel, with his favorite books around him, and a bottle of the best cogniac by his side, an old friend of his, who was now an enthusiastic exponent in the cause of temperance entered the room, and quietly seating himself by Mr. Kean, with a melancholy but determined countenance, spoke to this effect : "Mr. Kean you have an enemy!" "Sir?" ejaculated the great tragedian. "Yes, sir, you have! and he is a terrible one. He is following close upon you. Each day he is strengthening his preparatory measures for your destruction. Day and night he is near you, and very soon he will strike a sure blow." Mr. K., in an agitated manner replied : "I don't know what you mean, sir: I never in my life injured any man. An enemy, sir? Who is he?" "There!" rejoined his friend, pointing to the bottle, and in the same voice exclaimed, "let me dash him to pieces." As he was about to seize the unknown enemy, Mr. Kean, his countenance rekindling with a happy thought, and pressing the bottle to his heart, exclaimed in a quick and agitated manner : "Holdt the 'good book' teaches us to forgive our enemies."

A woman in attempting to conjugate a verb said : "I will marry, thou wilt marry, he will marry, you will marry, they will marry, and we will all feed the babies together."

Mrs. Matilda Muggs has put a fresh shingle at her shop-door in one of the western cities, with this announcement.

Notis.—I ar get sum nu articles for sail such as krackers, kandies kauphy kups sorsers and many other artikles tu numerous tu menshun awl selling cheep.

A musical genius out west blows Yankee Doodle on the frying pan. He is engaged to accompany a band of whistlers on a musical tour.



Dolly Ann.—Mother may I go to the dance? Zick has come for me.

Old Lady.—Wall, yes.

Dolly Ann.—Wall, what dress shall I wear, my long tail, or my toe tail?

Old Lady.—Wear your toe tail.

Dolly Ann.—Wall, where is it?

Old Lady.—Up stairs over the apple sass barrel.

A Slight Mistake.



We don't believe the following anecdote has been printed, and it is too good to be lost. One day, no matter when—an honest Hibernian strolled into one of our churches—no matter where—on communion Sunday; and at the invitation usually given "for all in regular standing," etc., he being somewhat verdant in matters of this kind, thought he would stay, too. Accordingly he remained in his obscure pew, and waited to see how matters would move. Soon a venerable man approached him and offered him the bread and cup. He took a generous sup of the latter and some of the former, and the good man passed along. Going back to the desk, a request was made, if any had been omitted in the distribution, they would rise. What was the deacon's astonishment to see the occupant of the stranger pew rise, and with a peculiar beck of the finger, motion him that away. Observing the sign, he walked towards the beckoner, who rose as he approached, and shutting his mouth with his hand, as he leaned half-over into the aisle, said in a subdued tone—"Have you any chaze?" The horror-stricken functionary tottered back, without answering, and the stranger was left to his own reflections upon the deficiency of the entertainment.

Gen. Jackson and the Clerk.

Many of our readers will recognize the point of the following joke, which we heard related "long time ago," but which we never saw in print. It is a "good 'un" and will bear retelling.

While General Jackson was president of the United States, he was tormented day after day by importunate visitors, (as most Chief Magistrates of this great country are) whom he did not care to see—and in consequence, he gave strict directions to the messenger at his door, to admit only certain persons on a particular day, when he was more busy with State affairs than usual.

In spite of his peremptory orders, however, the attendant bolted into his apartment, during the afternoon, and informed the General that a person was outside whom he could not control, and who claimed to see him—orders or no orders.

"I won't submit to this annoyance," exclaimed the old gentleman, nervously. "Who is it?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know! What's his name?"

"His name! Beg pardon, sir—it's a woman!"

"A woman! Show her in, James; show her in," said the president, wiping his face; and the next moment there entered the General's apartment, a neatly clad female, past the middle age, who advanced courteously towards the old gentleman, and accepted the chair proffered her.

"Be seated, Madam," he said.

"Thank you," responded the lady, throwing aside her veil and revealing a handsome face to her entertainer.

"My mission hither to-day, General," continued the fair speaker, "is a novel one, and you can aid me, perhaps."

"Madam," said the general, "command me."

"You are very kind, sir. I am a poor woman, General."

"Poverty is no crime, Madam."

"No, sir, but I have a little family to take care of—I am a widow, sir; and a clerk employed in one of the departments of your administration, is indebted to me for board to a considerable amount which I cannot collect. I need the money, steadily, and come to ask if a portion of his pay cannot be stopped, from time to time, until his claim of mine—an honest one, General, of which he had the full value, shall be cancelled."

"I really—Madam—that is, I have no control that way. What is the amount of the bill?"

"Seventy dollars, sir—here it is."

"Exactly: I see. And his salary, Madam!"

"It is said to be twelve hundred dollars, a year."

"And not pay his board bill?"

"As you see, sir, this has been standing for five months unpaid. Three days hence, he will draw his monthly pay; and I thought sir, if you would be kind enough to—"

"Yes, I have it. Go to him again and get his note, to-day, at thirty days."

"His note, sir! It wouldn't be worth the paper on which it was written; he pays no one a dollar, voluntarily."

"But he will give you his note—will he not, Madam?"

"O yes—he would be glad to have a respite in that way, for a month, no doubt."

"That's right, then. Go to him and obtain his note at thirty days from to-day, give him a receipt in full and come to me, this evening."

The lady departed, called upon the young lark, and dunned him for the amount—at which he only smiled—and finally asked him to give her his note, for it.

"To be sure," said he, with a chuckle—"give a note-sarl'n—and much good may it do you, mum,"

"You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you," said the lady.

"O certainly," was the reply. And in the evening she again repaired to the white house with the note. The President put his broad endorsement on the back, and directed her to obtain cash for it at the bank.

In due time a notice was sent to the Clerk that a note signed by him, will be due on a particular day, which he was requested to pay.

At first John could not conceive the source from whence the demand could come, and supposing that it had only been left for collection, was half resolved to take no notice of it.



Astounding instance of rapid growth.

"Oh Lord-a-massy! what has got into the boy? Why he's been and growed so since morning that I can hardly tell him from a lamp post. What did it Isaac?—Tell your dear old mother." "Why you see mammy I was a playing round the docks where they was unloading a vessel full of crocodile Guano, and I believe I must have got my shoes chock full; for I've been a growing over since, and I'm afraid I'll never stop at all." Boo-hoo-hoo! (Here he was irrigated with a flood of tears.)



"Oh how blest a man should be,
In the bosom of his family."—MRS. HEMANS.

But as he passed down the Avenue the unpaid board bill suddenly entered his head.

"Who has been foolish enough to help the old woman in this business, I wonder," said John to himself. "I'll go and see, it's a hum, I know; but I'd like to know if she has really fooled anybody with that bit'o paper!" and entering the Bank, he asked for the note, which had been left there for collection, against him.

"It was discounted," said the Teller.

"Discounted? who in the world will discount my note," said John, amazed.

"Anybody, with such a backer as you've got on this."

"Backer! Me—Backer—who?"

"Here's the note; you can see," said the Teller, handing him the document; and on which John instantly recognized the bold signature of the then President of the United States.

"Sold, truly!" exclaimed John, with a hysterical gasp, drawing forth the money—for he saw thro' the management, at a glance.

The note was paid, of course, and justice was awarded to the spendthrift, at once.

On the next morning, he found upon his desk a note, which contained the following entertaining bit of personal intelligence

SIR—A change has been made in your office; I am directed by the President to inform you, that your services will no longer be needed in this department.

Plucking a Rat.

Irish girls are always pretty smart, but once in a while they commit blunders. Their blunders are generally so ludicrous and funny that it is impossible to get angry at them. At one of the houses in this city, lives one who has "been over" but a few weeks. Lively as a cricket, industrious as a bee, and honest and willing to do. She of course is well liked by those with whom she has taken up her abode.

A few days ago, one of the men, who is something of a practical joker, happened to kill a large rat. He handed it to Nelly, and told her he wanted it cooked for his dinner. Nelly, with a modest courtesy, took the animal and proceeded to the kitchen. A short time after, the lady of the house had occasion to go to the kitchen, where she found Nelly trying to pull the fur off from the rat, which she was occasionally dipping into a kettle of scalding water!

"Why Nelly! what are you about?" asked the astonished lady.

"Sure, an' its thryin to pluck the feathers off this I am;" said she, "for Mr. —— towld me to cook it for dinner."

The lady soon put a stop to the performance and told Nelly with all the gravity she could command, that the men had been playing a joke upon her.

"Truth an' a joke it is, sure enough," said she, "for I never seen sick feathers to stick in all me life!"

The Death of Grimes' Hen.

At last the speckled hen has gone—
That hen of hens the best;
She died without a sigh or groan,
While on her downy nest.

Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow
For ten long years she lay,
At noon and eve, old Grimes an egg,
But none the sabbath day.

She had a nest behind the door,
All neatly lined with hay,
Her back was brown and sprinkled o'er
With spots inclined for grey."

The neighbors fowls did all agree
She was a good old soul;
She sometimes roosted in a tree,
And some times on a pole.

When'er the rain came pelting down,
And th' under's dreadful roar,
She hid herself in Grimes' hat,
Until the storm was o'er.

Kind reader now we'll drop a tear,
To Grimes' speckled hen;
It is too true we ne'er shall look
Upon her like again.

Epitaphs.

Some home rambler in the State of Maine, has been visiting, among other places, the town of Augusta, and an ancient cemetery thereof, from which he extracted sundry epitaphs that are amusing.

We give two:—

"Here beneath this stone there lies,
Waiting a summons to the skies,
The body of Samuel Jenking,
He was an honest Christian man;
His fault was that he took and ran
Suddenly to drinking.

Whoever reads this tablet o'er
Take warning now, and drink no more."

The next is short and pithy:—

"After Life's Scarlet Fever,
I sleep well."



"Oh dear Doctor; my back is so lame I can neither sit, nor lay!"

"Then Madam I should suggest the propriety of roosting!"

A FIX WITH THE EXTRAS.

Correspondent tells the following capital yarn:—While passing through one of the principal streets, we saw in front of an eating house a large black turtle "dragging his slow length along," on the sidewalk, and quite a number had gathered to look at the "cretur." Soon a dumpy little negro man who had just come along with a very small dog, looked at the turtle with apparent astonishment for a moment, and asked, "Wha-what you call dat ar feller?" "That's a turtle," answered a bystander. "Gorry; what dey do wid um?" "Make soup of him." "Soup?—ya ha!—what a looking feller dat is to make soup ob? Heah, Caesar, bite 'im!" said the negro to his dog, as he stirred the turtle with his cane.

The dog seeming to know a little more about "the natur of the baste" than did his master, hung back a little, but finally he crawled up to get a smell of his strange customer, when the turtle made a snap at his foot, seizing it in his mouth, and squeezed it so unmercifully that puppy go' up some of the tallest kind of yelling, and the negro made no less noise than the dog.

"Ki yi—ow-wow," yelled the dog, while his master puffed like a locomotive, and exclaimed,—

"Gorry mighty! you brack toad, why not let go dat ar dog's foot?"

After thrashing him lustily over the shell with a sugar-cane stick until he had broken his weapon to pieces, he seized the turtle by the head, and attempted to force him to release his hold of the dog. Unfortunately, Cuffy got his thumb in the same trap with the dog's and then there was music. Finally the "bark slipped" from the negro's thumb, and he extended the area of freedom to such a distance that there was no immediate danger of his being harmed by the turtle which, "Adhesiveness 17," still clung to the dog; and it was with considerable difficulty that his jaw could be opened sufficiently wide to render to Caesar what was Caesar's. The puppy was no sooner at liberty than Cuffy sang out, "Heah, Caesar, cum away from dar! an' if dat 'hasty plate ob soup' git our finger in him mouth agin, he may bite till him toof ache; dat's all I got to say 'bout um." The negro "put," and the dog hobbled after him on three legs, leaving a crowd of spectators who were shaking their sides with laughter.

Sam Slick on Lawyers.

Few things resemble each other more in natur' than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web into a corner with no light to show the thread of his net, but in a shade like, there he waits in his dark office, to receive his visiter. A buzzin', buzzin', tho'tless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings, and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumbling head over heels into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly, "I really didn't see this net-work of yours; the weather is so foggy, and the streets so confounded dark, I am afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," says the spider, bowin'. "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray don't move, or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you." And then he ties up one leg and has him as fast as Gibraltar.

"Now," said the spider, "my good friend, (a phrase a seller uses when he's agoin' to be tricky) I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum: I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly; "excuse me, I am obliged to you; I don't require it."

"O! yes you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation.

"If you dare to do that," said the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," said the spider, a laughin'; "you must be bled; you must pay the damage." And he bleeds him till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' comin' on.

"Let me go, my good feller," says the poor fly, "I will pay you liberally."

"Pay!" said the spider; "you miserable uncircumcised wretch, you have nothing to pay with; take that!" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

A GOOD SELL.—"Have you heard, Bill, that there was a telegraph despatch from New York to-night that Sir John Franklin had been found?"

"No! Is it true?"

"Certainly. Grinnell's ship found him."

"Where did they find him?"

"Above the channel of course."

"What was he doing?"

"Leaning against the north pole, and trying to get up steam to thaw himself out."

We left before the fight began.

Due allowance should always be made for "first attempts," and this precaution is as necessary in poetry as in any other universal accomplishment of the age. The editor who received the following "Massacre of an Antelope" from "A Beginner," was doubtless of this opinion:

"First Israel with his gun he shot him.

He laid it down and went away—

Then Isaac with his axe he chopp'd it.

Until there was no signs of life remaining as they could perceive!"

A member of the South Carolina Legislature, an old bachelor by the name of Evans, got off the following *jeu d'esprit* recently. He was introduced to a beautiful widow, also named Evans. The introduction was in this wise: "Mrs Evans, permit me to present to you Mr. Evans." "Mrs. Evans," exclaimed the spirited old bachelor, "the very lady I have been in search of this last eighty years."

The following was told by a neighbor in relation to her little girl of four summers, which I think is worthy a place among the sayings of the "little ones" in your Table. Emma had been fretful and unruly during the day, and, as a punishment, had been sent to bed earlier than usual, with an injunction to say her prayers, as is her usual custom before retiring at night. Soon after she entered her room, her friends heard her at her devotions, in which she asked for sundry blessings on her parents, and closed as follows:

"O Lord! make me a good little girl, and do try and not let me be so spunky, if You'll try I'll try!"



It's his Way.

"Oh, you young scoundrel, you told me that he was perfectly kind, and now he's bit me to the bone!"

"Sir, he's only playing with you; he means well enough! It's only a way he's got."

*Our constant Reader.***AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.**

The late George F. Cooke, equally remarkable for his talents as for his numerous eccentricities, had been performing at the old theatre, Limerick, a few years previous to Miss O'Neil's visiting it. The last night of his appearance he acted Petruchio, and a little before the fall of the curtain, he had payed such constant attention to a little keg of whiskey, that the fumes overpowered his faculties, and in bestowing the whip upon the unfortunate Grumio, he belabored him so severely, that the miserable actor roared in downright earnest, every now and then threatening Cooke with a retaliation, who, doubly inspired on the occasion, both by the beverage he had drank, and the protection of the audience, persevered till he had made a clear stage for himself. The actor who had been thus treated vowed vengeance on George, which he was determined to inflict the moment he had undressed himself. Somewhat sobered by these threats, Petruchio bethought himself of the advice of Hudibras:

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

So, heedless of the strangeness of his dress, he instantly slipped down the back stairs, and sought refuge in one of the obscure alleys behind the theatre. It was then just twelve o'clock, and as Cooke had rambled out of the high street, he did not even encounter a watchman asleep on his post. The sounds of woe issuing with laughable solemnity from an humble hut, presently attracted his attention; they proceeded from an assemblage of persons, who (according to a custom still continued in the remoter parts of Ireland, on the death of a relation or even acquaintance,) were assembled round a dead body, chanting a dismal song or howl, in full chorus. The reader must bear in mind the broad-brimmed hat and whimsical dress of Petruchio, and that most likely not one individual assembled in that place had ever seen a play; imagine then, if possible, the wonder and horror of the poor, simple souls when George Frederick applied his shoulder to the slender wicket of the cabin, plunged into the midst of the group, sword in hand oversetting those he first encountered, and advancing up to the foot of the bed, on which the body of an old woman was placed, exclaiming in his own rough way, with his eyes distended to the utmost extent by intoxication—

"How now, ye secret, black and midnight hags—
What is't ye do?"

Thunderstruck by the figure of the apparition, and the tones which proceeded from it, some of the mourners sought shelter under a bed, others crept half way up the chimney, while the remainder sallied out into the lane, praying most fervently to be released from the visitation of the devil, for a human being none could suppose George, who, left alone with the shrivelled remains of the old peasant, taking her parchment-colored hand, pathetically exclaimed—

'O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;
Thou art not conquered—beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson on thy lips."
"Beauty! no, hang me, if it is tho';
Avant, thou horrid spectre!"

"But stop," said George, for his eye at that moment rested on a jug of whiskey punch, smoking in the chimney-corner—he eagerly grasped the handle, and cried—

"Here's to my love!"

The affrighted company taking by degrees a little courage, ventured one by one, to peep through the key-hole and then

observed George had thrown away his sword, returned into the apartment, when he, in order to encourage them, exclaimed: "Don't fear me, 'tis only George Frederick Cooke; come, sit down; I'll smoke with you, and drink with you, my jolly lads and lasses." Thus re-assured, George became gradually a great favorite with them, and revelled in the delights of tobacco and whiskey, "until his eyelids could no longer wag." He was then quietly placed on the bed with his imaginary Juliet until the next morning, when he was discovered in his retreat, and conveyed home to his lodgings in a sedan chair.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

Nay, fond one! I will ne'er reveal
Whence flowed that sudden tear:
The truth 'twere kindness to conceal
From thy too anxious ear.

How often when some hidden spring
Of recollected grief
Is rudely touched, a tear will bring
The bursting breast relief!

Yet 'twas no anguish of the soul,
No memory of woes,
Bade that one lonely tearlet roll
Adown my chiselled nose.

But, ah! interrogation's note,
Still twinkles in thine eye;
Know, then, that I have burnt my throat
With this confounded pie!

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended.

"Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon; but he stole it!"

This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong—for on returning home, and referring to the book whence it was taken, I found it there."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a dumb man like a great mathematician?
Because he is a man of science (signs.)

Why are two wharves like a seemingly contradictory assertion?

Because they are a paradox (pair o'docks.)

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article.

"Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.



First Newsboy.—Are you the one that insulted me, say?

Second ditto.—Yes Sir-ree! what of it?

First ditto.—Nothing; only I thought it was some little seller.

Sips of Punch.



THE MODERN CRUSADER.—Nicholas pretends that he is fighting the battle of the Cross against the Crescent. This is so far true that, in consequence of the opposition his ambitious designs have met with, he is himself as cross as cross can be.

All About a Grocer.

Are grocers Nabobs?
"Yes! they know all about
Plume."

Is their business one that is never productive of annoyance or discomfort?

No! though no one can doubt its being a sweet one.
Why is a grocer below the level of his fellow men?
Simply, because he's a *grosser* (grocer).
Why are they like bees in the Fall?
Because they are usually possessed of a stock of *honey*, and never out of *wax*.
Why is a grocer a *gourmand*?
Because he understands the qualities of "chops" (of tea).
Why is he like a piece of misses school embroidery?
Because he's a *sampler*.
Why is a grocer a good artist in tea?
Because he *draws* it.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—It is rumored that all the oysters on the English coast, following the example of other natives in her Majesty's dominions, intend for the future, adding the moustache to the beard they have been hitherto in the habit only of wearing.

ADMIRALTY EXPERIENCE.—It has often been complained that the Lords of the Admiralty have no practical acquaintance with nautical affairs. Nobody, however, can deny that the present First Lord is so far a good sailor, that he has, as his late speech at the Reform Club testifies, been half seas over.

EMPEROR ALIAS.—It appears that the emperor of Russia is greatly annoyed with the Prussian papers for styling him simply the Czar. We hope his Majesty is satisfied with the names he is called by the British public.

ALWAYS IN A STATE OF FERMENT.—The most revolutionary article is bread, for, on the least rumor of an outbreak, it is invariably the first thing to rise.

ART FINERY.—A book has been published with the title of "Dress as a Fine Art." We hope this work does not recommend ladies to embellish themselves by painting.

WILL some mercantile friend tell us whether the rising in Greece has anything to do with the present high price of tallow?

A correspondent inquires whether "the light of other days" was ever used to illuminate the streets of London. Also, if quills from the "wings of the morning" are ever used for pens.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.—How are the sinews of war connected with the bone of contention, and in what manner do they act upon the muscle-man?

A SAYING AT FAULT.—When people say, "Necessity has no law," they must, surely, forget the Poor Law.

STOCK EXCHANGE SENTIMENTS.—No bonds of affection so true, so dear, so lasting, as treasury bonds.

Why is the interior of a roasted duck like nonsense? Because it's all stuff.

The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind, finds himself blown all over the town.

"**ORDERED TO LIE UPON THE TABLE.**" —A Spirit Medium.

A gentleman, the other evening, accidentally stepped upon a lady's skirt, tore loose the braid, and was about to apologize, when the lady wittily exclaimed, "Never mind, sir; I'll not up *braid* you for it."

A Colonial Con.
Why are bachelors like the natives of Ceylon? Because they are single he'a. (Cingalese.)

Imperial Devotion.
Czar Nicholas is so devout, they say,
His Majesty does nothing else than pray.

A Sign of Luck.
A will signed in your favor.

THE END OF ALL ARGUMENT.—"You're another."
NICHOLAS'S CREED.—"Aut *O*(a)mar aut nullus."

The Legend of Heinz von Stein.
Out from the dark wild forest,
Rode the terrible Heinz von Stein,
He paused at the door of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.

Then he sat himself down in a corner,
And growled for a bottle of wine,
Up came with a flask and a corkscrew
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed with a deep love longing,
And said, "Oh damsel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein."

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is not at all in my line,
And surely I shall not begin it,
On a countenance as ugly as thine."

Then the knight was exceedingly angry,
And he cursed, both coarse and fine!
And he asked her what was the swindle,
For her sour and nasty wine!

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the fearful legend,
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

For the Grammar Class.
If a pair of stockings are hose, is a single stocking a heel?
If a pair of glasses are spectacles, is one a spectacle? And if so, is it not a bad show for a sight?
If a certain wind instrument is a pair of bellows, is the singular a bellow? And if so, can the operation of "raising the wind" thereby be called bellowing?



Casting dark Reflections



HAIN'T BEEN STEALIN' NOTHIN'!"—A rich incident occurred a short time since, in one of the Country Courts in Vermont, which we consider too good to be lost.

Many of the jury, together with the judge and lawyers, were attending to participate in the celebration of a society of which they were members, and were consequently—in their anxiety to close the term—rushing cases through with all the despatch that honor and justice would permit.

At half past twelve o'clock one day, an intermission for half an hour for dinner was granted, with strict injunction from the Judge that

"all hands" must be back punctually at ONE, to commence a new case of larceny.

The dinners, that day, were swallowed with greater rapidity than usual, and as the clock struck ONE, the officers of the law rushed into Court, like chickens into a meal-trough.

While they were eating their dinners, however, a young man from the "kedntry," being somewhat anxious to see the manner in which justice was meted out, walked into the Court-room and, as he afterwards expressed himself, "took a squint at all the seats, and seein' that there wasn't nobody in the nicest one, with a railin' all round it, thought he'd make sure on it, 'fore the sellers got back from dinner."

In five minutes after the crowd entered the room, the Judge rapped the desk with the butt-end of his jack-knife, and with a dignified frown, cried—

"Silence'n the Court!"

"Silence'n the court," repeated the broad-shouldered constable, leaning on the railing in front of his honor, and immediately resumed the occupation of picking his teeth with a pin.

"Silence'n the court!" echoed the squeaking tones of a small, red-headed constable near the door, and the latter speaker immediately commenced elbowing the crowd, right and left, to let them know that he was around.

"All ready?" says the judge,

"All ready!" replied the attorney.

"Command the prisoner to stand up!" says the Judge, "While the indictment is being read!"

The broad-shouldered constable now walked up to the prisoner's box during the apparent momentary absence of the sheriff, placed his hands on the shoulder of the young man, and exclaimed—

"Stand up!"

"What for?" said the astonished young farmer.

"To hear the charge read!" exclaimed the constable.

"Wall, I guess I kin hear what's goin' on, without standin' as well as the rest on 'em," was the reply.

"STAND UP!" roared the Judge in a burst of passion—he just bit his tongue with picking his teeth; "young man, stand up! or the consequences be upon your own head."

The victim came up on his feet as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking around the court room, and noticing that all eyes were upon him, with an expression about as affectionate as that of a rabid man towards a bowl of water, he hung his head in confusion and mortification, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment; but he heard enough of the long, complicated, tangled sentences to learn that he was charged with stealing, or embezzling, or cheating or pilfering some house or somebody, and he couldn't tell exactly which.

"What does he say to the charge? Guilty or not Guilty?" inquired the Judge, peeping over his spectacles, with a look cold enough to freeze a man's blood. "Guilty or not guilty?" The young man ventured to look up, in hopes to find a sympathizing eye, but all were cold and unfriendly, and he again gazed on the saw-dusted floor, and trembled with confusion.

"Guilty or not guilty?" again vociferated the Judge, in a tone that plainly denoted impatience to proceed with the case.

The broad-shouldered constable, being rather a humane man, now stepped up to the prisoner and exclaimed—

"You had better say 'not guilty' of course! If you say 'guilty,' you don't stand no chance, this term, that's *sure*! and if you say 'not guilty,' and with any future state of the case, to change your plea to 'guilty,' you can do it without any injury to yourself! Therefore I advise you to say 'not guilty,' and stick to it, as long as there's any chance!"

Jonathan's feeling had been simmering some time, but now they fairly boiled over; and, with innocent but determined resolution he swung his arms about his head and exclaimed—

"What in all natur' are yeou sellers a-tryin' to dew? I hain't been stealin' nothin'! I hain't *sure*!"

Just at this moment, the front door opened and the sheriff, with the *genuine* prisoner, walked into the room and proceeded at once to the box.

The Court was in a moment aware of its mis'ake, and tried to choke down its efficts with a frown; but 'twas no go! The crowd burst forth into a horse laugh that nearly made the windows rattle, and the young man left the room exclaiming, as he passed out of the door—

"I knowed all the time, I hadn't stole nothin'!"—

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We can't answer for your son when he gets married; it is likely that he may pay some deference to the feelings of his wife.

A MERCHANT.—Undoubtedly clerks have a right to do as they please with themselves when business is over. How would you like to be followed to a certain house, mayhap, in a certain street of an evening.

AN INDIGNANT HOUSEHOLDER.—Cats are evidently a nuisance when intruding on your premises; though we positively don't know which are the worst, two or four legged ones.

HYDROPATHY.—A cleaning process that might have been done at home.



Old Lady, (from the Country.)—Pray can you tell me Sir, is this the Park? **Sedy Gent.**—Well it is; and you are just in time for the great Bull fight by the Aldermen; to be followed by a grand performance by the Mayor on the tight rope. Strangers not admitted except on payment of 25 cents. Reserved seats for ladies under the roof of the City Hall. So shell out old gal, and go in.

Old Lady.—Dear me! I wouldn't have missed it for anything.



QUOMBO AND HIS GRIEVES.—A poor old negro man came hobbling into court, and stated that he wished to make a complaint; on which the following dialogue took place:—

Complainant.—I wish to getta de search warrum.

Court.—Do you mean a search warrant?

Com.—Yes, massa, a search warrum; I loss 'em, and I like to hab 'em.

Court.—Well, what have you lost?

Com.—I lossa my wife, massa.

Court.—Did anybody steal your wife?

Com.—Oh, for sartin. Da carry 'em away, an' I no can fine 'em. Oh, de bominashum! If I getta 'em, I put 'em in de Tombs.

Court.—Well, as you wish to get rid of her, you had better not trouble yourself about her.

Com.—Dat no good a law, massa. I come for justice done 'em, an' I no getta justice.

Court.—How old is your wife?

Com.—She forty-lebben, massa.

Court.—I suppose you mean fifty-one. If you should get a search warrant, what value would you set upon your wife?

Com.—Nothing at all, massa. I setta no value on a t'ing wort' noting. 'Tis de satisfacshum.

Court.—Then you had better go home, and think nothing about her.

Here Quombo left the court in great grief, muttering, "no law, no satisfacshum, no nothing at all." Turning at the door, he very piteously said—"when you wife run away, an' you no can fine 'em, I tink den you will pity poor niggas. God bressa you, massa."

Peppin the Question.

Mehitable Merit, a young lady of thirty-nine who never had a chance to change the alterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

"Goodness, gracious," thought she, "I wonder what he's come for—can it be—"

But we won't divulge the thought that passed through the old maid's mind.

"How do you do, Miss Merit?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then."

"You see as I was coming by, I thought I'd step in and ask you a question about—about—"

"I suppose," thought Mehitable, "he means about the state of my heart."

"The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange?"

"O no," simpered Mehitable, "I don't think it at all strange, and in fact I have been expecting it."

"O," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

"His heart he means," said Mehitable aside. "Well, sir," she continued, aloud, "it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

"What! I got your umbrella!" exclaimed Solomon, in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd

like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me." "I beg your pardon," said the discomfited old maid, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is, I was thinking of something else."

"If," said Solomon, "there's anything of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it—"

"Well no its no matter," stammered Mehitable coloring. "Good morning."

A dry gentleman, whom I know, under the inspirations and the influences of "spirits," an evening or two since perpetrated a conundrum, for which he deserved to be shot—but as he was *half* shot when he did it, and has promised to do better next time, I have concluded to let him off without further punishment than its publication.

Mr. and Mrs. O., and the aforesaid dry gentlemen, were spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. R., and their daughter, a sprightly, pretty girl of sweet sixteen, enlivening the time with bright sayings, a quiet game of cards, and a stiff rum punch.

As usual, the glasses, the lemon, hot water, rum and sugar, were placed before the "dry gentleman," that he might brew the punch. After it had gone one round with the ladies, and the gentlemen had two, the dry gentleman, who had brewed, feeling himself somewhat im-brued, as well with the punch as a funny inspiration, taking up the lemon, divested of its rind, asked the following question:—

"Why is this lemon like an old maid who had been pretty?"

After some wild guessing on the part of the gentlemen, and one or two innocent suppositions by the young lady, it was given up.

"Because it was made to be *squeezed* and wasn't!"

The young lady fainted, and the dry gentleman went home, or—somewhere else.

A lover, wishing to concentrate his ardor in one burst of passion exclaimed—"Oh Angelina Augusta, I feel toward you just like the burning bush, which Moses saw—I'm all on fire, but aint consumed."



CHEAP BOARDING. A MORAL DRAMA.

"So, Mr. Green, this is the way you want to sneak off, you ungrateful villain. After I've been like a mother to you, and only charged you three dollars a week for feeding you on the fat of the land! Oh you miserable creature!"

Green, (summoning up a little courage.) "Well, I'm tired of eating fried sole leather beef steaks, and buckwheat cakes, made of flannel any longer. And if you call this the fat of the land where's your bone and gristle?" (He attempts to make a bolt of it, but is immediately collared and brought back by the Landlady, who locks him up in his room, and borrows ten dollars in advance!)

The Discussion about the Breeches,



or the benefit of "strong-minded women." The scene is from Mr. and Mrs. Shandy's bedroom, where the loving couple are in bed and discussing a very knotty point relative to the hero's future clothing:

"We should begin," said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate, "we should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches."

"We should so," said my mother.
"We defer it, my dear," quoth my father, "shamefully."

"I think we do, Mr. Shandy," said my mother.

"Not but the child looks extremely well," said my father, "in his vests and tunics."

"He does look very well in them," replied my mother.

"And for that reason it would be almost a sin," answered my father, "to take him out of 'em."

"It would so," said my mother.

"But, indeed, he is growing a very tall lad," rejoined my father.

"He is very tall for his age, indeed," said my mother.

"I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine," quoth my father, "who the deuce he takes after."

"I cannot conceive, for my life," said my mother.

"Humph!" said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

"I am very short myself," continued my father, gravely.

"You are very short, Mr. Shandy," said my mother.

"Humph!" quoth my father to himself, a second time, in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's—and, turning about again, there was an end of the debate for about three minutes and a half.

"When he gets these breeches made," said my father, in a higher tone, "he'll look like a beast in 'em."

"He will be very awkward in them at first," replied my mother.

"And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't," added my father.

"It will be very lucky," answered my mother.

"I suppose," replied my father, making some pause first, "he'll be exactly like other people's children."

"Exactly," said my mother.

"Though I should be very sorry for that," added my father; and so the debate stopped again.

"They should be of leather," said my father, turning about again.

"They will last him," said my mother, "the longest."

"But he can have no linings to 'em," replied my father.

"He cannot," said my mother.

"T'were better to have them of fustian," quoth my father.

"Nothing can be better," answered my mother.

"Except dimity," replied my father.

"Tis best of all," replied my mother.

"One must not give him his death, however," interrupted my father.

"By no means," said my mother.

And so the dialogue stood still again.

"I am resolved, however," quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, "he shall have no pockets in them."

"There is no occasion for any," said my mother.

"I mean in his coat and waistcoat," cried my father.

"I mean so, too," replied my mother.

"Though if he gets a gig or a top—poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them—they should have where to secure it."

"Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy," said my mother.

"But don't you think it right?" added my father, pressing the point home to her.

"Perfectly," said my mother, "if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy."

"There's for you!" cried my father, losing temper. "Please me! You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience."

This was on the Sunday night—and farther this chapter saith not.

An Excellent Young Man.

A certain hopeful called on his governor a short time since, for a fresh supply of the needful. The worthy old gentleman had some memory of a previous advance made but a few days before, on the strength of which, the following conversation ensued—

"Money! money! again—what the deuce do you want with more money? It's only a week since I gave you \$100—what have you done with that, eh?"

"Ah, yes, sir, very true, as you say, but you see I put that in the bank."

"Bank, eh? Ah, that's right, very good in *that* case," said the old gentleman, relaxing and drawing from his pocket a handful of bills, which were laid in the affectionate son's outstretched hand. "I can't refuse, but Bob, what bank did you put it in?"

"The Pharo Bank," said Bob, as he made huge tracks for the door.

We should like to know how many spokes there are in a wheel of fortune?

Of what kind of timber is the post of honor?

What kind of knife is used in cutting capers?



The Expert Showman.

"Ladies and gentlemen! This here hanimal was recently caught upon the Nile, beyond the Ganges, where the Serpents rise, and the Lions roar and the Rhinocerous paw dirt in the elephants faces!"

PLEAS FOR THE WORRIED, NO. 1.
TERMS OF ENGAGEMENT.



Irish Servant, (to lady in Intelligence Office.)—Well, then, if you'll give me eight dollars a month, and three afternoons in the week, and time for church three times a day on Sunday, and eggs and fish every Friday, and your references from your last Cook are satisfactory, I think the place will suit me.

JONATHANS CAB WITH HIS READERS.

Wall naborz, I swan to man if it don't kinder make me feel good all over, to squat deown agin' to hold a confab with you all, abeout matters and things in gineral. There's lots o'news flying around and so we'll paragraf rite along with it.

The row in Europe, between the Rooshurs and Turkeys, and all the rest of the furreners is jist abeout the slowest coach that was ever known not to run; the bulligerat peowers have been making faces at each other, and calling names and banterin' one another, for a good spell, but nothin hain't been done, except Turkey, which will be done very brown, indeed I reckon after it's over. If Turkey only know'd it, she's purty much in a bad fix. It don't make no matter whether England whips Rushur, or Rushur licks England, or whether France licks both, Turkey will have to foot the bill, so she needn't care a dried apple darn which gits the best on it. Well, Jonathan don't keer much nuther, all he wants is, to see 'em do suthin: if there going to fite, why let 'em fite, and not be a gabbin' arround, and torking abeout negosishashuns and protocalls, and all sorts of queer fixins, in dieplomassy, if one's not afear'd and 'tother dasent, let 'em go in like rats and the one that comes out best 'll be the best feller.

The Queen of the Spanyards hain't done the clene thing yit abeout the Black Warrior afare, and by the last noose it pears that Mr. Solay our minister, has been pushing it with a good deal of spunk, it ain't been settled yit, and our Spanish Korrespondent sais things wears a thretning aspict. We kinder guess that if the darned Dons don't settle up, that they'll git spots nocked eout o' Cuba and be apt to lose the gem of the Ant Hills as they call her. The queen of Spane is alers a doing some dirty piece o'bizziness or nuther. She's jist been a washing the feet of twelve ole men, and twelve old wimmen to show how umble she is, which looks as if she was driv' to extremities: she'd a good deal better be

a' washing her hands of the seeshure of the Black Warrior doings, or she'd find herself non com swampus, the fust thing she nose.

In New York here, we hev' jist got thru the moving season, which was mitey stirrin'; every body picked up their duds and chat-hells and put 'em on carts and wheel barrows, and toted 'em round and abeout, a' hunting holes to put there heads intu, and sich a darned herry skerry as every body wos in, noboddy ever saw. Rents went up so high that poor folks had no site to see their way out, so a good many of 'em went it blind. The spring so far has been a lit'l the moistest, its jist rained, and blowed, and snowed and rained agin, till all out doors looks like a wet rag. Some folks think that the clerk of the wether is turned a water cure doctor, and other folks think the rane was just a speshall despensashun of Providence, to clean our streets, which the munysipple ortharatyes won't do; howsomdever, the hull country has been flooded, and there has been more cussin' on account of the dams that's broke loos than'll ever be repented of. The Croton has bust it's banks, 'cause there was sich a run upon 'em and the commishuners commenced daming it to 'onet as that was the oney way to save it. It's a mercy the water wasn't cut off, 'cause if it had been, peepul wood have had to a drunk liker instead, and then Wall Street wood a' been titer than ever it was afore, and the Bulls and Bears would have had a gineral row. It's mitey queer, but when it was thought that water was agoin to be skerce, milk went up unconshunable high—and caused a grate cry among the baby populashun.

In Pollyticks things is pretty quiet, Nebraska Bill has been rolled up by old Bullyun Benton, who set his ball in motion and laid it out, and you will see a picture of it on the outside leaf. That nigger has caused an orful amount of fuss, and now that he's laid out, and nicely buried under the Kompro-mise, we hope they'll let him rest, howsomdever, if folks want



Shocking Effects of the War.

First Shanghai Swell.—But I say Fueddy my boy, if this wone with Wussia proogresses what shall we do for beahs-gwease to glease ouah mustachios.

Second Ditto.—Why Tham that ith a therrious contideration I thuppose we shall have to try thweet oil, or thend to California for thum Grithleth.

him we hain't got nuthin' to say agin' it. We hain't time enough to 'tend to Pollyticks unless suthin' turns up for folks to laff at and then we goin like all split.

Lor sakes it wood jist do the country folks good to cum' on tew New York, jist neow, and see the fashuns, we dew reely beleeve that the darn' upper crust folks are jist a'trying how all fired redicilus they kin' make themselves. The gals are waring bonnets stuck right back on their back combes, as if they was afear'd of ketching cold in their organs of filo-progenativeness, and wanted to ketch cold in their beds, it's a most barefaced thing, but then dord rot 'em they dew look mitey peart after all. They've got new patterns for gounds,

and mankillers, and tallmaz, and tighsets, and all sorts of Jemcracks which air cut in the cunin'est shapes which is made of all the culurs of the rane bow, and it seems to us that if any of 'em goes into the kedentry they'll have to take keer to keep outer the way of the cow pastura, and Turkeys, or they'll be chased as much as the Goddess Dianer. The young chaps is wuss than the gals—their cotes are made like bad fittin' shirts with pantaloons legs for sleeves, there pants set as tite as a hull on a shell bark, and they have such slim legs that it's a wunder that their under pinnin's don't give way: when yeou see one a skutcing down Broadway, it puts you in mind of a stuffed piller on nittin needles.

The Notions is more popular than ever. We can't print 'em fast enuff, and our office is jist filled with folks from mornin' to nite, buying it, and jist as soon as a chap pays his shillin' we smile, and he busts out a laffin' as if a hyena had bruk loose. We mean to make it better and 'better each number, and by and by wen folks git used to it we mean to be as funny as we kin', we've had to hold in so far, for fear of peepul bustin' with fun ef we gin' 'em our funniest jokes tew onct. Our funny man has bust off all his buttons trying to hold his jokes in and he can't stand it no longer, so next month he's goin' to let 'em out and wen he does prepare to screem.

"My son, can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger stedding from a boat on to the levee, to a ragged looking youngster, who sat balancing on the tail of a dray.

"Your son?" cried the boy, eying him from head to foot. "Well, I'll be dod drapped if I aint in luck. Here I've been trying to find my daddy for three years and all of a sudden up comes the old hoss himself, and knows me right off. How are you?" stretching out a muddy looking paw.

The traveller was non-plussed. Between a smile and a frown, he inquired, "What is your name sir?"

"My name? So you don't know?—Well, it's nothing for people in these parts to have so many children that they don't know their names. My name's William but some folks call me ragged—Bill, for short. What the other part is, I reckon on you know, if you don't you mus' ax the ole 'omen."

And shouldering the trunk, he marched off towards the hotel, mumbling to himself.

"Well this is a go. The ole gemman come home at last. Good clothes, big trunk, must have the tin. Well, I am in luck."



Pretty Shop Keeper.—Very sorry Sir, out we have no shirts to fit you. I will measure you for a dozen.

Horrified Swell.—Good gracious, shall I have to strip.



THE DISINTERESTED RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.—The good old Captain Davis, the celebrated navigator, once wrote to Secretary Walsingham of the conversation of the Red Indians, with an open-mindedness quite amusing. He says:—“If these people (the Indians of America) were once brought over to the Christian faith, they might soon be brought to relish a more civilized kind of life, and be thereby induced to take off great quantities of our coarser woollen manufactures.”

What an eye to business is running through that last paragraph? Christianity is so nicely worked into “the coarser woollen manufactures,” that one can scarcely say which he had most at heart—the salvation of the Indians, or the profits of spinning-jennies. Queer folks, these people who lived a century or two since.

Concerning a Husband.

One of the adventures at the last opera masked ball, at Paris is worth mention. The two principal actors in the scene belong to the aristocrat Fairbourg St. Germain. A certain count, availing himself of the martial privileges which aristocratical customs permit, left his wife at home to go to the masked ball. The countess would have seen no evil in the simple act of going to spend an hour or two at the ball, if she

had not been informed that he went there to encounter a piquant actress, who, it was reported had captivated her husband, and of whom he had declared himself the fervent admirer.

The countess determined to discover his intrigue, and she therefore determined to go to the masked ball. To succeed in her project, a travesty was indispensable. She therefore took the disguise of an elegant dandy. But young and beautiful as well as talented and graceful, the countess would find it difficult to deceive any one under her masculine disguise. She therefore, employed a close-fitting mask, and a light cloak, which concealed all her person but the foot and bottom of the pantaloons. Thus disguised it might pass for the fantasy of a boy, who wished to find at the ball a double pleasure in carrying on intrigues among his friends.

The young man made quite a sensation, but he seemed desirous of finding some one in the assemblage, and guided by a confidant in his secret who was devoted to his projects, he soon found the handsome actress, and commenced the attack from under the mask. She listened at first negligently, but the confidant took occasion to whisper in her ear:

“That is a young Russian prince, of eighteen years, handsome as an Adonis and immensely rich.”

Nothing more was needed to make the actress forget her word with the count. She maneuvered so cunningly that she managed to steal away, although she had promised to sup with him, and she went to the Cafe Anglais, to take supper with the Russian prince.

Scarcely had they installed themselves in a cabinet, when some one knocked at the door. No response was made but the door opened and the count appeared. He had followed them, and the countess knew it well, for she had arranged everything so that he should be put upon their track. The moment the knock was heard at the door, the young man hastened to replace his mask and cover his head with the hood of his

domino.

The count had made his appearance to reproach the fickle actress for her deception, who on her part was sufficiently embarrassed.

“But sir,” said the young man, with a soft sweet voice, “what wrong do you find in two friends, two sisters supping together, who have subjects of importance to talk about?”

“You will try in vain to impose upon me, sir.” replied the count in a rough tone; “I know that you are a man.”

“And I suppose I am, sir?”

“I tell you madame is engaged to sup with me, and I shall not suffer her to sup with another.”

“But if madame has changed her notion? Such things occur every day.”

“I shall not permit it. She shall sup with me with me alone.”

“To dispose thus of the wishes of madam, and to talk as master, have you rights?”

“Yes, sir, I have rights the most positive,” replied the count, exaggerating a little the truth in favor of his cause.

“Ah, sir, if madame, the countess, heard you?”

“Sir, I do not receive lessons, I give them; and you shall render me satisfaction for your conduct and your words!”

“A challenge!”

“Yes, sir. And first do me the pleasure of taking off your mask; it is improper to guard it in my presence, and I have the right to see the face of my adversary.”

“And if it does not please me to show it to you?”

“Then I shall myself pull off your impudent mask?”

“Violence, eh? I hope you are satisfied!” and the mask and the hood fell, disclosing a splendid head of blonde hair, and the count, stupefied, recognised the countess. The actress shared his surprise, and saluted the discovery with a burst of joyous laughing, but the count did not laugh.

AWFUL PUN.—A young gentleman of our acquaintance perpetrated the following pun yesterday:

“I’ve discovered a new city,”

“What?” cried we.

“Scar-city.”

“What state is it in?” was the next interrogatory.

“The state of want,” was the reply.

A country youth, who had returned home from the city, was asked by his anxious dad if he had been guarded in his conduct while there.

“Oh, yes!” replied the ingenious lad, “I was guarded by two constables most of the time.”



Pat’s first Introduction to Turtle.

Och! by the powers, Pat! you are a snate looking bird to be making Chicken Soup of. Bedad the auld hen that hatched you must have set mighty hard on yeas to have flattened yeas in that way.

**How to get rid of a Standing Nuisance.**

Gentlemanly Book Peddler.—"Good day Sir! I hope you're well! I have called to see, Sir, if you wouldn't like to subscribe to this new and very entertaining book—*Twiggle's History of Coney Island!* It will be completed in 313 monthly numbers and is acknowledged by the press to be, etc., etc., etc.

Owner of Room.—"I've no doubt of it—But it would be of no use to me, I CAN'T READ!"

Peddler.—"Hum! Joking, Sir I guess; what do you have all those books in that case for then?"

Room Owner.—"I love to look at the pictures in 'em!"

(*Peddler quits, and don't call there again.*)

THE VICTIM.

There was a young woman in New Hampshire,
With a gimp waist and a bright black eye,
And she sang "Oh, Hush!" in tones so clear,
That the sternest fellows would often cry
Ri tu, di nu, ri tu, di nu, etc.

To her father's house there came one day
A whiskered chap with a winning tongue,
And he carried her out to ride in a chay,
And as they were going, they both of 'em sung
Ri tu, di nu, etc.

They looked at each other, and winked and smiled
And the fellow he did his best to please,
And soon was that maiden's heart beguiled,
For she thought that the moon was a great green cheese.
Ri tu, di nu, etc.

He told her that he was as rich as a Jew,
With a big iron box all crammed with dimes,
And that she would have nought in the world to do
But to study the Post and read the Times.
Ri du, di nu, etc.

They went to a priest, who said it was well,
That marriage was right and proper for all
Then they came to board in a city hotel
Where the rooms were large, and the bills wer'n't small.
Ri du, di nu, etc.

It was here that they passed the honey moon,
And ran up bills full many a score,
Says he "My dear, I'll come back pretty soon,"—
And he took his hat, and stepped out at the door,
Ri du, di nu, etc.

There is one new boy in the district school,
And his mother works hard to keep him clean,
And she has found out that she was a fool,
And that some men are up to anything mean.
Ri tu, di nu, etc.

Raising a Dinner.

A wag, short of money to procure his dinner, hit upon the following sharp plan to obtain the desired meal. Winding his way to a wealthy jeweler's house, he found the gentleman at his dinner. Somewhat enraged at being disturbed by an unpromising looking customer, he gruffly asked the wag his business, to which the latter responded, "What would you be inclined to advance upon a brilliant of the first water, and weighing about fifty carats?"

The description of the bauble changed the disposition of the jeweller, who became polite, immediately, at the idea of a great bargain, and he asked the fellow in to dinner. When they had partaken of a sumptuous repast with the et ceteras, the jeweller was anxious to be fingering this precious diamond of his guest's. "Now Sir, says he, touching the matter of the brilliant."

"Yes, Sir! What would you give for it?"

"Well, Sir, answered the crafty jeweller, \$100, perhaps more, all according to the quality. But let me see it!"

The wag then coolly retorted. "I have no such thing as a diamond by me, but I thought I would inquire the price, in case I should have the luck to find one."

The jeweller was done, the wag stiffly bowed, and left the house.

A Young lass who went to a camp meeting and back full of the revival which they had, did nothing the following week or more but sing; "Shout! Shout, we're gaining ground!" She had the tune so pat, that all she had was a continuation of that song, and not unfrequently the rhyme was too long for the tune. Old Jowler slipped in and took a bone off the table, and just as he was making for the door, she sung out—

"If you don't go out I'll knock you down,
Halle, hallelujah,
You nasty, stinkin', flop ear'd bound,
O, glory, hallelujah!"

The eye of the law is getting so dreadfully weak, that it is about to advertise for an articled pupil.

Why is the interior of a roasted duck like nonsense? Because its all stuff.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

**It is Well!**

"Man want's but little *here below*,
Nor want's that little *long*."

*The Angel Gabriel.*

OUR ARTISTS ABROAD.—
"Dear a me," said Mrs. Phillips, reading the Tribune, "wot fellers them artists is; why, there's that Powers' been 'on a bust' there the last six months—and as ef that wan't enuff to shame us 'Mericans, there's another one on 'em has bin and tuk a copy from Ruben. I'd a sued him; yes, I would! I'd a showed him wot it was to take sich things. They say, artists has a finer taste than any body else, but they hav no right to please their palettes at others expense." Two fallen stitches in the incipient stocking testified to Madame's earnestness.

The best thing to take after being intoxicated. A resolution never to be tipsy again.

Scrapings from the Tub of Diogenes.

The old March moon is beaming, love;
The quarter-day dawn is gleaming, love;
'Tis meet to move
From the floor above,
When the landlord below is dreaming, love.
Wide awake! for the peeler's light is near,
And I yesterday made him "all right," my dear.
And the best of all ways
Upon quarter-rent days,
Is to make him wink at our flight, my dear.
Now the landlord, I've said, is sleeping love,
And his watch the peeler is keeping love,
And you and I are
To be off and afar,
Ere he at our actions be peeping love.
So awake! let it quickly be done, my dear;
For if he tired become, my dear,
He may turn on his light,
As on thieves in flight,
And take us two for one, my dear.

Putting a new face on the Matter.

We cannot say that the heads of the young gents of the present day are turned; on the contrary, they appear to be so firmly wedged in their collars, that they may be designated as "Fixtures to be sold cheap."

The newspapers state that the *employes* at the Mint are busily engaged in striking off a number of sovereigns. We trust that the Emperor Nicholas will be the first to undergo this process.

From the state of the corn market just now, it would appear that matters are completely at sixes and sevens. A wretched individual, whom we have frequently warned off the premises, says that he trusts it will soon be *huit et-neuf* (wheat enough).

HUSBANDING OUR OPINIONS.—As many writers have taken the trouble to define what a wife ought to be, we may as well add our idea on the subject to the general fund:—A wife should be like roast lamb, tender and nicely dressed.

A correspondent states that an English house has sent an order to Granville for 28,000,000 oysters. Well, thank goodness! there will soon be a fine opening for somebody.

QUERY.—"Was 'Ibid' a voluminous author? There appear to be numerous extracts from his works.

WHEN "BOLT."

Oh! don't you remember the days when "Bolt" Was the dodge that did landlords so "brown" When on quarter-day morns we have oft "shot the moon," And been off to a new part of town?
The old watchmen always would let us then bolt,
If our actions no knowledge would own;
But policemen are so wide awake now-a-days,
We should surely be caught ere we'd flown.

Oh! don't you remember our tradesmen, when "Bolt"
Was the way to stop duns for small bills—
When they knew that to claim their demands would entail
Declarations, court-fees, and such ills?
The system has gone to decay, and when "Bolt"
Is the rule, or some game of the sort,
They straight bring an action, and us they can take
For contempt of a vile country court.

Oh! don't you remember the days when "Bolt"
Was the word that the billmen o'erthrew—
When we left our acceptance, ne'er fearing a writ,
And at Boulogne moustaches grew?
The sea is thought nothing, and now when "Bolt"
We do, we the law can't defy;
For the New Law Procedure Act lets them pursue
The debtor where'er he may fly.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight, has been turned out of the temperance society.

The man who had a "fellow feeling," felt the loss of his purse, on examining his pocket shortly afterwards.

The lady, whose attention was "confined," has, we are happy to learn, had a safe delivery. She did not require the services of a physician.

The lady whose heart "swelled with indignation," had a reduced with poultices.

How many men we meet who "might be" something and how few who are!

The man who is "acquainted with sorrow," thinks of getting up a new list of friends. Clouds don't "go" like sunshine.



"Sonny, do you know your letters?"
"Yes Sir! two of 'em."
"Possible, what are they?"
"Let her go, and let her rip!"



"When the cat's away, the mice play."

MAKING CHANGE.

Does anybody know our friend, Captain Kendrie? Presume not. Well, Kendrie—that is the captain—belongs to one of our great military companies (or, perhaps the company belongs to him,) out here in "York state;" and Kendrie rather imagines he is pretty known in these parts, or, at least, he has a kind of notion that he is rather a popular sort of a man, and to give him full credit, we have no doubt he is considerably known, and, as popularity seems to tickle him, we have concluded to give him a hoist, without making the least apology for so doing.

Captain Kendrie "took the cars" one day to go to Little Falls, and, unfortunately, he happened to have no change, and was obliged to tender a bill to pay his fare. It seems to be rather a dry time for specie in this section, and the "knowing ones" rather guess that it is customary with the conductors on the "New York Central Railroad" to exact specie for all fares less than one dollar, and at the end of the route sell their *surplus* specie, which they are pretty sure to have, to the banks, for a premium.

Conductor takes Kendrie's bill, and looking him in the face as square as a brick, demands—"Got any change?" Kendrie shook his head negatively. After ascertaining where Kendrie was going, he very coolly pocketed the bill, with the remark, "I'll arrange this for you directly," and he passed on, leaving Kendrie in a beautiful state of perplexity.

On the arrival of the cars at Little Falls, the conductor gave the bill to the clerk of ticket office, and calling to Kendrie, informed him that the clerk would "attend to his case." The clerk asked Kendrie—

"Are you the man who owns this bill?"

"Yes," said Kendrie.

Without further remark clerk threw the bill into the money drawer, and turned the key in the lock, and his back on Kendrie, and started off! Here was another pickle, and the Captain began to perspire with emotion, which broke out in exclamation—

"Hullo! here, you d—mule, ain't you going to give me any change?"

"You can have your bill when you pay me forty-four cents!"

Perhaps Kendrie was beginning to feel like doing something out of character, but restraining himself, he turned to an acquaintance who stood by sucking in the fun, and asked—

"Here, Smith, what in thunder shall I do? I'm regularly sold, for forty-four cents; got any change you can lend me?"

Smith fumbled his pockets in vain, but turning to the clerk, suggested—

"You might let captain K. have his bill; it will be all right, he is *very well known here!*"

At this clerky handed out the bill, with the apologetic remark, that "he had supposed the gentleman was a stranger!"

But Kendrie was not dead after all. The next day, on his return to Utica, while relating the incident to one of his friends, said he.

"D—'em! they'll find out who I am, and I'll make

change for 'em, too! My company is going down to the Falls, to a complimentary drill, and take us all together, there won't be any lacking for change."

The day for the drill found K. and his company at the depot, to take the cars for Little Falls, and to facilitate K's purposes they were all in citizens' dress, their military equipage being put in with the baggage. Of course K. had his eye on his *old friend*, the conductor, whom he instantly saluted with— "Got any change?"

It had been previously arranged that K. and his company should seat themselves promiscuously amongst the other passengers, and that K. should post himself near the door at which the conductor was expected to enter the car, in order that he might be the first one whom he should demand fare. Kendrie's eyes danced with glee as he counted out very deliberately forty-four coppers, all told, into the hands of the conductor, who eyed him somewhat curiously, and wondered what was in the wind. The next man presented a bill to change, to which the conductor mechanically exclaimed—

"Got any change?"

"Not a cent."

Hereupon Kendrie steps up—"Oh! here, I've got change, plenty of change. *I know the road—been here before!*" And K. counted out the *change* into the hands of his comrade. "You should always have change ready when you travel *this road!*"

By this time the conductor recognized K., and began to smell the rat, but seeing that he was regularly initiated, he might as well go through without any remonstrance. Of course Mister Conductor took *change* to a considerable extent, but, before the cars had arrived at Little Falls, there yet remained a few fares to collect, which it is presumed never were collected, all owing to the dilatory effects of stopping to count specie? and, as Kendrie passed out with the few involuntary "dead heads" that accompanied him, he politely gave Mister conductor a salute, and insinuated in the most agreeable tones—

"I have not the least idea, sir, but *you will have specie to sell*, when you get to Schenectady!"

The probability is, the conductor *did have* about eighteen dollars in specie, pretty well laid on, which no doubt he would have been glad to have been well rid of at a *very small premium*.

Captain Kendrie has not the least difficulty in getting a bill changed on the cars since that occurrence.



Enthusiastic American.

There look at that! What a sublime sight to see the rush of waters over the stupendous Falls of Niagara! Do you see how they roll.

Unimpressive Irishman.—Sure I do, and what's to hinder their rowing?

PUTTING HIM THROUGH.



NE OF 'EM.—We have all, more or less, heard and read of free fights out West and down South, but the best of the season lately heard of, was the affair that came off when Capt. Marryatt was circulating through our Western country. It is a very common thing, or was some years ago, for our hardy South-Western countrymen to go to town of a Saturday, and have a good time, a regular blow-out. How often have we seen, at these promiscuous gatherings, the grand distribution of corn juice, the oath and asseverations of eternal friendship, as horny

hand met horny hand, tin cup clinking against tin cup, and finally the wolfish growl, the insult, the knock-down, the gouging, and often—not an uncommon thing in the sixth stage of drunkenness and oblivion—the circulation of the bowie-knife.

Mankind is improving; the barbarous and nonsensical state of our western "society" has improved, and such scenes as we are about to describe are almost obsolete now.

Capt. Marryatt visited this country, like all his countrymen, with very distended notions of our barbarity eager to see the novelties and write a book upon us, and our "peculiar institutions," manners and customs. That the clever, nautical romancer got "sucked in" considerably and sawed now and then, is very evident.

In the course of his down-the-river-perambulations, Capt. Marryatt stopped at Louisville, Ky. He was anxious to study out, from practical observation, the manners of these high flavored people, of whom he had heard so many strange and eventful stories.

So the Captain makes no bones of asking when a duel was to come off, when the niggers were to be sold or gambled for, or put through a course of cowhides, and above all, when a regular gouging, biting, kicking, free and general fight would occur.

Having expressed these "opinions" very freely some of the boys in Louisville took the Captain in hand, and exhibited to him a great number of comic and sentimental elephants, such as sham duels, gambling for huge "bogus" piles of "pecuniary considerations," niggers, &c., horse-racing, cock-fighting, &c.; but there seemed to be no prospect of a grand miscellaneous free fight.

The Captain finally up stakes and put out into the country, to visit some gentleman to whom he had letters of introduction, &c. He visited Shelbyville, remaining some days, and in conversation, expressed a desire to see more of the massive and astonishing manners of the community.

A gentleman named Marshall—General Marshall—of rather a humorous turn of mind, got wind of the presence and desire of the perambulating Englishman, and determined to give him a public entertainment upon an extensive scale.

Now, it so fell out that one very warm, sultry evening, soon after the arrival of our heroic Captain—and Marryatt was no loss—at the hotel, Shelbyville, a brace of double-jointed "hard heads" got into a dispute at the "other" hotel, and which dispute waxing warm, results in a passage at arms—ergo, a knock-down, rough-and-tumble, at him

again, hats off, around the corner, up-and-down, private fight. Somebody as they always will—wanted to interfere. Of course somebody else wanted to see fair play. Then of course somebody hollered—

"Let 'em alone!"

"Let 'em fight it out!"

"Stand back!"

"Don't push me!"

"You can't frighten anybody!"

"You lie!"

"Hurrah! Go in!"

"I'm your man!"

Marshall soon got wind of the mess; he was very apt to be in upon such an occasion. Down he runs; the fight had spread itself over the bar-room: the two combatants had become four, four eight, eight sixteen. Upon the principle of a famed mythological warrior, whose gory drops falling upon mother earth, each drop produced a warrior, says the old historian, something of the kind seemed to be the case in this memorable "plug muss" of chivalric Kentucky.

When Marshall arrived at the scene of dispute things were agitating beautifully; arms, legs, and even entire anatomies were going up and down, not unlike walking-beams piston rods, gimcrackalorums, and bang, in the engine-room of a grand action Mississippi steam-boat.

"What's up?" roars Marshall,

"A fight of thunder!"

"Let's make it an even thing," says Marshall.

"Agreed! Hurrah! Who-o-e-p!"

And then arose the wild-wood yell of your sound-lunged Kentuck. Of course, the ball was now open. A huge double-fisted fellow hits Marshall a biff in the ear; the General keels over and catches in his fall another gentleman, who hits a fourth, and the party clinging, all fall through a window, and drop through a partly closed cellar-door. This very exciting pastime refreshes the memory of Marshall: he jumps up, and knocks his spurs together, and yells—

"Go fetch that Englishman; there's going to be a free fight.

Old Kentuck's got to show her muscle."

"Go ahead!" roars another individual, already minus his left ear, with one eye slightly gouged; "go and bring up your Britishers, who-o-e-p!"

"I'll go myself!" cries the patriotic general: "I'll go fetch him."

And away goes he, double-quick time. Each man he pas-



Inquisitive Old Gent.—Pray Sir, are those the real Shanghai's?

Poultry Fancier.—Yes Sir! the genuine article, hatched directly from the egg plant. Why Sir, we put a couple of brick bats, and two old clam shells under one of them, and in a week she hatched out a brick yard, and three bushels of little neck clams!

(Old Gent opens his eyes some, but don't buy the Shanghai's.)



"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Brown, is very fond of kissing." "Mind your seam, Julia, who told you such nonsense!" "I had it from his own lips, ma."

ses he invokes to hurry on down to ——'s tavern, and go in.

"Keep it up, boys; keep it up. An English sea-bully is down at ——. He wants to see Kentuck on her music; the thing is working; rush it through; get out the d——est free fight ever started."

Arriving almost breathless at the hotel, Marshall cried—

"Where's that Englishman?"

"Who!"

"Why, that Britisher who wanted to see a free fight," said the general.

"O, Capt. Marryatt?" says the host.

"He is the man; trot him out; say that he is wanted."

The servant found the English sailor-author in his room, enjoying his toddy and cigar, who bade the servant return and get the gentleman's card, &c.

"Card be d——d!" says Marshall; "tell him General Marshall wants him, right off."

"O! Ah! General Marshall, eh? I'll be down directly, tell the gentleman," says the Captain, putting himself before the glass to see if things were ship-shape and Bristol fashion. Of course, Marshall stood not on the order of things then, so the moment the Captain appears, he hails him—

"Want you, sir; my name's Marshall."

"Ah, General Marshall?" asked the polite Captain.

"I'm the man; I want you to come with me. Not a minute to be lost; come."

"But, my dear sir," says the Captain, "I don't know—"

"O, no backing out now!"

"Backing out? Sir, I don't understand you," says the Captain, assuming a face of no little concern.

"The d——l you don't! Ain't you the man that came into Kentucky to see some of our "peculiar institutions?"

"I confess I had some such object in view when I entered the state," said the captain, "but I—a—"

"Don't you want to see a fight?"

"A fight?"

"Yes sir, a fight! A Kentuck fight; a regular free fight."

"Ha, ha, General, I must say you are slightly inclined to be facetious upon the subject of my present visit to this state, but, a—."

"O, no palaver; come along; I know you; you want to see the whole menagerie; so come right along, for there's just about one of the tallest free fights going on up at t'other house you ever did see. Come."

Thus impertuned, the noble Captain, not wishing to appear particularly green or fastidious, gave a "ha, ha, ho, ho," and then goes along down with the Gen. to the scene of action.

"God bless me!" cries the Capt., as they neared the tavern and saw any quantity of sanguinary victims lying around, some with their eyes gouged, noses bit nearly or quite off, hair pulled out, and looking for all the world as the Captain had seen men in the cock-pit after a tight scrimmage with a foe. "God bless me, my dear sir, what does all this mean?"

"Mean? Why, it means a Kentuck scrimmage—a muss—a free fight. Don't stand back—fodder or no fodder—come up to the rack."

And before the Captain could well counteract the motion, the General had forced him, NOLENS VOLENS, up to the door so he could see the interior of the bar room.

"Look, look!" cries the excited Gen.; "ain't it beautiful? See, glory? Go it boys!"

"Good God," says the Capt., "why, they are biting off one another's noses!"

"Gouging and kicking gloriously!" yells the excited Gen.

"Pulling out their hair and kicking each other like so many fiends!" continued the Captain.

The General could not stand idly by when so stirring a scrimmage was on the tapis, his blood riz; his arms, and then his legs began to mark time; he jumped up and down, with the expression of a bullet-hit tiger upon his generally rather ferocious phiz; he gave a grand and demoniacal "Whoo-o-e'p! Go in, stranger. You wanted to see a free fight; here it is; blaze away!"

And before the poor Captain could back out, the General jumped into him. Down they went, cawallop; the General began to bite, kick, and gouge, equal to a bengal tiger; the Captain yelled out, and begged for God's sake to be "excused," let up, treated as a gentleman and a Christian, and finally managed to get loose, and cut for the hotel, pretty essentially used up, and altogether satisfied with what he had seen and *felt of A FREE FIGHT IN KENTUCKY.*

Always look out for No. 1. It is the only figure that will enable you to cut a figure. This principle refers alike to getting a rich wife, a pretty companion, freedom from measles, the best pew in church, and the first shad of the season.

That young man to whom the world "owes a living," has been turned out of doors—his landlady not being willing to take the indebtedness of the world on her shoulders.

During the bluster of Saturday night, two weeks ago, a correspondent says, it was debated in some circles, whether the usual emblem of March, the ram, shouldn't be changed for that of a severe wether.



Irish Gentility.

TOO POLITE BY HALF.

Traveller.—*You infernal scoundrel, didn't I charge you to call me for the 4 o'clock train?*

Waiter.—*Shure, I did that same any how, but war's: you fast asleep, and would I be so impolite as to wake a gentleman who was sleeping sweetly?*



*"Tommy, my son, can't I prevail on you to take a few more beans?"
"No mother, not another darned bean."*

boat-men as a class are not in favor of them—and "catching a crab" is a phrase expressing great contempt among that singular people, who, however, may be said to take a one-sided view of the article.

Ducks.—As is the case with most description of dry goods, the market is completely bare. Nos. 6 to 10 command 65 to 75 cts.; Canvass-backs very scarce, and selling readily at \$8 00 per pair. We have a good supply of wild ducks, and of late lame ducks are somewhat abundant. Sydney—none in market.

Flea Powders.—There is an active enquiry for this article, and considerable competition among the holders of the various brands. Lyon's "Magnetic" obtains a preference, but some of the "outsiders" are in good favor. Sales to a considerable extent have been made, particularly as the old fashioned way of catching fleas and annihilating them on your thumb nail has been declared improper and unconstitutional, (at least so far as ladies are concerned,) by one of our highest legal tribunals.

Flour.—Of this article, which is defined by Webster as "the edible part of ground corn or grain; meal," we have but little to say, as it seldom comes to this market. The Chili product used to be sent here, but the prices realized were so unremunerative that the shippers shuddered, and stopped. We might add, that although all descriptions of Flour are low, bouquets command \$1.00 a piece.

Beef, Pork, Lard, Butter, Corn Meal, Crackers, Bodkins, Brad-awls, Ten-penny Nails and Tin Plates are much wanted, and command from 130 to 300 per cent. advance on cost and charges.

"Lyrics by the Letter H."

We remember a story of a smart boy who on being asked how many letters there were in the Alphabet, gave the usual number, (which is more than we could do, for the life of us,) and two over. two new letters, viz., "let her be," and "let her rip!" Were he now living, (he is not,

however, for "whom the gods love die young") he might have added a few words about the letter "H."

And what is there about the letter "H" says some of our readers, "that it should attract more attention than the rest of its brethren?" It is by no means a remarkable letter, we reply; only just at present it is likely to make a noise in the world from the fact of its being attached to a volume of verses. "Lyrics by the letter H." For some time past a number of poems of various degrees of merit, good, bad, and indifferent, serious and comic, and a happy blending of both, have appeared in the columns of the *Boston Post*, above the signature "H." A good deal of curiosity followed their publication, and many of them were widely copied by the city and country papers. The element of popularity is as then, and they are certain to be read. Whether they will be remembered for any length of time is problematical, so changeable is public taste in the matter of comic poetry. For our own part we admire some of them much. "The Chimisette" is a piece of dainty versification, flushed with erotic sentiment and one or two of the serious poems are tender and reflective.

The whole affair is summed up in a neat volume of between two and three hundred pages, printed on good paper, and handsomely bound. H. Derby, of Park Place, N. Y. is the publisher, and we wish both him and the letter "H" the success which they both deserve.

The Leader of the Chinese Insurgent to the Emperor of China:—"HEADS I win, TAILS you lose!"

Light Reading.—A treatise on Photography.

The Latest Intelligence.—The Doctors Night Bell.

Moving for a new Trial.—Courting for a second wife. **Striking Inquiry in Humble Life.**—What's the use of their taking the duty off soap, if a fellow mayn't LATHER his wife as he pleases?

A Drawn Bet.—Queen Elizabeth's Portrait.

The Laps of Time.—Our old coat-tails

Mrs. Partington thinks it's a great shame that these French dancing gals should be allowed to execute their *grand pas* on the stage.



First Boy, (log.)—Jim ty don't yer smoke good segars, I picked mine up in the Ci'y Hall.

Second Boy, (Indignant).—Wot d'ye mean s-a-a-y? I don't smoke no sick trash, I got mine off clean der at de Aster—(puff's vigorously.)

Young America in California.

They can do a good many things in California, beside making money and spending it, and they are continually improving, as every day shows. What they will end in at last, heaven only knows! Already they have numerous newspapers, daily, weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and others which are got out just when the publisher D—n pleases. The latest issue of the California press,—at least the latest that we have seen, and of course we see everything that is published there, is a new comic paper with the same title, as the head of the paragraph, or something near it, viz. "Young America on the Pacific." The number for March, the A. No. 1, of the series is before us, and very creditable it is, especially for a new beginner. To be sure it hasn't yet reached "the Yankee Notions" or the London "Punch," but it contains some good things for all that, as may be seen by the following clippings:—

A profitable trade is being done in shipping back to New York and Boston, the moral characters left behind on the Isthmus, by people bound to California. This arises from the singular habit which prevails in the Atlantic States of considering moral characters as "pearls beyond price."

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION WESTWARD.—King Kamehameha is about extending his water front.

THE DUTY OF A QUARTZ CRUSHING MACHINE.—To pound rock for two months and then smash the company. Increase the number of stamps and you do the work quicker. Increasing the number of Stockholders *always* does it.

A man going into a dram shop should never be accused of intending to pass bad quarters. Firstly, because they would not be taken; and secondly, because he is a "gentleman"—per force.

WANTED.—An Assistant Editor for this paper; one of peculiar properties, propensities and proportions.

Of Boston morals, of Phoenix-like beauty, and born the right side of the clothes-line.

One preferred who has been through all the principal colleges—(vide the Irishman.)

He will be expected to do the fighting, entertain the ladies, uphold the dignity of this paper in contact with our fellow editors at poker and whiskey, make up and break up tables, escort actresses home from the theatre, write puffs, satirize the follies of the day, examine the depth of the politicians with a sub-marine armor, and pump them with a rye straw—which last is sometimes called coming the suction. In a word he must be all, in all "A Young America" every inch of him.

Market Report.

[We take pleasure in informing the public, that having engaged the services of seventeen reporters and any number of auction drummers, and having been assured of the assistance of the whole corps of brokers, we shall be enabled to publish the most reliable Market Reports of any newspaper on the Pacific shores, if not in the whole world. This is the more desirable as the San Francisco market is known to be so full of fluctuations, that it is eminently important to have the facts and figures correct—a consummation never yet attained. We particularly recommend our reviews to parties in the Atlantic States.]

For the Steamers *Cortes* and *Golden Gate*.

The business of the past fortnight has been remarkably active, and prices for all the great staple articles have advanced to very high figures. It seems almost impossible to supply the wants of the mining districts, and the market being bare of many articles of prime necessity it is feared, that, like Nebuchadnezzar, the miners will have to "go to grass," which could hardly be called "living in clover." Unless the vessels now on the way from Eastern Domestic

**Encouragement to a new Settler.**

Western Man.—'Wal! reckon the country's healthy enough! I've only had three fevers since I've been here, (and I came a year ago,) besides a little touch of fever an' ag'r; An' my o'e woman would have been alive now, I reckon, if it hadn't a been for the cod darned Injuns a scalpin her last fall, when they burned the cabin, and toma-hawked the children. Yes stranger, I consider it a pretty smart country."

Ports make extraordinary runs, it is much to be feared that great suffering will ensue. All the recent importations were purchased immediately on arrival—a great portion indeed has been taken prior to their making the port. We commence our review of separate articles by enumerating a few which have been most unaccountably overlooked by the daily papers.

Tacks.—Are in demand for carpeting purposes, at rates paying a handsome profit to shippers. Sales of seventy-five papers, Nos. 1 to 12, in lots, at 2c. per paper. Negotiations for the purchase of two dozen more are pending at the hour of going to press, at about the same rate.

Pins.—This article is monopolised and buyers do not seem disposed to enter the market at all freely. Several papers however have been taken. Rolling pins are not much sought after, the Cooks and Miners taking more to the bottle. Large pins are preferred by the Pike and Posey people, as they do for tooth-picks. Clothes pins are in moderate supply, and meet with a fair sale at remunerative rates. Lynch pins dull—Ten pins show a downward tendency.

Cobbler's Wax.—The descendants of St. Crispin not being very numerous in California, this article has declined, and some of those who have held on to it are badly stuck. At the same time considerable confidence is manifested, particularly by the dealers from Woburn and Lynn.

Nuts.—The supply of Chile walnuts is extremely limited, and holders have put prices up to a high figure. Peanuts are in full supply, and gradually going down. The market for doughnuts is unsettled, having been much affected by the failure of a large manufacturing house;—best qualities command a bit apiece. Large lots are placed daily on the tables of the drinking saloons.

Crabs.—Are in considerable request particularly among the Chinese portion of our population. We cannot advise shipments however, as the domestic article obtains a preference. Large red ones of full weight command good prices. The



Amiable Suggestion to a Poor Man with a large Family.

Charitable friend, who has been solicited for a loan.—“H’m! you say you’d get along well enough if it warn’t for your numerous family? Why don’t you take lodgings near a railroad and send the young ones out to play all day long? You could bring action against the company and make money by it, too!”

DON’T BELONG TO YOUR SOCIETY.—In a certain country town in which religious differences were notably fostered, the orthodox minister was once presented with a tame raven, which by its former owner, had been taught to “talk,” or at any rate pronounced certain words with much distinctness. For some time after its reception, the worthy clergyman was ignorant of the extent of the bird’s accomplishments, and especially so of the fact that some words pronounced by it were decidedly unclerical and profane. At length an old lady, a notorious disputant, belonging to another society, chanced to pay a visit to the clergyman’s wife. The raven perching himself upon the back of a chair, eyed her steadily for a long time, and at length cocking his head aside very gravely, and peering close in her face shouted aloud—to the horror of both ladies and others assembled—“D—n ye! D—n ye!”

The old lady rose in high dudgeon, and facing her denouncer, as she turned to depart—retorted in a loud voice, and with a very red face—“don’t you d—n me! you good for nuthing orthodox creeter, I don’t belong to your society.”

At one time tea and coffee were considered as poisons, and it is stated that in one of the northern countries they made trial of them three times a day on two criminals, whose lives were spared on condition of their undergoing this terrible ordeal. The result was, that the culprit who took the tea, lived to be seventy nine, and the other, eighty.

“Say Oliver, can you tell what is the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?”
“I guess knot.”

CONJUGAL AFFLICION.—One of our merry friends hands us the following, for the “Yankee Notions,” which is very “coot” in him:

A wealthy Dutch farmer in Pennsylvania, having the misfortune to lose his wife by death, went into a store to buy some crape.

It was a peculiarity of the worthy man, whenever he met either of the firm to use the partnership name in full, and on the morning in question he began as usual:

“Coot morning, Mr. Fike.”

“Mr. Tuncan and Vauster, “ave you got any of dem tings vot dey put around te hats ven de mammies tie?”

“I suppose you mean crape, Mr. Fike.”

“Yes, grapes, grapes; dem’s um; dat’s vot Bets told me. Misder Tuncan and Vauster, vill you measure off enough of dem grapes vot vill go around mine hat? Sad work dis Misder Tuncan and Vauster, sad work, sad work.”

“Yes, Mr. Fike, we have heard of your late misfortune, and sympathise with you warmly.”

“Oh, tear, tear, tear! I had rader lose any one of my horses; and den, she was such a boogur to work!”

CHILD’S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.—“Pray, my little dear, what is bread made of?”

“Alum, plaster of Paris and potatoes.”

“What is tea?”

“That depends a good deal on the shop it is purchased at.”

“To what is man indebted for milk?”

“To the pump and the chalk pit.”

“Who introduced nuts?”

“The man who first rapped the boy’s head with his knuckles.”

“What did the ancients use to write with instead of a pen?”

“An iron style, which is perhaps the reason of their works being so very hard to read.”

A little girl here, after repeating her usual prayer which her sick mother had taught her, asked if she might say “words of her own.” Leave being given, she went on:

“O Lord! don’t let my ma die, nor my pa, nor gran’pa, nor gran’ma, nor any of my uncles and aunts, or any of my cousins; and don’t let our hired girl die; but, O Lord, you may let who else die you are a mine to!”

Our little “Eddy” sometimes says queer things: most little boys of two years of age do. A few nights ago, having just finished a “famous” piece of pie, of which he is very fond, he was summoned by his mother to “say his prayers” and go to bed. Kneeling at her side, he repeated after her that heaven-taught petition, “Our Father which art in Heaven,” etc., until she came to the passage, “Give us this day our daily bread,”—when raising his head, and looking up into her face, he said:

“Oh no, Mother!—pie!—say PIE!”

“Doctor,” said an old lady, the other day to her family physician, “kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?”

“Why hem! why certainly, madam,” replied the Doctor, “it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!”

“La me!” remarked the old lady, “now jest see what it is to have a physic edication—I’ve axed my old man more nor a hundred times that are same thing, and all I could ever git out on him was ‘kase they is.’”

“Well I’m glad I axed you, for I never should a died satisfied without knowin’ it.”

The Modern Swell.

The son sits in the bar-room,
In a place most convenient to stare,
He's clad in very fine broadcloth,
And his face is covered with hair.

He smokes and spits and drinks,
And drinks, and smokes and spits,
The saliva he casts from his mouth
Is much more plentiful than wits.

His mother goes clad in her cotton,
And faded and ragged at that;
She's minus of shawl and bonnet,
But the son wears an elegant hat.

She's toiling and earning the "shillings"
So weariedly night and day,
While he at the theatre and tavern,
Is throwing them all away.

He never gets up in the morning—
If his mother calls him at noon,
He comes down cursing and swearing
Because she called him so soon.

His eyes are sunken and red,
His cheeks are hollow and thin—
Caused by his last night's debaucheries,
And indulging too freely in gin.

He sits down to his breakfast,

And then finds fault with the hash;
His mother says, "the grease it needs
You used to oil your moustache!"

At this he flies in a passion,
And hastily leaves the room;
To the tavern he bonds his footsteps,
And with wine dispels his gloom.

From his vest there dangles a seal
That is set with a brilliant red stone,
But the sparkling toy is only wax,
Though this he never will own.

On his feet are patent gaiters,
On his mother's there are none,
For all her honest earnings,
Bedecks the back of her son.

At length he marries a lady
Who's as rich as he thinks she's fair
But he finds her in truth as poor as himself.
And then gives up in despair.

Two cheats make an even bargain—
Both are well mated for life,
She thought she had got a rich husband
He thought he had got a rich wife.



**POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA.
GOING THE SPLIT TICKET.**

The Democracy in Philadelphia are just about this time having their various district and ward meetings preparatory to the general Election in June, and of course are ripe and ready for fight. The name "Democrat" in that section of the country embraces men of all nations and creeds, English, Irish, French, Germans, and Dutch, with a slight sprinkling of B-hoys, the real grit species, "the half-hoss and half alligator" order of beings, mentioned in Roman History. As may readily be imagined, harmony does not always prevail at the gatherings, and the Peace is not always kept, indeed many of the pieces, (noses, ears, and so forth,) are often irreparably lost. Some idea of the way in which they manage matters may be gathered from the cut above. It was sent us by our Philadelphia Artist, who mentions another cut which he had at the same time but was unable to send us—because, as he says, it was "a cut over the head."



JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIREMAN.

It was the middle of July, 1858, when all London was stirred by a grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert-giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the store doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Ormer, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mum!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesman behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka; "Can ye tell me if Meastrer Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple, (for he was the one addressed;) and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that particular ashy color, slightly begrimed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and warmth of the sun.

"Wull'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ya'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk summut aboot ees goin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga ower wil um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him! Pray, what good could you do h'm?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cood do 'um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How? You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, that's nowhere here nor there, but aw blaw t' ophicleide sum—they say at whoam; betther thou ony mun i' the coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the coonal moine."

"Yes: well, how much do you earn a week?"

"Aboot saxteen shillin'. And then, too, aw beloang to a brass band, and we mak summut by gi'en yan or wo concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher, having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

HASTE.—A woman was giving evidence in a certain case, when she was asked by the lawyer—

"Was the young woman virtuous previous to this affair?"

"Was she what?"

"Virtuous. Was she chaste?"

"Chaste? She was chased about a quarter of a mile."

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps toward the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him—

"Perhaps ye moight jus' loike to hear me play a bit 'Gin ye'll gi' me an instrument, aw'll show ye what aw coo do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he let him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming:

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mum, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands, that were hardened cracked and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which emotion was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide.

The Yorkshireman glanced it once through, and astounded his listener by executing it with marvellous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple, "Monsieur Jullien *must* hear yo. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Ye thought aw di'n't play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room; and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist, was in that same upper room. Jullien after hearing him play, was in ecstacies, which he endeavoured to express in half a dozen different languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands "Capital! C'est extraordinaire. Mr. Chapple, we must have him. Hire him, hire him at once, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple. "Why, he'll be glad to go home for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him and give him five pounds (\$25) a week. He's worth it!"

On the north-east side of the orchestra, gentle reader, away back upon the highest platform, you will see, if you attend Jullien's concerts at Castle Garden, this same raw-boned Yorkshireman. He is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue; and, our word for it, you will bear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide.



"Believe me of all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
Were to fade by to-morrow" etc.



Drunk with Beauty.

JACK AND THE BEARSKIN.

The author of *Rory O'Moore*, with his usual aptitude in seizing upon the salient point of every topic of the day, has attuned his lyre to a sea strain in the following effusion, it has the genuine racy old Dibden smack about it, and we doubt not will become a general favorite:—

I.

A sailor and a lass
Sat o'er their part...lass,
For the jolly tar had volunteer'd to go to sea;
At the sailing-signal flying
The lovely lass was sighing,
And said, "I fear you never will come back to me:
My heart is cold with fear,
That you my sailor dear,
In the perils of the battle and the deep should be."
"Oh says," Jack, "you'll not be cold
When your own sailor-bold
Will bring you back a bearskin from the Baltic Sea."

II.

With glory soon did Jack
From the Baltic Sea come back,
With such a lot of bearskins, that the proud city
With a gold box did present him,
And likewise did compliment him
With the freedom of the ancient Skinners Company,
Then he went the girl to find
That he had left behind:
"Won't she be glad to see me, bless her heart," says he,
"When she proves her sailor blade
Kept the promise that he made,
To bring her back a bearskin from the Baltic Sea!"

III.

When Jack to her appear'd,
A most enormous beard,
And head of hair transmogrified him so, you see,
That his sweetheart never knew him
Till at her feet he threw him,
All rolling on a bearskin from the Baltic Sea!
Says Jack "I see my eyes!
The cause of your surprise;
You wonder that your sailor should so hairy be;
But my hair did thus increase
With using of bears grease,
Such a quantity we slaughter'd in the Baltic Sea!"

IV.

Then Jack gave her a smack
And the girl she cried "Good lack!
You're rougher than a sweeping brush I vow," says she,
"Oh," says Jack, "'twas rather rougher
How we made the bears to suffer
When we were sweeping of the Baltic Sea,"
Says she, "what will they do
For that bears grease that you

Have exhausted, so much?" "Oh," says Jack to she.
"With hair they won't want rigging,
For we gave them such a wigging
As will last them for some time in the Baltic Sea!"

Almost a Fight.

Last evening as a "gem'man ob color" was standing on the corner near Willard's leisurely sucking an orange, a coach driven by another "gem'man" of the sable skin came whirling up to the corner, and then stopped.

"Hellow da, Charley—how does it, now?" inquired he of the orange.

"Look-a-her, you d—n black-cuss I don't want you to speak to me in dat familiar style on de street. I jist tolle you dat, now."

(Coachee's clothes were about three per cent better than those of his would be friend's.)

"Don't yer cuss me—don't yer cuss me," said the orange-sucker, blustering up to the coach-box.

"Whack! thrack! smack! came the heavy coach whip about his ears.

"D'y'e know who yer stricken—d'y'e know who yer stricken?" blustered the assaulted "gemman," vainly searching for a brick. "Jist come down off dat box and I'll teach you to strike a gemman."

No sooner said than done, coachee was on the ground in a twinkling, and the chal'enger hastily crammed the orange in his mouth, squared himself, and after a few preparatory flourishes and points on both sides, the sparring sharply commenced. Our friend of the fruit soon became impressed with the idea that coachee was getting the better of him, and acting upon that conviction he suddenly retreated throwing his orange peel into the face of his antagonist, and exclaiming: "Well, Charley, if 'twasn't for getting you into de lock up, I'd give you de cussodest lickin' you eber 'sperienced."

Coachee seemed satisfied, mounted his box and drove off.

There is a good anecdote told of the little town of Portland, Indiana:

While a certain steamboat was about "putting out" from there, not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boat-man, turned to some passengers, and remarked:

"This little town, gentleman, looks dull, but I assure you, it is *perhaps* a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flat-boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and seeing a coat hanging out at a shop, just took it. The owner came after me—caught me—took me before a magistrate—I was tried—convicted—took thirty nine lashes—and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes! I tell you gentlemen, a mighty brisk little place is that same Portland."

A reverend gentleman while visiting a parishoner, had occasion in the conversation to refer to the Bible, and on asking for the article the master ran to bring it, and came back with two leaves of the book in his hand. "I declare," says he, "that in all we have got in the house, I'd no idea we were so near out."



Drunk with Something Else.

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.



say, Bill," said one of those shrewd, sharp, precious urchins, who cut their eye teeth young, and become men before their mothers do, "let's have a ride down Wilson street. The ice and snow is so slippery, we can go it like a kite."

"Take care, Tom," replied Billy, the tempted, "the Stars are around, and they'll pull us sure."

"Bless your silly soul, the Stars can't shine on us no how. I've got a smooth plank shaved up at the end, and there's no law agin ridin' down hill on that. It aint a handsleigh, no how you can fix it, but it will go down the street like a knife."

"All right, I see," said Bill, and away they went with their plank towards the top of the hill.

Everybody knows how very slippery the streets have been. The rain came down slowly and steadily all the night before, freezing as it fell, and making the sidewalk and street one glare of ice. They pointed their plank toward Broadway, and sitting upon it, one behind the other, sticking their feet on either side, like a pair of open tongs, started on their downward career. On they came like a locomotive running away, tearing and shouting, down the street, and across Pearl like an arrow, and brought up in Broadway, under the very nose of a policeman, who seized Tom with his right hand and Bill with his left.

"Now," said he, "you young scamps, you're in for it, and no mistake; the Mayor will put you up the spout for a month, sure."

"The Mayor be blowed," replied Tom, jerking himself loose from the policeman, but not offering run away; "if you've got any warrant agin Bill or me, just be kind enough to show it, and I'll go peacefully."

"I don't want no warrant," replied the officer "I've caught you in the act."

"What act?" said Tom, innocently.

"Ridin' down hill on a handsleigh," replied the officer; "and that's agin the law."

"All right," said Tom, laying his thumb on his nose and extending his digitals, "that's a handsleigh, I suppose," pointing to the plank; "May-be you can show me the runners, and beams, and the naves, and the rollers, and the tongue, or the place to tie the rope to. You see 'em all I don't. That board is a hand sleigh, of course it is!"

"It ain't nothing else," responded Bill; "they keeps 'em for sale at the stores. Boys buys 'em, only they don't."

The officer was a little staggered. He had a copy of the city ordinances against riding down hill on handsleighs in his pocket, but not a word could be found in them about boards and planks.

"Look here, my fine fellow," said Tom to the officer, "you jist let go Bill's collar, or you'll wake-snakes. We haint broke no law, and salt and batter's the word if you interfere with us. We've taken a lawyer's advice, we have, and you're the feller what's breakin' the law. Now take us, if you dares, my covey, and we'll 'put you up the spout,' and no mistake."

The cool impudence of the urchin overcame his courage, and he walked away, while the strict constructionist shouldered his plank and marched off for another course down the street, in spite of the law against riding down hills on a hand sleigh.

A little scene occurs to me, that though occurring long years ago, comes up, I don't know exactly how, all at once just as I want it.

In 1833—4 I was living in Owego, New York, learning the "art and mystery" of printing, and occasionally in the spring and fall, taking a trip down the Susquehanna on a raft—that country then being great on lumber. We had in those days a testy, tolerably rich and infernally mean lumber merchant, named (for this purpose) Thomas. Old Thomas was the most inquisitive old curmudgeon ever allowed to walk on top of the ground. He was bound to know what was going

on everywhere—public or private. No one's dwelling was safe from his Paul Pryish intrusion, and of course he was universally detested, though his money commanded a certain degree of respect. He knew all this, and made himself the more disagreeable on account of it—as he said, in jolly revenge; though what he meant by "jolly" I don't know, for I never saw him have an honest laugh.

But the old fellow's impertinence and curiosity was sometimes well punished.

During the spring of 1838 there were two very high freshets, and a large amount of lumber, of staves, potatoes, wheat, &c., in arks—was lost by the sudden rising of the water. It happened that just at this time old Thomas had three arks loaded with potatoes, waiting a rise of water at a place called Apalacon, about seven miles above Owego. One Fred P.—, a very quiet young gent, (when his mother was by,) happened to know that T. had three arks of potatoes at Apalacon, and meeting the old codger in the barber shop, was soon in conversation—the flood being the all-prevailing topic, of course, as both were concerned in the river trade.

"Great destruction above, I hear," said Fred—to nobody.

"Eh, what?" gasped old Thomas.

"Ten or twelve rafts and three arks smashed on the head of Big Island."

"Good God! Three arks did you say!"

"Run on about three o'clock this morning—two men known to be lost—"

"But the arks, Fred—what was in the arks?"

"Four of the rafts got off pretty well, but the rest are all dead stuck—as for the arks they sunk at once."

"But whose arks were they?" gasped old Thomas, by this time half frantic—for he knew nobody else had arks above Holenback's eddy but him.

"As I told you before," said Fred, with great gravity, "there were known to be two men on board one of the arks, and they are undoubtedly lost."

By this time old Thomas was perfectly wild. "Fred," cried he, "for God's sake tell me, if you know, what those arks were loaded with."

"Certainly," said Fred, as cool as a cucumber.

"What—what was it?" cried Thomas, jumping from his chair.

"What were they loaded with?"

"Yes—d—n it, yes."

"Well, sir, *they were loaded with post holes.*"

We wonder if anybody ever picked up a tear that was dropped?

Why is a thief called a "jail-bird?"—Because he has been a "robbin."



The Philanthropist.
One who loves his own species.



AM, is you 'quainted wid any legal gemmen ob dis place?"

"None, 'cept by repudiation—reputation I means."

"Well den, why am law-yers like fishes?"

"I doesn't meddle wid dat subjeot, at all."

"Why, bekase dey am fond of de bait," (debate.)

A N E C D O T E.—The question relating to the proper costume of American ambassadors at foreign courts, has received the following anecdote of Dr. Franklin's reception in Paris:

"When he was appointed minister, he made his appearance at court in the

richest dress he could procure on short notice at that time. A powdered wig was an indispensable part of the court dress. There was no time to make one for Dr. Franklin, and his head was so large that no wig then in Paris would fit him. He, however, procured one, and went to court in full dress, wig and all.

The Lord Chamberlain met him in the ante-room, to introduce him to the King, who occupied an inner apartment. Upon seeing Dr. Franklin, the Lord Chamberlain became convulsed with laughter, and, returning to the King, said, "I cannot introduce Dr. Franklin, as it is impossible to see him without laughing. He is in full court costume, but his powdered wig is much to small for his head, and, as he pulls it down behind, it cocks up before."

"Let the Doctor come in without his wig, then," said the King, laughing. Franklin, stuffing his wig into his 'cocked hat strode into the apartment, amidst the merriment of the company.

A DRY MAN.

Some men are dry and sour too—

And bleach'd and stiff as desert bones!

The dryest man I ever knew

Was Mister Billy Jones.

Poor Billy's soul has passed away,

Cold death hath made his eye-balls dim;

It is not wrong therefore to say

A few plain words of him.

His dryness was a common kind,

He scarcely ever look'd forlorn—

The only music for his mind

He found within a horn!

No matter with what force he blew,

There seemed a rapture in the tone,

Until the horn and Billy grew,

Then both indeed were blown.

The fife they say is very dry,

But never liked its squeak,

It could not raise his spirits high,

Nor make his courage speak :

When it was blown on gala days—

Those days poor Billy always knew,

"It seemed so dry," as Laure says,

That Billy got dry too.

As Billy gazed upon the cup,

He did not dry intensely brown,

Nor dry as some things do, right up,

His dryness all was down!

He got along by hook and crook,

Lamenting not the squand'r'd past,

But THAT which he so often took,

Took Billy off at last

A Sense-ible Detection.

A big, black, buck negro was charged before the Recorder of New Orleans, by one of the Genus Dandy, with stealing—or rather being caught in the very act of stealing—his boots out of his bed-room, at an early hour in the morning.

A little limb of the law—one of the sharp-practice class—who defended the negro, was rather querulous in his cross-examination of the complainant.

"Now, sir," he said, "you have told his Honor that you were in bed when the negro entered your room. Did you see him at the time?"

"No."

"Did you hear him?"

"No."

"Well, then, did you feel him?"

"No."

"How, then, come you to know that he was stealing your boots?"

"Why I smelt him; opened my eyes, and found that he was—as one of our poets very beautifully expresses it—stealing and giving odor."

A CONSTANT READER.—Alexander the Great certainly did not put Socrates to death; we believe on the contrary; it was the hemlock that did it.

O. P.—A lady's age depends upon circumstances; some women are but twenty-five, when everybody else supposes they are full forty. The only true test that we know of, is the fly leaf of the family Bible.

WANTED.—A pair of scissors to clip the wings of time.

Information as to the quantity of lard obtained, at the time men's souls were tried.

Information, as to what kind of wood the North Pole is composed of.

What kind of oil is generally used in greasing the Earths Axes?



A GREAT EXPEDIENT.

Milesian.—Ye're harrud up, ye say misther Hans, an' havn't any money?

German.—Ya,—dat is it shust, mine friend!

Milesian.—An shure, I'm ject in the same fix meself; and now I'll tell ye what we'll do—Start a Native American newspaper! I'll be the Editur, and ye shall be printer, compositor, newsboy and Collector!



A BEAR HUNT.

Jonathan, (log.)—That's right pitch inter the ugly pug headed cuss. Why the darned critter wan't to git the bull o'Europe intu his paws, gin him the bagnost, and then chuck him inter ther Danob, along with his royal master, Old Nick.

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No. 7.

JULY.

Vol. III.



YOUNG AMERICA, AND OLD ENGLAND.

ASTONISHED COCKNEY.—MY GWACIOUS, WHAT HAR YOU DOING! DO YOU WANT TO FWEEN A MAN HOUT OF HIS SENSES, WITH YOUR POPPIN' FIZZIN' THINGS.

JONATHAN, JR.—YOU BE DARNED. YOUR GRAND DAD IN OLD '76 WAS A HEEP WUS SKEERED THAN YOU, WITH THEM POPPIN' FIZZIN' THINGS. HOO-RAY FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY!! OLD ARF AND ARF.

A Sailor's Dream.*Our fat Contributor on training day.*

frequent potations got "comfortably drunk, clean through," he proceeded to return to the quay (to his boat), which he accomplished after sundry feats of ground and lofty tumbling, in a short space of time. After safely reaching his vessel, he "turned in," and soon fell asleep. And now for the dream.

He was—"in his mind's eye, Horatio,"—dead, and in the dominions of his Satanic majesty, and applied to that gentleman for accommodations. Arriving at the portals of the mansion of his majesty, he found him, and inquired what was to be his fate after a long life spent on earth in his services? The "little man in black" turned to his ledger, and peering up, over his spectacles, inquired the name of the applicant; our hero answered him and said:

"My name is Bob Tompkins."

"Occupation?"

"Sailor."

"Residence?"

"Boston, Mass., United States of America."

After these questions were replied to by Bob, as he thought in a very satisfactory manner, the devil turned over the leaves of his record book until his eye rested on the page devoted to the luckless Tompkins, and cast up apparently a balance—and in answer to his reiterated question, of "what am I entitled to?" bawled out to his attendants in the back ground:

"Make up a — of a fire in No. 16 for Bob Tompkins, sailor, Boston—do him brown!"

City Miseries.

Getting your boots splashed by the cross-sweepers, and being expected to pay for the privilege.

Breaking your leg in a coal-hole in the pavement.

Not receiving your paper in the morning till it is time to go down town.

Not having a cent, and seeing heaps of money in the brokers' windows.

Getting into an omnibus and discovering that you have no change.

Going to a steamboat in a hurry, and having your carriage stopped in Broadway by a blockade, till it is too late.

Going to Brooklyn on a cold, rainy night, and arriving at the ferry just in time not to be able to jump on board the boat.

Trying to jump, and finding out your mistake under the paddle wheels.

Having your house under repairs and all in confusion, and the carpenters to turn out on a strike, leaving you and the shavings to shift as you can.

Losing your cook on the morning of the day when your grand dinner party is to come off.

Finding her drunk in the area late in the evening, when you are not quite right yourself.

Living next door to a spoiled boy, who climbs your fence, stones your cat, and getting a kettle-drum for a Fourth-of-July present, beats a perpetual tattoo.

Complaining of said boy to his affectionate mamma, and being set down as a brute for ever after, by the whole family, the youth waxing noisier and more mischievous every day.

Giving the aforesaid infant a gentle reminder on the knowledge box, when you caught him raising the old Harry in the yard, and getting a summons from the police in consequence.

Seeing your name in the paper, under the head of "Outrageous Assault upon a Child."

Having your rent trebled on the expiration of your lease, and being obliged either to pay it, or sacrifice your business.

Hesitating about paying the new terms for half a day, then intimating your acquiescence, and being told, "the house is let."

Going to a hot party, and discovering that you have forgotten your handkerchief.

Waking up in the night with a pain under the flannel, and finding that you have no matches.

Getting up in the morning, at a boarding-house, and discovering that your soap is missing.

Such are a few of the Miseries of City Life.

A Good story is told, by a correspondent of a Frenchman who was visiting London. Not being familiar with the language, when he walked out he found great difficulty in getting back, because he could not make any one understand the name of the street in which he lived, so he resolved to copy the name of the street, off on a card, and then he could show it to any one when he wished to be directed home. He accordingly walked to the corner of the street, and looking up, copied the name painted on the wall. After travelling around all day, he pulled out his card, and desired to be shown that street. The first person to whom it was shown burst into a hearty laugh, and walked off. The Frenchman was surprised, but every one to whom he showed it, appeared to be convulsed with laughter, and would not give him the required information. At last, meeting a policeman, who are the guardians of every one who lose their way in London, he exhibited to him the mysterious and mirth-provoking card, on which the astonished "M. P." found carefully written "Commit no Nuisance."



A negro in Boston has a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and soothed it, and all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and shaking his fist at it, exclaimed, "Ache mooy then old seller, ache away, I shan't do nuffin more for yer, dis chile can stand it as long as you can, so ache away."

The Schoolmaster Caught.

A few years ago, when it was the custom for large girls and larger boys to attend district schools, and when flagellations were more common in schools than at the present time, an incident took place in a neighboring town which is worth recording as a reminiscence of school-boy days.

One of the largest, plumpest and fairest girls in school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master, a prompt energetic fellow of twenty-five, at once summoned her into the middle of the floor, and, as was usual in such cases, the business of the whole school ceased, and the attention of every scholar was directed to the girl, who, it was expected, was to receive a severe punishment. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master took from his desk a huge ruler, such as we seldom see now-a-days, and commanded the damsel to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master, in a blaze of passion, thundered out—"Will you give me your hand?"

"Yes sir, and my heart too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master and eyeing him with a cunning look. A deathly silence reigned for a moment in the school-room; a moist spot was seen to glis'en in the master's eye; the ruler was laid upon the desk and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, but to remain after the school was dismissed!

In three weeks after the school finished, the schoolmaster and that girl were married.

An Honest Man—With a Qualification.

Judge W—, who has been for many years a worthy occupant of the Federal bench in Michigan, fell into conversation a few days since in a barber's shop, with a plain, substantial looking and rather aged stranger, from the neighborhood of Tecumseh. The Judge, being formerly well acquainted in that vicinity, took occasion to ask after certain of its citizens.

"You know Mr. B—, do you?" said the Judge.

"Very well," was the reply.

"He is well," is he.

"Quite well," was the answer.

Judge W—then remarked, "Mr. B— is a very fine man."

"Y-e-s," said the old farmer rather cautiously, "a fine man for a lawyer—you know we don't expect a great deal of them?"

Coming Events.

- 1855. Total Defeat of the Russian Army.
- 1856. The Allied Forces in possession of St. Petersburg.
- 1857. Europe again at Peace.
- 1858. Third Reading of the New Reform Bill.
- 1860. Lord Mayor's Show abolished.
- 1899. Temple-bar pulled down.
- 1900. Colonel Sibthorpe Prime Minister. Do. Protectionist Ministry.
- 1950. New Houses of Parliament finished.
- 1954. Bill passed for the admission of Jews into Parliament.
- 2000. Vote by Ballot introduced at the election of M. P.'s
- 2054. The Irish a Happy Nation.

The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow that we have seen is, that being one evening at a Hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y., the residence of the late Gen. Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe heaven. "You say a good deal about heaven, sir," said the General, "pray tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face and long waving beard toward the General and Mr. Bush, and replied with imperturbable gravity. "Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent of smooth rich territory. There is not a root nor bush in it, and there never will be."



Portrait of our Comic Editor, in the act of Composing a Joke.

A Doctor as is a Doctor.

A country physician was called upon to visit a young man afflicted with the apoplexy. M. D. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket looked at his tongue, and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:

I think he's a gone feller.

No, no! exclaimed the sorrowing wife, do not say that.

Yes, returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time. Yes I do say so; there ain't no hope, not the leastest mite, he's got an attack of the ni hill fit in his lost frontis—

Where? cried the startled wife.

In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pain.

You see his whole planetary system is deranged, firstly his vox populi is pressin on his ad valorem; secondly his cutacharpial cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly, and lastly his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and he arnt got any money, and consequently he is bound to die.

The use of Kings and Queens is rather problematical. During Victoria's whole reign, she has only "expressed her mind" once, and that was when one of her "maids of honor" acted naughty. But even this position she had to abandon, for Sir Robert Peel informed her that nothing less than the prompt discharge of that lady could possibly "preserve the peace of Europe." Funny, isn't it, that the peace of a continent should depend on the suddenly discovered shortness of a young lady's apron! It is not anything else



A "Prospect" for California Widows.

Take heed ye "grass widows" whose husbands are off in search of new prospects and Gold. Their "prospects," turn out, in more cases than one, such as pictured above you behold.

Seeing the Elephant.
OR

EPHRAIM DIGGLES' FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON.

Until the age of nineteen Ephraim Diggles had lived in contented obscurity on his father's farm, on the other side of the New Hampshire border. During all this time he had never been ten miles from home. But, as years advanced, his views became extensive, till one night he electrified his father, by saying abruptly—

"Father, I want to go to Boston."

"Want to go to Boston!" ejaculated the farmer, letting fall the newspaper in astonishment, "what does the critter mean? Ephraim, are you out of your head?"

"No, I aint; but the fact is, I've got tired of staying round here in Swampsville all the time. I want to see something of the world, and, darn it, if you don't let me go, I'll run off and go to sea, or something or nuther."

"Now, Ephraim," interrupted his mother, "don't you go to doing any such a thing."

"Well, I won't, if he'll only let me go."

It was finally decided, in consequence of this conversation, that Ephraim should drive two fat bullocks to Brighton market, and stop in Boston one day and night on the way back. He departed amid a shower of admonitions from his father and mother.

"Ephraim," said his father, "you'd orter get fifty dollars for them 'ore bullocks; but if you can't get that, you may take forty."

"And mind," said his mother, "don't you get into any bad company while you're gone, and don't get on the railroad, for fear the cars might come along and run over you; and don't go to spending your money foolishly."

Under the shadow of the parental admonitions, Ephraim Diggles arrived safe at Brighton, and presented himself and cattle at the market. A man soon came up and inquired what he would sell them for.

"Well, the price is fifty dollars, but father said I might sell 'em for forty."

"I'll take them at forty," said the stranger, looking a little curiously at Ephraim, as if he considered him rather verdant, "and here's the money."

"Well," thought Ephraim, "I'm in luck; I've been here only five minutes, and sold the bullocks so quick. Now I'll go to Boston, and see what kind of a place it is. Wonder whether it's much bigger than Brighton."

Ephraim arrived in the great Yankee metropolis in the forenoon. He wandered about the streets with his hands in his pockets, in a perfect maze of wonder.

"By gosh! if this doesn't beat all I ever did see or read of. Such an almighty lot of houses as there is. If I lived here, I never should know how to find mine out of so many, I swan I shouldn't."

Just at this moment, Ephraim chanced to see a water-cart, such as is used to water the streets.

"I swow," he exclaimed, "how that wagon leaks! Why don't somebody tell him of it? Well, I will, anyway! Look here, Mister!"

"What's the matter?" inquired he of the water-cart.

"Your wagon's leakin' like thunder. Only look at it!"

"Curse your impudence," was the angry rejoinder; "just try that game, and I'll cowhide you within an inch of your life."

"Well, if that aint a queer way to thank anybody for doing him a favor. They've got some queer folks in Boston," said our hero to himself, when he had recovered from his stupefaction at the ungrateful return which his kindness had received.

By this time Ephraim began to be hungry. He happened to be passing the Tremont House, and the flavor of dinner imparted a most agreeable sensation to his olfactories.

"Guess I might as well get dinner here as anywhere. Mister," addressing a gentleman standing on the steps, "say, is this a tavern?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman, smiling slightly, "they call it the Tremont House."

So saying, the stranger drew Ephraim's arm within his, and led him into a restauranteur's.

They sat about half an hour together, when Mayor Robinson started up suddenly, and said—

"Excuse me, Ephraim, a moment. There's a man just passed that I want to speak to. Be back directly."

Ephraim Diggles waited half an hour, but the Mayor didn't come. He then felt for his pocket book to pay his supper, but, alas! it wasn't there. Luckily he had a spare bill in his pocket, with which he was able to pay for his supper, and return to Swampville. The truth was, that Mayor Robinson was an imposter. He saw at a glance that Ephraim was a green one, and he accidentally caught a glimpse of his name on the collar of his coat. With these tools, succeeded in working himself into Ephraim's confidence, and afterwards picking his pocket.

Ephraim Diggles hasn't been to Boston since. He has seen the elephant once, and doesn't intend to look for him again.

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked the schoolmaster of Spriggle's youngest boy.

The juvenile scratched his unkempt hair, and replied:

"Well, forty rods make one furlong, but fifty rods make one further along than forty."

That night Spriggle's youngest boy wore home the medal.

Somebody advertises for agents to sell a work entitled "Hymenial Instructor." The best hymenial instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know, there is no use in learning.



Consolation.

"How do you find yourself to day Brother Simpkins?"
"No better, thank you!"
"Are you willing to die, Brother?"
"Yes, I think I am."
"Well, I'm glad of that Brother Simpkins, for all the neighbors are willing too!"

Problems for Debating Societies.

Debating societies are excellent institutions for "teaching the young ideas how to shoot," consequently, we are glad to hear they are becoming very popular throughout the States. To prevent any of them from being "hard up" for a subject, we subjoin a few highly scientific and interesting questions, regular hair splitters, and dedicate them to polemical friends, viz:

Can a soldier with tender toes, and tight boots, literally stand at ease?

Is it possible for a baker to make a batch of bread from a stock of flowery (flowery) speeches?

How can a spouting politician, with "wooden legs," avoid being a "stump orator?"

Does the famous "tug of war," mentioned by Fat Lee, run on wheels?

What is the exact "height of absurdity?"

The "depth of despair?"

The real "age of brass?"

The geographical situation of the "bottomless pit?"

Or, the extent of the "tremendous sacrifices" that John Mitchell and fellow patriots are anxious to make for the glory of America?

When these queries are answered satisfactorily, another lot will be forthcoming; until then, good bye, "and joy be w'e ye 'a."

Dips into Diogenes.

When a Russian soldier is drawn for the Conscription, he is sent to the nearest town and there quartered! All soldiers are considered to be legally dead men, and if a wife does not see her husband for five years she may marry again. One Russian woman who was born stone blind, is now united to her sixteenth husband.

An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "nigger."

A THOUGHT UPON THE WAR.—"Breaking the ice," is a term generally applied to getting thro' the first embarrassing moments in love affairs. But the breaking of the ice in the Baltic will be the preliminary to anything but affectionate embraces.

CHAIR! CHAIR!—An acquaintance of ours is such a prominent partisan of Turkey that he has actually introduced oak chairs in his kitchen and turned out the rush 'uns.

MR. EDITOR—Perhaps some one of your numerous supporters could favor me with the solution of the undermentioned problem.—Yours, A Constant Reader.

"To discover the seat on which 'Verbum sat.'"

Why is Sir Charles Napier's expedition a pleasant one? Because he has gone to Revel in the Baltic.

THE BLACKEST INGRATITUDE.—A sweep refusing to go up his master's chimney.

EAU SUCRE.—A grocer's bill.

Net to the Manor Born.

"What lake is this?" said a freshly arrived Cockney to another who had been in the country some time.

"Why, it is the Lake 'Uron."

"I know its the lake I'm on, but what's the name of it?"

"Lake 'Uron, that's the name of it."

"Ah! ah! yes, the Lake 'Uron—but do they call it that when you are not on it?"

His friends gave him a look of pity, and explained.

Lord Eldon and the Chimney-Sweep.

Travelling the circuit with a companion, who, according to a custom not uncommon in those days, always carried pistols with him and placed them under his pillow; they slept one night at an inn, at dawn of day Mr. Scott discovered in his bedroom a man's figure, seemingly dressed in black. The intruder being harshly challenged said:

"Please your honor, I am only a poor sweep, and I believe I've come down the wrong chimney."

"My friend," was the reply, "you have come down the right; for I give you a sixpence to buy a pot of beer; while the gentleman in the next room sleeps with pistols under his pillow, and had you paid him a visit he would have blown your brains out."

The guillotine was the first attempt at shaving by machinery. It took off the beard very cleanly. But there was a slight objection to this invention. It took off the beard and head together.



One of the unpleasantnesses attending a nocturnal ~~Scandale~~.

The Arkansas Traveller.

Major Squids thinking of offering his services to Turkey.

The cars being greatly crowded our fellow citizen quietly hung up his fiddle on the first hook, and leaning himself against the wall of the car, with great composure placed the hollow of his right foot against the naked calf of his left leg, and awaited the signal.

Snort—snort and we were off.

We had scarcely got under head-way when the gentleman took down his fiddle, touched the strings a time or two with his thumb, to see that it was all right, and struck up in first rate style.

"The girl I left behind me."

This unwonted noise in a railway car, aroused the ire of two pious ladies who sat just in front of him: protested vehemently to the conductor—a quiet, gentlemanly man, with something of a lurking devil, in his eye—against the gross profanity.

"Hold on," said the conductor, "those ladies are offended that you should play the violin."

"Beg pardon," said the traveller. "P'raps they'd like a spiritual"—and he struck up Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn.

"From Greenland's icy Mountain's."

"My dear sir," said the conductor, "this will never do. You must stop this noise."

"Pardon again," said the traveller, "p'raps the ladies would like a *sarment*."

"Bretheren," said the traveller, "what particular part of the document my toe is to be found I cannot now say, as the whole book cannot be found in Arkansas. It was narrated when Bob Johnson ware a candidate for the Sinit that he had one—but I hearn afterwards that the commandments had been left out in printin. I hearn also in Tennessee, in the Western District, that Jim Jones had one but I never b'lieved it."

The conductor became impatient.

"Have you a ticket?" said the conductor.

"Yes sir ree," said the traveller; and pull ing out of his pocket a package that resembled the coupons of a millionaire, presented them with great deference to the conductor.

The conductor tore one off and returned the rest.

Con.—"Like to have a seat?"

Trav.—"Yes sir."

Con.—"Go into another car?"

Trav.—"No sir."

Con.—"Why?"

Trav.—"Certified a first class passenger."

Con.—"But you must go."

Tra.—"Must! H—ll! I never hearn that word afore. Look here, Mistifer 'd'y'e see this feller—showing the breech of a revolver—this is 'chattering Sally'—whenever she takes a part in the conversation she's bound to say some thing."

"Oh, don't! pray don't!" said the ladies.

"Never mind," said our fellow citizen, "never mind. I'm the Arkansas Traveller."

You can pitch in, ladies—pitch in but *keep your hats down!*"

The ladies exclaimed "oh! mi!" and fainted.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him—"jest to see what he would say"—to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt—reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

"Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothin', say nothin', mother, when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap, "they found mine here when they come." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

"How's your ma?"—This slang expression, which at former times was in vogue, had gone from use and recollection, until brought to mind by a circumstance which transpired a day or two since in the street. A little boy was pushing his way to school with satchel in hand, intent upon his own pursuit, when one who should have been a man in mind as well as in stature, hailed him with, "Boy, how's your ma?"

The lad stopped, eyed his interrogator from head to foot, and then replied—"My ma don't know you, sir. Her acquaintances are gentlemen."

Exit the man of small brains with a flea in his ear.

A gentleman attempted in a hurry to ask a waiter in a hotel for a pitcher of drinking water, and exclaimed—

"Waiter, have you a drinker o' pitchen water?"

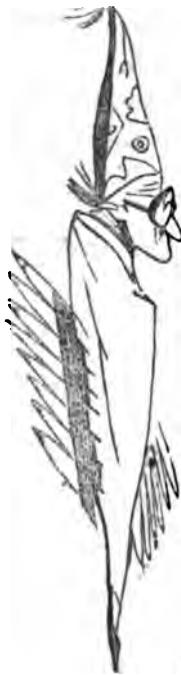
"No, sir, was the reply, "we haven't no drinker of pitch and water in the establishment; but if you want a wumbler-of tatter, you can have it."



No sir, when you don't succeed.

Pious Missionary.—"My dear son, do you know you are breaking the Sabbath by fishing?"

Outo Urchin.—"No sir'ee, I ain't doing nothing of the sort for I hasn't had a darned bite."



A correspondence recently started contains the following epistle from a "gal" in Illinois, to her "lover" in Penn:

Suspending, Away in Blyouneine,
April the 2th, 1000 eight hundred and 80
nine.

My Dere, Dere, Dere Henry, i embrace this present opporchunity to let yu know as how i am had a spell of the aigur, and i hope as how these few lines may find you enjoying the same God's Blessin! Why don't yu only rite one sweat line to tel yur sufferin Kathrun all about her pritty sweat henry. Oh my sweat henry, my turtle dove, my pigin, my dere henry, how my pore sole is longing for yore dere swete voice, think I here him singing yankee doodle as he comes from his plow. Mary melden has got a ba-ba!! Oh my dere henry do come out and let's get married, so no more at present, but remane yur lovin

KATHRUN ANN TILDEN.

To my sweat Henry.

P. S. Part Seckund—jeems beslet has raised a lagg house and sally doz liv so snug but she fites him sometimes when he's a little "antamony over." My sweat henry let us kepe house, and if you luv me, i wont luk at any boddy else so I

A quire of Fools wont, daddy sais
Cap. as how i must

get married.

So no more at present. KAT.

Part Third:

My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
My luv for yu shall never fale,
For henry is my own tra luv,
My lark, my kuk my own truluv.
so no more at present.

L. A. TILDEN.

P S, note bone. Muther is ded
and Rebert has the fever.

So no more at present from your loving

KATHRUN ANN TILDEN.
to my dere henry over Nally-ganess in the Pennsylvania State.

A Pair of Bulls.

Sir Boyle Roche was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose to speak for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop, nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, while he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "There, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallician villains should invade us, sir 'tis on that very table, may be, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, the murderous Marshallow-men (Marcellais) would break in, cut us into minces meat, and throw our bleeding

heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the habeas corpus suspension bill in Ireland, "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole, of our constitution, to preserve the remainder."

There is something about poetry that buoys up the feelings like a pair of wings. The sentiment contained in the following stanza has enabled many a manly heart to spurn neglect as it would elemosinary breeches:

"Great men never die! Their words are seeds
Which, nourished in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high souled deeds,
The world's sustaining fruit."

One of the Boys.—A lady passing along the street one morning last fall, noticing a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of cleaning off the ice.

"Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "this is real benevolence."

"No it 'aint, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

"When will these cars leave?" inquired an anxious individual of Smith.

"I presume," replied the wag, "as soon as the last seat is taken, as that will be quite sure to make the car-go." Mr. Anxious took his umbrella and got aboard.



All Right it's Insured.

Backwoodsmen.—"Look here, old feller, where the duckens are you taking me. Here we are on the fourth loft now. Suppose there should come a fire I'd never save that trunk."

Smart Porter.—"Fire indeed; why the Hotel's insured!"

Backwoodsmen.—"Oh it is, is it? then go ahead for I'm insured too."



"By gar! zis is the second time I found you in ze bed wis my waitor, and you say you are make ze mistake in ze house. By dam, why you no make a mistake in the ze woman too, hay?"

ed strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction, but at one, in particular, he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honor to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my Lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment.

"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand the sum of five hundred pounds. DORSET."

Do we ever Forget?

It is no idle question—"Do we ever forget?" Among the interesting facts bearing upon this important question. A Correspondent tells the following anecdotes, as to the power of memory in drowning:—

An accident occurred sometime since, at New York, which threw a considerable number of persons into the North River. Among the rest were Mr. ——, and his sister, the first-named, editor of a large weekly paper in the city of Philadelphia. They were both finally saved.

Mr. —— describes the sensation while under water, and in a drowning condition, to be pleasant but peculiar. It seemed to him that every event in his life crowded in his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown, but seemed only to regret that such an interesting item as his sensations would make, should be lost.

We have seldom if ever heard the peculiar idiom of a drunkard's conversation so strikingly described as by John G. Saxe, during a late visit that we had from that gentleman. We were speaking of the multiplicity of ideas of the inebriate, and of his inability to connect or arrange them in proper order, when Saxe related the following by way of illustration:

Returning home late one night, after being on a "bender," and receiving a Caudleizing from his better and sober half, a toper suddenly threatened to revenge himself by enlisting in the Mexican army. The wife now relented, and told her

Model Literature.

The following excellent anecdote is told of Dryden, who, is known, was notoriously poor:—

"He was one evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that one day the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style, and, after some debate, it was agreed that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment.

Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other, while Lord Dorset with much composure, wrote two or three lines and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered

staggering husband that if he joined, the Mexicans would kill him.

Leaning against the half-opened door, the husband replied— "W-u-r-l, I guess, Molly there's two that can (hiccup) play at that game. I ain't afraid of em! Let 'em kill! I kin kill as many of them as they can of me!"

"Ginger.

"Sah."

"When am dat race to come off, dat dar's so much talk bout?"

"What race? I habn't heard ob any great race."

"De human race."

"De what?"

"De human race is to come off 'forelong."

"Yah, Yah, Yah! you de biggest fool I eber saw. De human race? dat 'aint a hoss race—de people in de world—de 'habitens."

"Who told you dat?"

"I allers knowed it; you's de mos' dumbest nigger I eber saw. I wish dat ebry body had a hi'erlatin edicashun, so dat 'spectable gemmen of color could pass along widout de molestation ob de common trash."

AN INDIAN ON LYING.—One of our Correspondent's states that a suit was recently brought before a magistrate in the village of Randolph, during its progress an Indian was brought forward to testify. His black expressionless face, and the general unmeaningness of his whole demeanor, gave rise to a serious doubt in the mind of the "Court" as to the admissibility of his testimony. Accordingly, he was asked what the consequence would be if he should tell a falsehood while under oath. The countenance of the Indian brightened a little as he replied in a solemn tone, "well, if I tell a lie guess I be put in jail—great while may be. Bimby I die—and then I ketch it again." The witness was permitted to proceed.

A BOTANIC JOKE.—When the great American Aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York on exhibition, was on his way up the river under the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked, "This plant belongs to the Cactus family, does it not, sir?"

"No, sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply of the straightforward attendant.

EPITAPH.—A number of odd epitaphs are going the rounds of the press. The following upon a tombstone in the cemetery near Cincinnati, is worthy of being placed among the number:—"Here lies ——, who came to this city and died, for the benefit of his health."

The lady who was injured by "the discharge of her duty," it is thought will recover.



"Have you very large crops in this neighborhood?"

"Wal yes pretty sizeable ones considering. Last fall we had corn enough to make one thousand barrels of whisky in the town, besides what was wasted making bread."



A NEW MEANING TO AN OLD READING.

In the green room of the Bowery Theatre. First night of the celebrated Amateur John Kemble Junior, "who has kindly volunteered his valuable services." Play "Hamlet;" Hamlet, Queen, Laerte, Ghost, etc.

Laertes.—Well, I'll be blessed! why Jack what the deuce are you doing with that hat on? It's one of Knox's and not paid for at that?

Ghost.—Peace, dreamer, peace! don't disturb my meditation.

Queen Solas.—What does our royal Danz with that 'ere hat on? speak!

Ghost.—Madam I will in all my best obey you." You see aunty I've found out a new meaning of the old passage Shakespeare says, "enter Ghost with his beaver up." Now I'm going to enter soon aint I? and aint my beaver up? say?

A Tale of a Dinner.

A certain young man with a surplus of valuable leisure time on his hands, who is always endeavoring to make "time fly," whenever an opportunity is presented, overdid the thing not long since. He strolled out into the "kintry" and a bright thought struck him, he had not breakfasted, an early dinner would save a meal, and kill time; thus adding to his income and spending that which he had most of; big with his purpose he sought a cottage hard-by and called for dinner. The worthy dame, like a true farmer's wife, told our hero, that she was not prepared to wait on travellers, but if he would wait till twelve, dinner would be ready. Now here was a favorite project half spoiled, but no alternative was left him—yet, another bright thought sprang from an empty stomach, there stood the clock—the dame was gone—stealthily he crept to it and round went the hand an hour and five minutes, precisely—that unlucky five minutes, else all had been well, the dame had just reached her kitchen when the clock, whose infallibility she had often tested, chimed forth the mid-day, in amazement she returned to the "house."

"You've bin' medlin' with that clock," said she to our hero.

"No ma'am upon my honor," and he laid his hand where he supposed that article ought to lay.

"You lie! that clock has stood twenty years and never gone so fast before, the sun might be fast or slow, but my clock never!"

"I pledge you my hon—"

"Get out, you lying, meddling good for nothing, crook'd nose, bandy shank knock kneed, hump't shoulder, swell'd head, slab sided, pigeon toed, owl eyed, lazy rascal; come here to injure my clock's reputation," and seizing a chair she made

at him, with so much harm expressed in her countenance that our hero, like Falstaff, thought discretion the better part of valor, and exhibited some specimens of tall walking, seldom seen by our citizens in these parts. He was heard to say, after this occurrence, "if you would sponge a dinner don't trouble the clock."

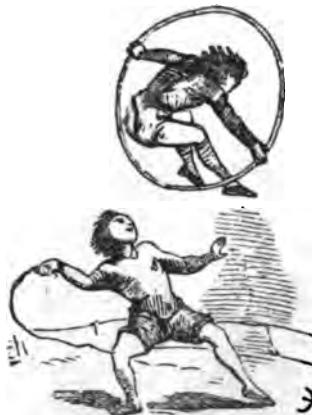
Walter Scott.

Little as Walter Scott knew of music, yet, with Moore as his guest, it could not but be the theme of some discourse between them; and Scott told his brother poet one of his old bar stories:—

"He had been once employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the Encyclopedias, &c., and having got the names of Stradivarius, Amati, &c., glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about a half a dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle-case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artists it was made.

"By guessing and management," he said, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee."

Monsieur Kentuck and the Fiddler.



best man, and planting himself where he would attract notice, scraped away. The fellow couldn't fiddle any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers excessively. A Frenchman, of very delicate nerves, and a very fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, fidgetted and swore at the "sacre" fiddle. The passengers tried various expedients, to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle, it was no go—"he would music just as long as he d—d pleased." At last, a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying, "I reckon I'll fix him." Placed himself near the amateur fiddler, and commenced braying with all his might. The effect of the snore was beyond description.—"Old Kentuck" brayed so loud that he drowned the screeching of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers, the discomfited Hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory of the unequal contest with the Kentuckian and his singular and *impromptu* imitation of Balaam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds: quiet was restored for the day. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat. The next morning, after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormenter; Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Loud, and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman, just seated to read his paper, on the first sound, rose, looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders and then shouted "Vare is he! vare is he? Queeck—queeck, *Mon Dieu!* Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, de man est play on de jactass."

Sing Sing Reflections.

Bound to the bustling world without
By no sweet recollections,
In this ere cell, on this ere stool,
I makes these ere reflections.
Chains clank around my legs, 'tis true—
My room's three feet by four—
But spite of walls, and iron bolts,
This soul of mine shall soar.

"Contentment is the only bliss,"
Most truly sages cry;
Who then in such a world as this
More blessed than I?
Let fools, knaves, madmen, unconfined,
Their boasted freedom ring,
Philanthropy could wish them here
To sing thy songs, Sin Sing.

"At dawn Aurora gailyreaks,"
The bell sounds loud and clear,
And then we gentlemen all wakes
To taste the morning air;
But first we draws our trowsers on—
Them's furnished by the nation,
One leg striped blue, and tether grey,
By way of variation.

We drills and marches, noon and night,
For we are reg'lar troops,
And them at noon, with woolen spoon,

a beard the steamer Indiana, in one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good-natured passengers. They were seeking to while away the hours, according to their several notions of pleasure, and would have got on very well but for one annoyance. There happened to be on board, a Hoosier from the Wabash, who was going "down to Orleans," and he had provided himself with an old violin, fancying that he cou'd fiddle as well as the

We eats our dog-bone soups,
How kind it was in government
To build high walls around us!
Shut out the influence of the world,
And scare away the vulgas.

And what a place this ere place is
To study human natur!
All sorts of character you'll find,
From Plato to Decatur;
"None need apply" but gentlemen—
We spurn the scoundrel crowd,
Who strut the world, and cheat by law,
And boast their morals loud.

The pug-nosed man who occupies
The parlor next to mine,
Philosophizes on the noth-
Ingress of life and wine.
His nose he knows the world knows well
Has 'orrif fiery tint,
He has the "roomatiz" he says,
"And blood will settle in't."

Now aint it best, twixt you and I,
To make the best of matter,
And be as happy as we can
Whether in gold or tatters;
I pitics folks what aint content
To take what chance may bring,
And, by these presents, give 'em all
A lesson from Sing Sing.

A KITCHEN CONFAB.—"I hates a policeman's life, Sally. There aint no glory in it. I shall be off to the Rooshin war."

Sally— "What! leave me?"
"I must, my dear. I hears my country's voice a callin on me!"

Sally— "What! an' you'd give up all the cold witties!"
"Ah! there you touches my feelin's. No! second thoughts is the best—guess I won't go. The Rooshins is barbarians."



Begging in Mexico.

Yankee Gentleman.—Aint you ashamed to beg, a stout fellow like you? I should think you might work.
Picturesque Beggar.—(drawning himself up.) Señor, I asked you for an alms, not for advice.

Solving a Difficulty.

A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day after making his first visit to a Sabbath School, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree, on the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which "reads sermons in stones," said.

"Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Who," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, "to me."

"No sir," emphatically responded the child, "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said:

"Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

"Well grandfather, the tree belongs to God, but the walnuts are ours."

AN ANECDOTE.—The question relating to the proper costume of American ambassadors at foreign courts, has revived the following anecdote of Dr. Franklin's reception in Paris:

"When he was appointed minister, he made his appearance at court in the richest dress he could procure on short notice at that time. A powdered wig was an indispensable part of the court dress. There was no time to make one for Dr. Franklin, and his head was so large that no wig then in Paris would fit him. He, however, procured one, and went to court in full dress, wig and all.

The Lord Chamberlain met him in the ante-room, to introduce him to the King, who occupied an inner apartment. Upon seeing Dr. Franklin, the Lord Chamberlain became convulsed with laughter, and, returning to the King, said, "I cannot introduce Dr. Franklin, as it is impossible to see him without laughing. He is in full court costume, but his powdered wig is much too small for his head, and, as he pulls it down behind, it cocks up before."

"Let the Doctor come in without his wig, then," said the King, laughing. Franklin, stuffing his wig into his cocked hat, strode into the apartment, amidst the merriment of the company.

A Contentious Gentleman.

An Irishman being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty;" and, the jury being in the box, the State's Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said: "Do I understand yer honor that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me agin?" The Judge said drily, it seemed so. "Well thin, yer honor, I plede guilty, sure, an' yer honor p'ase, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer hon'r's sucking babe at the brist, but jist on the account of saving Misher Furkisson's soul."

Editors are frequently bored with requests from brainless authors to publish their effusions. The following hit from the N. Y. Tribune will apply with great force, not only to "W. S.," but to many fledglings elsewhere who are ambitious to tread the thorny paths of authorship. "W. S. writes us that he lately sent us a dollar (as a subscription) and a communication of our columns—that the dollar was retained and the paper sent, but the article not printed—wherefrom he concludes that "money is in better demand



"Whistle, and I'll come to thee my lad."

in your market than brains." If that were true, it would not be amazing, as editors are supposed to have more brains than money; but his conclusion is not justified by his premises. The MONEY was genuine; the BRAINS bogus.

An ultra orthodox Yankee expresses himself as follows, concerning eternity: "Eternity! why don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever, and five or six everlasting a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cypher them up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had flown away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulled the up rail after him on which he went ent. The constable made the following return:

"Sightable—converable—non est come-at-able—in swamp—up stump—railo."

A physician, who had attended on a patient a great length of time, one day called upon him, when in rather a bad humor. The invalid complained and stated that he could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. "Well," replied the doctor, "there remains one expedient yet; suppose you hang yourself?"

A fop just returned to England from a continental tour was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

"Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

The last instance of modesty is that of a lady who refused to wear a watch, in her bosom because it had hands on it.

A genius "out West" is raising four-legged Shanghai.



Putting her through.

An Alabama Orange.

A friend of ours coming recently down the Alabama river in a steamboat, overheard the following dialogue between a *homo* from the interior of the State, and the bar-keeper of the boat. It may be premised that the former had, for a picayune, just purchased a green, billious-looking orange from the latter, and was then engaged testing its quality. Suspending his alimentary labors for a moment, he said, addressing the dispenser of "villainous compounds":

Stranger.—This ain't a sure enough orange, be it?

Bar-Keeper.—It ain't anything else, Alabamer, reg'lar home production, at that.

Homo, making a compressing valve of his thin skinny cheeks, taking another suck at the orange and spilling out: You are sure there ain't no cross in the orange, eh?

Bar-Keeper.—I don't know what you mean by a cross in it. I repeat that it's an Alabamer orange.

Homo.—Well, look here, stranger; I'm not much of a *horribleculturist*, but if that 'ere orange wasn't got between a sour lemon and a pomegranate, I don't know nothin' of fast principles—that's all.

Throwing the orange overboard, he called for a "brandy straight," and the dialogue dropped.

We think the idea of the mixed origin of the orange is not a bad conjecture.

All about a Barrel.

Why is a barrel like a fashionable lady of the olden time?

Because it's *hooped*.

Why is it like a vocalist?

Because it's never at a loss for a *stave*.

Why is it like the mast of a ship?

Because it usually stands with its *dead upward*.

Why does it resemble a ten pin ball?

Because it will *roll along*.

Who does the maker of barrels bear close affinity to a celebrated prose writer?

Because he's a *Cooper*.

Does he ever operate as a barber does on the "human face divine?"

Yes. Don't he frequently shave—(the knobs).

Why is a barrel, when new, like the admission fee to most of our theatres?

Because, for it you're usually charged a *quarter*. Why does a barrel resemble a barrel, and nothing else in creation?

Because it's a *barrel*—what else would you have it?

A Spoonful of Punch.

NOT SO MAD AS HE SERMS.—The other day a lunatic ran up into a pulpit at Frome to demand from the parson an explanation of his sermon. We do not understand the precise ground upon which a verdict of lunacy has been returned in this case, for we cannot think that the fact of needing an explanation of a sermon is in itself a proof of insanity. We have been lunatics ourselves, if we might be pronounced insane for having been puzzled by a discourse from the pulpit. Perhaps, however, the alleged lunacy consisted in the absurd expectation of being able to get the parson to explain himself. We admit the extreme impropriety of the act of the individual who chose such an unfitting time and place for the explanation he sought; but to pronounce him mad because he was puzzled about the meaning of a sermon is a measure so harsh that we call upon that eccentric society the Alleged Lunatics' Friend.

THE WISH WAS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.—The Emperor of Russia has forbidden the exportation of hemp from his dominions. So much the better for civilization: give him rope enough, and he'll realise the old adage.

A SANITARY REGULATION.—(Respectfully submitted to the Board of Health.)—We wish a Quarantine Law could be established, and rigidly enforced against all persons who had proved themselves in society to be pests or plagues.

NEW TITLE.—Palmerston, in consequence of his strong advocacy of Turkey, goes by the name now of "The Judicious Bottle-holder of the Porte."

A RUSSIAN RUSHLIGHT.—Otho, the Kinglet of Greece, has been converting his small dominions into a candle, which, in the spirit of the well known proverb, he is holding to Nicholas. He had better beware lest the candle should be snuffed out, and the candlestick peremptorily disposed of.

[Received by Telegraph.]—The Emperor of Russia has communicated with Berlin, offering to evacuate the Principalities, if the Sultan will eat pork chops in public with the Greek Patriarch, and afterwards, in undeniable black-strap, drink the health of the God of Russia.

Water-proof houses, made of gutta percha slabs, are now being manufactured. There is one advantage about this style of houses—and that is, you bend the chimney to suit the wind.



Sheer Nonsense.



A native of "the first gem of the sea" went out a gunning one day, in the country. He had not proceeded far before he saw a bird on the topmost branches of a tree. Shutting his eyes for fear, he banged off his old fowling piece, the bird flew away, but the shot struck a large tree toad which tumbled at his feet. Picking it up he exclaimed: "Och by the powers, but yeas was a pretty bird before I shot the feathers off ye!"

Sloshing About.

The Judges often tell stories on the members of the bar, albeit they are much oftener the subject of stories themselves. We lately heard one of the former, illustrating the propriety of "letting well enough alone," by the following anecdote: An affray case was on trial in the Circuit Court of Pike county, in which some six or eight peace-breakers were represented by almost as many lawyers each of whom, in turn, put the only witness for the State, through the tortures of a tedious cross examination. Nat _____, a well known Montgomery practitioner, was counsel for a big, black fellow in the crowd, who answered to the name of Saltonstall. As to this defendant, the only proof which was elicited on the examination, in chief of the witness for prosecution, was that —to use the peculiar phraseology of the narrator—' while the rest of them was cussin' and clinchin' and pairing off for a reg'lar r'yal, Saltonstall just kept sloshin' around!' This expression was repeated half dozen times—*Saltonstall kept sloshin' about*. The Solicitor and Nat both construed this to mean that Saltonstall was only moving about, drunk among the combatants, and the former did not press for an explanation. Presently, however, came to Nat's turn to cross examine for his client; and as he received quite a handsome fee, considering how things stood, he felt bound to make something of a "demonstration." So quoth he, with the air of the avenger of injured innocence.

"Come, witnesser, say over again what it was that Mr. Saltonstall had to do with this affair."

"Saltonstall? Why, I've told you several times, the rest on 'em clinched and paired off, but *Saltonstall just kept sloshin' about*."

"Ah, my good fellow," exclaimed Nat, quite testily, "we want to know what that is. It isn't exactly legal evidence in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by *sloshin' about*."

"Well," answered the witness very deliberately, "I'll try You see, John Brewer and Sykes, they clinched and fount. That is in legle form, aint it?"

"Oh, yes," answered Nat—"go on!"

"Abney and Blackman then pitched into one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip—that's legle, too, aint it?"

"Proceed!"

"Simpson and Bill Stones and Murray, was all on the ground together, a bitin', gougin', and kickin' one another—that's legle, too, is it?"

"Very—but go on!"

"And Saltonstall made it his business to walk backwards and forwards through the crowd, with a big stick in his

hand, and knock every loose man in the crowd as fast as he come to 'em! That's what I call *sloshin' about!*"

Nat is of opinion, now, that unless a *prima facie* case is made out by prosecution, on the direct examination of their witnesses, it is quite as well for the defendant to waive his right to cross examine.

A widow thus details the advice given her by the "dear departed," concerning omnibuses:—But Mr. Jacobs, I do assure you, sir, since I have been a lone 'oman, without a 'usband's protection, I hosten and hosten think of poor, dear Mr. Bousefield's words. "Susanner," says he, "whenever you get hinto a buss, always put a basket of a parcel of each side on you, so has to let hall the squeeges come hon to them; and though you may be a little the worse from their bruses, hat hall events. Susanner," says he, "holers won't be none the better, his so be has they was to turn themselves hinto perfect lemon squeegers."

A roguish chap, knee high to a grasshopper, heard one complaining at table of the quality of butter in market. Evening came, and he knelt, and in repeating the Lord's Prayer, paused after asking for his daily bread, and added, in a whisper,—"Mother, hadn't I better ask for a little good butter, too?"

A man being asked if he would like to live for ever, replied, "that considering the state of the times, and the weakness of the government, he would not care about living more than half of it."

No man can do anything against his will, said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will, faith and he did."

If it takes five yards and a half to make a Pole, how many yards would it take to make a Hungarian.

Somebody says the Mississippi "has raised one foot." When it raises the other, it will probably run.



A St. Domingo Dignitary.

The Notions goes everywhere, and is read by everybody, one of the strongest proofs of this will be found above; which is the counterfeit presentation of one of the judges of St. Domingo. He read the Notions, liked it, and in token of his "distinguished consideration" sends us his daguerreotype which we have had copied and by way of a novelty present it to our subscribers. His "phrenological developments" are some.

Hints for Railroad Accidents.



A Jew striking for the Prophet (profile.)

1. Always get in or out of a railroad carriage when it is moving, no matter how rapid is its motion.
2. Be sure to stand or sit in some unusual or unsafe place and posture.
3. Get out at the wrong side of the carriage in all cases.
4. Pass over the rails while trains and engines are moving up and down, to exhibit your fearlessness to the by-standers.
5. While travelling, jump in and out of the car as often as you fancy. It's of no especial benefit, but then it's very risky.

6. If your hat should blow off, or your newspaper should blow away, jump after it, and you will get a high reputation for agility.

7. Always get into the car next the locomotive, so that when there is danger you will not be far off; or into the rear car which, in case of a collision stands a good chance of being mashed up.

8. Hand articles to friends while the cars are in motion—it's a showy game.

9. If you have occasion to cross the rails at any time with a vehicle, do so in sight of a coming train.

10. Always select, for driving by the side of a railroad track, a baulky or high-spirited horse.

11. Always select night for travelling purposes, and if you can foggy ones. If you cannot become "immortal" by purusing these rules, you have only to take the 12th and extra rule, which is: "Plant yourself on the rails and wait till a train comes up and knocks you down."

Sic Transit.

Dost remember Je Alley, that measured the tape—
That measured the tape by the yard—
Who was slim in the waste as a Borneo ape,
And was bearded and hairy like the pard?

Dost remember the cut of his coat, so gay,
And his flashy vest and cravat—
With his plated gold chain, to make a display,
And his Aborn particular hat?

Dost thou remember the trim of his dicky upright,
And his greased and elaborate curls—
And the pearl white of his teeth in sight,
When he ogled the milliner girls?

Dost thou remember the look that his customers met
As he stood with the yard-stick in hand—
And the voice that gushed forth in a musical jet,
And the smile so bewitchingly bland?

Alas, for Jo Alley! the shopkeeper's pride!
Alas! for his smiles and his airs!
Who have no merit this stock beside—
A bankrupt fate is theirs.

The pimples soon gathered around his nose,
And around his classical chin—
And the smile, which of old his customers sold,
Was changed to a hideous grin.

Then fled his counter the milliner girls,
To some more attractive quarter—
And the breath of beau Joseph that once fanned their curls,
Was burdened with gin and water.

The shop is deserted—the goods are all gone—
And all that was left of Alley;
He has shouldered his pick and started alone
For the Sacramento Valley.

Alas! for Jo Alley, that measured the tape—
That measured the tape by the yard—

He sighs in the vale, that misery's gale
Should have blown upon him so hard.

His mind reverts to old times and scenes,
Where joys fell around him thick—
And sighs that fate with merciless hate
Compels him to take his pick.

And suppers at Parker's run through his head
That ne'er would run through them more;
But now pork fritters he eats instead,
And his hopes of life are o're.

"Tis thus the glories of earth decay;
In vain is our earthly trust;
The pride of man that we see to-day,
Like poor Je Alley, may pass away,
And end in fritters and dust.

"The baby is sick, my dear."

"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis, bring up the castor oil."

"It's all gone, sir—divil a drop is left."

"Gone! why we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself upon your salad."

"Why, you scoundrel! you don't mean to say that I've been eating castor oil every day during the salad season?"

"Sure you have, sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labeled 'Castor Oil'?"

"Sure and I did, sir; and didn't I put it in the 'caster' every day?"

A WISH.—"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness.

"Why so?"

"Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing with Adam."

At a recent marriage, the fair bride was the daughter of a sea Captain. The old salt, participated in the ceremony by giving away the bride, and then addressing the bridegroom,

"There youngerster take her, you are welcome to the hull spars and blocks, but damme if you mustn't find sails and rigging."



The last Hat at the Party.



Diabolical Suggestion.

Enamoured Youth.—(Commencing a letter to his lady love.) "My soul's idol!"

Friend.—(Who don't believe in that sort of thing.) "You're soul's idle; why don't you tell her you're body's lazy too?"

Served Right.

My Uncle Joshua was always something of a wag. Recovering some years ago, from a fit of sickness he took me into the country, to enjoy the air. At noon, he stopped at an inn to water and rest his horse and feel somewhat weak though utterly destitute of an appetite, he asked the landlord for a cup of tea.

The tea finished, my uncle took out his purse, and asked the amount of his bill.

"Fifty cents," said Boniface.

"What," exclaimed my uncle, "fifty cents for a cup of tea?"

"I never charge less than fifty cents for a meal," replied the landlord, drumming his knuckles on the bar.

My uncle said not a word. He paid the bill and went on his way. But he had his revenge.

He had not gone far when he met a poor fellow who had evidently been on a fast for some days previous.

"My good fellow," quoth my Uncle, drawing up his horse, "would you like a good dinner at the tavern yonder?"

"Thank your honor, and by the Holy Virgin it ain't anything else I'm asther wanting?" said the man.

The eyes of Uncle Joshua twinkled like a couple of stars, as he put a half dollar piece into the hungry man's hand saying:

"Go to the tavern, and call for a dinner of the best the house affords."

The hungry man, of course, hurried to the tavern as fast as his legs could carry him, and called for a dinner.

And he took hold with a will that

kept the landlord and his wife on a constant run from the kitchen to the table, and vice versa. Huge quantities of beef, pork, ham, eggs, tripe, and we know not what else, were speedily despatched.

The landlord had never seen the like before, and his patience finally gave out.

"For God's sake!" said he, "don't eat no more!—you'll sweep my larder clean. Stop, and I'll pay you fifty cents to quit the house!"

The hungry man was astonished at the proposal, as well he might be, but after wiping his mouth with a corner of the table cloth, he took the fifty cents, and departed, and my Uncle had his revenge.

Golden Rules for the guidance of the Green.

If you have a rich aunt who is fond of tracts and tea, there is no necessity for your talking to her about billiards and brandy and water.

Should you be talking to a thin, elderly, unmarried lady, of another thin, elderly, unmarried lady, you needn't describe the party alluded to as a "scraggy old maid."

If you require a person to become security for you, don't ask the man who promised he would do anything for you when he knew that you didn't want anything done.

If you happen to know an author, don't own it: one half of the world won't believe you, and the other half won't think much of it if they do.

Don't say you never take suppers, excepting where you know they never give any.

If you don't know what everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue; and if you know something that everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue too.

If you happen to say something in society which causes a painful sensation, you had better go out for a walk for five minutes.

If you intend to do a good thing, don't change your mind; and if you possess a five dollar note, don't change that.

There are a few other golden rules, which we don't exactly remember, should be learned by heart, as they will prevent you from appearing green, and other people looking blue.

A certain cockney bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse."

"What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.

"Let him alone," said a waggish bystander, "he'll soon re-wive!"



The Old Nick of the Century.

THE LAW OF DISTANCES.



Pious Gentleman from the Country.—Can you inform me my young friend how far it is to Grace Church?

Young America.—Well old codger you may do it in three eigers, but it generally takes me four.

Sound the hudag! Beet the Boot-jack, Hooray, for the Fourth of Independence, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Sarytoger!! Pop fizzle, bang, Hooray!!! Brother Jonathan is a swimmin' in a sea of glory. Every time fourth of July comes round, he feels just as if he'd as leve live as die. He goes in for the tallest kind o' Sellebrashuns, for bon-fires, and trainin', cannon and gunpeouder, orashuns, and one, universal, rip stavin' everlastin', thundering, big hooray, from Mane to Kalifornia. So go in naborz, every mother's son o'ye, lay deown the shuvel and the hoe, drop the plane and the yard stick, quit the ledger and day book, leave the plow in the furver, buy the old 'oman and the gals noo bunnets, put on the boy's best trowserloons with ninpence or tew in the pockels of 'em, mount your Sunday go to meetin's, and put eout the whole darned lot o' yeou, and sceer up Fourth of July, the birth day of Freedom, the darter o' Liberty, the horror of tirunts, and the great splendiferous jubilee of redeemed human natur!!! Whew! ain't that hi? Torkin' o' forth of July. Brother Jonathan heern tell, 'tother day, a leetle the best story about the last War, which he thinks is quite good enuff to tell over again to the fifty-five thousand readers of the Notions. So here goes.

You've awl heern tell of the Battel of Bladensburg, near Washington, where, it is said, the Britishers rayther got the better o' our boys and pushed on and sot fire tew the

Capitol, which was a darned all fired mean trick? Wall, a leetle while ago, a big blowin' Englishman come over here on a tower, and he went to Washington, arter he'd seen awl the rest o' the lyons, inclewdin' Yorktown, and Sarytoger, and Bunker Hill, and Seterar. Wall, when he got to Washington some pesky Englisher or other told him abeout Bladensburg and he thought it wood be a sorter relief to his feelines ef he cood see one battel feeld where the Britishers didn't git licked. He posted off and hired a cute yankee chap to show him all the pints. Jonathan didn't like the job much, but he thot he'd make the best on it, so arter showing the Englishman all arround, the chap said. "So this is where the battel o' Bladensburg was fout, is it?" "Well yaas" said the gide, "this is the place, t'aint o' much account along side o' some other places, sich as Yorktown and sich like.

"Yeas I've seen them places" said the Englishman.

"Your folks got sorter licked intew smash there eh?" said the yankee.

"Well, I believe, we were unfortunate," said the Englishmen, a bitin' his lip, "but here, I understand," and the darned cuss begin to grin. "Here I believe"—"Yaas" busted in the yankee, "this here's Blandensburg. The British trupes was up here, and the 'Mericans was deown there."

"Well, how was it," asked the Englishman, a' grinnin' again. "You yankee's didn't git the best of it, did ye?"

"Wall, you see stranger, t'wasnt much o' a fite arter all, you know." "Yes" said the Englishman "it didn't last long."

"No t'was a short fite, didn't amount tew much, did it?"

"I've heern tell" said the Englishman, "that the 'Mericans



CONFIDENTIAL.

"Fwed, I do declare between you and I that I perfectly abhor those large patternes."

"Why so James?"

"Why you see Fwed, my legs are so delicate that it is quite impossible to show the whole pattern."



FASHIONABLE ARRIVAL.

Mr. Pratt, M. C. from Utah, twenty wives, and seventy-five children.

run, and the British went to Washington and burned up the Capitol. How was that, eh?" and the darned Kockney grinned from ear to ear, while the Yankee looked pretty much down in the mouth. He whittled a while but said nuthin'. "Did yeou hear o' that," said the Englisher, a' grinnin' again.

look at the picters; but let eout your straps, unbutton your shirt-collar, and westcutt, or you'll bust 'em all eout a' larfin.

At last Jonathan busted eout. "Look 'a here mister; you say you've seen Yorktown, and Sarytoger, and Bunker Hill, and all them places, and that orter satisfy any man wot isn't unreasonable, and you must be darned hard pushed if you come here to Bladensburg to releeve your feelins', but if you must know, the English did git the best on it, here but it was a nasty mean little fit, and our boys kinder took no interest intew it.

The Britisher jist said "Ah" and skuted, purty well satisfied that he might jist as well never try agin' to get a yankee in a tite place.

Well the fashionable sesin' is begun and all the upper ten thousand are gone off outer New York, to have a good time, and show their new dresses, and spend their money, and drink nasty water at the Springs, and the other tip-top places. The wimmin folks are a husband huntin', and the darned hairy critters that live by their wits, are a keepin' their eye skinned for gals with the pewterinktums. Some on 'em i'll be sucked in orful. Jonathan and his Jermimer don't go around on any sich goose chase. Him and her, and ther dorg, air eout on the farm, a' makin' hay, while the sun shines, and gittin' up the richest kind o' licks for the Notions. Talkin' o' rich licks jist run your optix over this number and jist say if it ain't a leetle, jist a leetle a' head o' anything that Jonathan has got eout yit. Jest



First Shanghai Swell.—What a confounded boah—since the streets have been cleaned, there's not a pretty foot and ankle to be seen.

Second Ditto.—Yaas a fellah stands no chance except on a warn, day.

A Yankee in an Eating-House.

The other day we were seated in Perkins's well-known eating-house, Congress street, discussing the merits of a plate of beef-steak, when a tall, ungainly Yankee, who, judging from his appearance, had "just come down," and had not yet been initiated into the mysteries of city life, entered the room and seated himself opposite us. We passed him the bill of fare, and watched his motions with some curiosity.

He carefully examined the various items with the prices attached, and at the conclusion, remarked confidentially to us:

"It's mighty dear living here, in Bostown, ain't it?"

"Rather so," we remarked.

"I say, I 'spose a feller couldn't get along for less than two dollars a week, could he?"

We expressed a very decided conviction that he couldn't.

"Anyhow," said he, "it's only for once, and darn the expense; I'm going to have some Thanksgiving fixins, if it costs me tew shillins. Here, you chap in the white apron, jest bring along some roast turkey."

The order was obeyed in due time, and the Yankee pitched into the "Thanksgiving fixins," as he called them, with a perfect gusto. In the course of three minutes, he was ready for another plateful.

"Jest bring along some more of that turkey. It's tarnation nice."

The second plate went the way of its predecessor, and the same may be said of a third and fourth plate, which were subsequently ordered.

"I guess I'll try a little of their pudd'n," remarked our friend. "Plum pudd'n, six-and-a-quarter cents. Well, I guess I kin afford it."

The plum pudding was accordingly ordered. But it must not be supposed that one plate sufficed. Three were called for and despatched.

At length, our hero's appetite being appeased, he went up to the bar to settle. Suspecting that he was the victim of a slight mistake, we went up at the same time to watch the denouement.

"What's to pay?" he inquired, taking out two quarters.

"Four plates of turkey come to one dollar," was the reply; "and three plates of pudding, to nineteen cents. Your bill is one dollar and nineteen cents."

"What," said the Yankee aghast, "you don't mean to say that you charge for every plate?"

"Certainly, sir," was the answer. "What else did you expect?"

"Why," said he, with a rueful look, "the paper said twenty-five cents for turkey, and six cents and a quarter for pudd'n, and I thought that you let a feller have as much as he wanted for that."

"O no, sir, you're quite mistaken. We could not do business on that scale."

"Then I 'spose I must pay a dollar and nineteen cents, dang it all. Why, I should be ruined all to smash in less'n a week, if I lived at that rate. Couldn't you take off the nineteen cents?"

"It's contrary to our rules, sir."

"Then if I must, I *must*. Here's two dollars. You kin take it out of that. Darn it all, I shan't have money enough to buy them Sunday breeches I was thinking of. I wish them plates of turkey was where they cum from."

So saying, the Yankee turned his disconsolate steps towards the door.

"Do you intend to remain long in town?" we inquired.

"Darned if I do. I'm going off straight this minute," was the reply. "I'm bound to get supper at home, I am."

That was the last we saw of him.

In conclusion, it may be well to advise country friends, whose appetites are

larger than their purses, not to patronise Boston eating-houses.

An Eccentric Minister.

The Rev. Mr. C. was troubled with very excitable nerves. Being an incurable old bachelor, perhaps this was not so surprising, since this disease is well known to be extensively prevalent among old maids. For example, he could not sit quiet and see a cat's back stroked the wrong way, while the sight of a spider most effectually disturbed his equanimity.

One Sunday, while absent on an exchange, he heard from a pew near the pulpit a boy snuffing, as if he were troubled with a severe cold, and were not troubled with a handkerchief. His brother sat beside him. Mr. C. happened to know the boy's name.

He bore with this irritation as long as his nerves would permit, but it became so aggravated that he paused in the midst of a hymn which he was reading, and bending over the pulpit, said:

"John, why don't you use your handkerchief?"

John, abashed by this unexpected address, and by the fact that the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon him, stammered out to the general amusement, "Please, sir, I haven't got none."

"Then why don't you borrow your brother's?" resumed the minister.

"Because, sir, he hasn't got any either," pursued the frightened boy.

The audience were convulsed.

"Will some person charitably disposed," remarked the clergyman in a solemn tone, "provide that boy with a handkerchief?"

This was done, and the services proceeded.

A man, who went to Virginia to get his growth, has become so tall that hot soup freezes before it gets down into his stomach. When he eats meat, he is obliged to get that which is just killed, or it will spoil before it reaches his gizzard.



HARD TO SUIT.

Famer.—"Why Pomp what are you throwing your fish back again for?"

Pompey.—"Why yo see Massa, sometimes I catch one kind of fish, and sometimes another. To day I want sole, and I can't get nuffin but pogies, and I won't have 'em ne how, 'cause I sum arter sole."



Old Maid.—Oh dear Clara, how beautifully this author writes, he calls a wife "the prop of a house"—wouldn't you like to prop a house my dear?

Clara.—I would prefer aunt, to "prop-a-gate."

An Assumed "Knew-Nothing."

A fresh specimen of the productions of the "boggy soil of Killarny," whose visage somewhat resembled a macerated pie-plant leaf, was taken into custody by an officer on suspicion of having in his possession something not legally and properly his own. The officer found him walking up the street in his shirt sleeves, with his coat wrapped round something in his arms, which he carefully guarded. On approaching him, the officer, interrogated him—

"Mister, what have you got your coat off for?"

"Don't know," he answered.

"Well, why don't you put it on?"

"Don't know."

"What have you wrapped in it?"

"Don't know."

"Let me see," said the officer, who unwrapped the coat, and found a fine ham concealed in it.

"Where did you get this?" inquired the officer.

"Don't know," said the "Know-Nothing."

"Where were you going with it?" he was asked.

"Don't know," was the response.

"Well what do you know?" inquired the officer.

"Don't know," he continued.

"Then come with me, and I will take you where you will know something," said the officer, and marched him off to the police office. He was committed for a further hearing, where, in all probability, he will find it necessary to know something.

Matrimonial Shops.

The chief witness in a case of bigamy tried at Carlisle the other day, was Murray, the high priest at Gretna-green. Part of his cross examination was as follows:

"I believe you have a few marriages at your place in the course of the year?"

"Oh, yes, a few."

"How many do you think?"

"Somewhere between three and four hundred couple in the year." (Laughter.) The judge, in evident astonishment:

"How many?"

Witness: "Three or four hundred couple a year."

"That is more than one a day!"

Witness: "Oh, I've had as many as forty couple in the day." (Laughter.)

Mr. Haweett: "Are there any other matrimonial shops in your

neighborhood?"

Witness: "Oh, plenty; three or four."—(Laughter.)

The judge: "Who does the most business?"

Witness: "I can't say, I'm sure. I don't inquire into other people's business. I have enough to do to attend to my own." (Laughter.)

Going to Leave.

An honest German, who is employed at one of the tobacco manufactories in this city, says a correspondent, was listening recently to an account from a brother workman, of the principles and doctrines of Millerism. Among other things, he was told that the world was expected to come to an end in two or three months. Remarking that the German was much interested in the matter, the others undertook to victimize their listener, by suggesting to him that it was full time for him to be making preparation.

"Ven do you think it vill be comes to an end?" he asked.

"Oh, probab.y in about three months," answered the jokers.

"Ho! vell; I no cares for dat!" exclaimed Hanse, with a smile of satisfaction, "I pe going to Puffa.o dis Spring!"

AN EXCUSE.—"Massa," said the black steward of a Marble-head captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you'd write a few lines for me to send to the old woman, cos I can't write."

"Certainly," said the good-natured skipper, taking his writing materials; "now what shall I say?"

Pompey told the story which he wished his wife to know, which his amanuensis faithfully recorded.

"Is that all, Pomp?" asked the captain, preparing to seal the letter.

"Yes, massa," replied he, showing his ivory, "thank you, but 'fore you close him jist say, please 'scuse bad spelling and writing, will ye?"

The captain appended the postscript as desired.

A young Irish student at the veterinary College being asked: "If a broken-winded horse was brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" promptly replied: "To sell him as soon as possible."

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are Lent."

Punch thinks the importation of threshing machines into England needless, considering the great number of strong threshing machines they have already of home-make, in shape of brute husbands!



When a young man enters the Navy, he must expect to get in a mess.



HERRIDAN'S IMMORAL ADVICE TO HIS SON.—We never hear our friends boasting of having been under Niagara Falls, without thinking of this advice.

"Tom, why did you go down that nasty coal-pit?"

"Just that I might have it to say that I had done so, father," replied Tom.

"You fool! Could not you say that you had done so, without taking the trouble?" retorted his father.

"How many adventures do men go thro' merely for Tom Sheridan's reason, 'that they may have it to say.'"

THE RAILWAY RHYME.

There was a little milliner,
Whose name was Charlotte Dunn,
Though there was nought of ill in her,
She loved a bit of fun.

And on an Easter holiday,
With mind all free from care,
(Though 'twas a melancholy day,)
She went from Chatham square.

By train; in which beside her sat
A man who seem'd polite,
Talk'd, smiled, and look'd quite wisely at
Another opposite.

Onward, onward sped the train,
O'er hill, and dale, and moor;
The wind sped after it in vain,
And could not get before.

The whistle sounded long and shrill,
A tunnel now they neared,
Which near a lotty, snow clad hill,
Its dismal entrance near'd.

Young Charlotte saw her vis a-vis
Rise sily from his place,
And by her side, right closely, he
Sat with a smiling face.

Thought she "Those men looked for a treat,
Unless I judge amiss,
And think 't will be an easyfeat
To snatch a stolen kiss;"

So when they in the tunnel got,
She changed her place unseen;
Yet neither of the men did wot
But she was still between.

Then soon a dismal cry arose,
And a great alarm;
For each had knock'd his neighbor's nose,
And done him grievous harm.

Right fearfully they both did swear,
And swift their chatter ran,
When each of them became aware
That he had kissed a man!

The train soon pass'd the tunnel through,
And came again to light—
Exposed their faces all to view
It was a sorry sight!

With swojen nose and watery eya,
Each vow'd in right good sooth,
He would the other well chastise,
And beat him without ruth.

The train soon to a station came,
At which the lass got out,
And, having much enjoyed the game
Said, with a pretty pout;

"Good night, kind sirs; to you I wish
A very pleasant ride,
And counsel you, when next you fish,
To see how runs the tide.

"Let this to you a warning be—
As to each loving spark—
*If girls won't kiss you when they see,
Don't try it in the dark!*"

"A young lawyer from the Green Mountain State," writes a friend from the "far west," somewhat verdant himself, very tall, very light hair, very light eyes, somewhat pompous, looking exceedingly dignified, as other animals do, between large ears, came into our little village with the full intent of "astonishing the natives" with his learning, his eloquence, and the law! He soon formed a co-partnership with an old lawyer, one Jones, and came into Court at once, with case in hand. The first case in which he and Jones were engaged they were opposed in by an "old line" Illinois lawyer, in himself a genuine "charcoal sketch!" Jones opened the case before the Jury, and our Vermont lawyer followed in a long speech, well announced, and delivered with great accuracy, and, as he supposed, with astonishing effect. It was rhetorical, lofty; in short, magniloquent. When he closed, he wiped his brow with a fine, white, lavendered pocket handkerchief, and looked about him with the air of an orator upon whose efforts the welfare of the world depended, and by whose efforts he felt conscious the world had just been saved. It was his maiden-speech in our court, and every body listened with attention. The opposing counsel now arose, very gravely, (he never smiles,) and in a tone and manner which no words can convey, said: If the court please, gentlemen of the Jury: See here, now! I am goin' to answer Jones in this here cause now in hearin', I know Jones; I've know'd him a great many years; I can foller him; but this here Jones' feller I ain't a-goin', to try to foller! Why, gentlemen of the Jury, there ain't no use tryin' to foller him. He's soar'd aloft; he's bu'st the clouds; he's gone clean beyond the dog-star; clean into the third heavens, gentlemen, and I put it to you now, if he has touched this blessed earth one single time durin' the whole time he's been a-speakin' his piece!" The house came down, of course, and the "Jones feller" vanished from the room, while the counsel went on in the same grave, almost unconscious vein of satire' and then to "follerin' Jones."



A youngster, who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with soles to them, laid himself liable, through some misdemeanor, to maternal chastisement. After pleading to get clear to no effect, he exclaimed—"Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots." "Why?" asked his mother. "Because I won't be whipped in them new boots, no how."

Mrs. Partington again.



ou "get the Testament, Isaac, and see what it says about the "New basket bill," said Mrs. Partington, as she came from church the other Sunday and folded up her long shawl, and placed the bonnet in the old Indian basket under the bed. "It don't say nothing about it," said Ike, who was reading the

"Avenging Sword, or the Ghost of the Red Tower of Cunenburg," and didn't want to be disturbed. "Dear child," said she, admiringly, he "is so busy with his Sunday school books!" Ike said not a word, but kept devouring the "Avenging Sword," with as much avidity as if it were a whole Sunday school library—perhaps more. "It must be in the Bible, Isaac, or our ministers wouldn't have preached about it, and on a Sabba' day too. It must be in the Bible. Perhaps it's in the hypocrisy, Isaac. At any rate if it isn't in the good book it ought to be, for what right has a minister to dispense with the gospel if it isn't in

the scripture!" She said this to Isaac, but the boy had just got where the "Avenging Sword" was beginning to avenge—where the thrilling part came in—and was oblivious. She might as well have talked to the ancient corporal who hung there in rigid perpendicularity upon the wall.

A Poser.

We invite the attention of our temperance and biblical friends to the following, which we find in one of our Correspondent's. There is no getting over the conclusion.

"Our worthy Governor, Horatio Seymour," writes a metropolitan friend, recently from our State capital, having voted, as everybody knows, the so-called "Maine Liquor Law," has since received many letters from the friends as well as the opponents of that measure. Among others, "A strong advocate of Temperance, but no Main-Law man," wrote him to the following effect: "I have read your message voting the "Main-Law" bill with great gratification. I am a temperance man, and I hope I am a moral man. I also claim to have some knowledge of fundamental law; and in my opinion your views are fully sustained by law and good morals. I have been a diligent reader of the Old Testament, as well as of the New; and in the former I find that the use of wine was contemplated by the wise and good of the olden time. Even Lot, the only "just man in Sodom, carried his prejudice in favor of a "social glass of wine" so far, that he became intoxicated. (See Genesis, chapter nineteen.) And in the New Testament we are told that our Saviour and His Disciples made generous (without abuse) of the "wine benign;" and on one memorable occasion, by a miracle.—He even made wine from water, for a wedding-party. Now, as I have said, I have been a diligent student of the Scriptures, I have read the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, and I can find no mention of but one man's calling for water; and he was in hell, where he ought to be."

Signing the Pledge.

Rev. John Abbott, the sailor preacher, relates the following good story of one of his converts to Temperance:

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must be permitted to sign the pledge in his own way, which he did in these words:

"I" William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no intoxicating liquor for one year."

Some thought he wouldn't stick three days others allowed him a week; but the landlord knew him best, and said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would be a real soaker. Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott, "Bill, ain't you going to renew the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but that I will; I have done pretty well so far; will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"O, yes, any way, so that you won't drink rum."

He writes, "I, William Johnson, signed this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to take out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken. "Oh, landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied with sundry contortions of the body, as if enduring the most excruciating torment, "I have such a lump on my side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking; you won't live two years longer at this rate."

"If I commence drinking will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't you will have another just such a lump, on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it; you will have them on your arms, back, breast, and head; you will be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, maybe I will," said Bill.

"Come Bill," said the landlord, "let's drink together," at the same time pouring the red stuff from a decanter into his glass—gug, gug, gug.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't, for I have signed the pledge again."

"You hain't though! You're a fool."

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I couldn't get off."

"I wish the devil had the old rascal. Well, how long do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years," whispered Bill.

"You won't live a year."

"Well if you drink, are you sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"Well I guess I won't drink; here's the lump," continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it; "and you say I'll have more such lumps—that's what I want!"



The right sort of a Lump

**The Low-Necked Dress.**

When first I saw Miss Clara,
A west end ball 'twas at,
A low-necked dress she wore, and near
An open door she sat;
But when the door was thriving oak—
Exposed to tempest keen,
And biting air,
So much 'twas ne'er
As the blooming girl I mean,
As she sat in the low-necked dress,
Becoming, I must confess;
For of all the men round,
Not one could be found
But looked after the low-necked dress.

The polka's tumult over,
The fondest of mammas,
Her daughter calls and hints at shawls;
But scornful "hums" and "ha's"
From Clara (artful goddess!)
The kind proposal meet—
Quite faint she feels—
She fairly reels—
She never could bear the heat!
So she sits in her low-necked dress,
But the heat would have troubled her less,
For long weeks have rolled
Ere she's rid of the cold
That she caught from the low-necked dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders
'Neath downy cloak of fur,
Or pilot coat, and round that throat
A plowman's comforter.
For I'd know that tender bosom
Was safe from climate's ill,
And the heart so sweet
Would much longer beat
Than I now feel sure it will,
While she clings to her low-necked dress.
I've proposed, and she answered "yes."
Next week it's to be,
But make sure I shall see
That it's not in a low-necked dress.

The man up in Fifth Avenue, who does not read Sunday papers, says that Santa Anna, if he persists in his struggle with Russia, will be sure to lose all the territory of the Beep-horns and be excluded from the navigation of the Amazon Sea! He's well "posted up"—isn't he?

A Leaf from a Modern Dictionary.

KILDREN.—Little men and women done up in whalebone, starch and satin. The exact images of their parents.

Wife.—A lay figure on which to display velvet, lace and jewewlry.

Husband.—Not at home. Call in the small hours, A. M.

Home.—See hotels, &c.

Friendship.—Obsolete.

Heavy man.—A man weighing a million of pounds—sterling.

Brick.—A b'hoys, a trump, a "d--l of a fellow;" used sometimes for building, and sometimes to carry in the hat as a make-weight.

Stars.—Stars have several localities; The heavens, the boards, the pave, &c., &c. Those of the heavens are of very little account, save astronomers and lovers. Those of the boards are remarkable mainly for their immense strength—drawing houses after them whenever they go; those of the first magnitude being the strongest, as they draw "packed houses." The stars of the pave are to be seen at all hours, and in all places, except, generally, where they are needed.

Right.—Might.

Love.—See money.

True worth.—Money.

Poverty.—The unpardonable sin.
Fast man.—One who has more money to spend than time to spend it in.

Humbug.—Any ism which treads upon the corns of any other ism.

Charity.—Publicly subscribing thousands to send tracts and fine-tooth combs to the Hottentots, and privately grinding the worthless masses round you down to the last farthing.

Father and Son.

Two of the best lawyers of Boston occupy this position in each other. They have both their oddities of manner, and they are alike distinguished for a certain dry humor. One day the son was driving out his papa, at a two-forty speed, and was remonstrated with by the senior:

"Bill, what the deuce do you drive so like Jehu for?"

"Do you happen to know, sir," demanded the fast young gentleman, "who Jehu was?"

"No, sir, I do not! Who was he?"

"Jehu 'was the son of Nimshi, sir!"

On another occasion, the son on entering the door of the paternal mansion, was snapped at by his father's favorite dog, which was lying on the mat just inside. He gave the animal a kick which caused him to howl fearfully.

"Bill!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "what are you kicking that dog for?"

"He bit me, sir."

"He didn't bite you, sir!"

"Then I didn't kick him, sir!"

"Smart" Scholars.

"William, can you tell me who wrote the Gospel of St. Matthew?"

William hesitated a moment, and finally answered, "I believe it was General Washington, ma'am."

The teacher turned to the next boy, a little fellow with bright eyes and an intelligent countenance.

"Edward, can you tell me where the Ten Commandments are to be found?"

"Yes'm, I know," was the eager reply, "they're hanging up against the wall in our school-rooom."

The examination was not continued.

Why is a room full of married ladies, like an empty room.
Because there's not a single one into it.



A disciple of Bacon.

Ordering for Two.

Not long since a seedy-looking individual entered an eating-house in which we were seated, and stationing himself at a table, called for two plates of roast beef.

"Two?" asked the waiter in some surprise.

"Yes, I expect a friend, and have ordered it for him."

The plates were brought, and one despatched.

"He's a little late," remarked the gentleman referred to, "and the meat is getting cold; I guess I'll eat it, and he may order another."

No sooner said than done. The waiter was again at his side.

"You may bring me two plates of roast turkey."

They were accordingly laid before him.

"I think my friend must be in, in a minute or two," remarked the gentleman to us, who sat nearly opposite.

But he didn't come, and the two plates went the way of their predecessors. We marvelled at the willingness with which he sacrificed himself on the altar of friendship. But he was not yet through.

"You may bring me two plates of plum-pudding," said he to the attentive waiter, "I think my friend must be in before long."

The order was obeyed, and one pudding eaten.

"It is very strange," he remarked, poising his knife, preparatory to an attack upon the second instalment, "it's very singular that my friend does not come as I expected. I suppose I shall be obliged to finish his pudding for him."

This task, being uncommonly dexterous in the game of knife and fork, he was not many minutes in accomplishing.

He then gathered up his coat and hat, and took his way to the desk.

"For self and friend?" he said, emphatically, as he handed the money to the clerk."

We have since learned that the friend in question was only a pleasant fiction to serve as a pretext for the gratification of an uncommonly large appetite, which the mere looker-on would imagine was only forced out of motives of friendship.

PERHAPS.—The following dialogue passed, a short time since, before a court in England, between a medical witness and a lawyer:

Lawyer.—If a person, lying on wet straw, were deprived of all the comforts and necessaries of life, would it not hasten death?

Doctor.—That would greatly depend on whether he had previously been accustomed to them.

Lawyer.—Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pond, it would not be injurious to him?

Doctor.—I think not, if he had lived for sixty or seventy years in it.

The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No Admittance." No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

The fellow who slept under "the cover of night," complains that he came very near freezing.

**A SENSITIVE NATURE.**

Young Lady.—"Why, dear me, Mr. De Robinson, what's the matter? You look quite exhausted I declare."

Dandy.—"Ya-as! perfectly used up pon my soul! Had to walk with a wed-haired gawd, and the constant circumgoration, and contemplation of her auburn winglets has made me feel howwidly bilious! You sympathise I know."

Rick and Poor.

The poor man's sins are glaring,
In the face of ghostly warning;
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act,
Buying greens on a Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are under
The rose of wealth and station;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen
Wherein to cook his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor man must steer
For his pint of beer,
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concert of the quality.
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible,
In the crowd of his gay society,
But the poor man's delight
It is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.



"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I hab watch?" "Because I seed the chain hang out in front." "Go way nigger! Suppose you see halter round my neck—you tink dar's horse inside of me!"

The way she turned Him.

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man I ever met with was Jack D., now a prosperous and influential attorney in S. parish, Louisiana.

At the hour of which I am writing, he was a red-hot Democrat, and his chief pleasure seemed to consist in making the fact as notorious as possible to the world. Such was Jack D., at the same time of our story, acknowledged on every side as a firm and incorruptible Democrat. But alas! let us not, however, anticipate—but to our story.

One unlucky day, Jack met, at the house of a friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. Attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence, he became assiduous in attention, forgot his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preference of his "lady love," imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and they had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as being a Democrat.

"What!" exclaimed she, turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a Democrat?"

"Yes, madam," replied Jack, with the idea of having a patient listener to his long-restrained oratory. "Yes, madam, I am a Democrat—attached to the principles of the great progressive party; a regular out and outer, double-dyed, and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife. "I am a Whig, I am, and I will never sleep with any man professing the abominable doctrines you do."

Jack was speechless from absolute amusement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible; she must be jesting. He remonstrated—in vain; tried persuasion—"twas needless; entreaty—"twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the only alternative left him was a

prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a separate bed in another room. Jack did not hesitate. To abjure the great and established doctrines of his party, to renounce his allegiance to that faith that had become identified with his very being, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed and prepared to quit the room.

As he was leaving the door his wife screamed out to him:—"I say, my dear, when you recant your heresy and repent of your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I will let you in."

The door was violently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and a firm conviction that he was a martyr in the right cause, strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife into a capitulation.

The second day was a repetition of the first—no allusion was made to the forbidden subject on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife, that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her into a surrender must be abandoned.

A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and composed than on the previous night. What they were, of course were known to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for about midnight three distinct raps were heard at his wife's door. No answer; and the signal was repeated in a louder tone; still all was silent, and a third time the door shook with violent attacks from the outside.

"Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from sleep.

"It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the hardest Whig you ever did see!"

The revolution in his opinions was radical and permanent. He removed to another parish, became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Legislature, was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted parish as a firm and decided Whig.

BEAUTIFUL.—As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots, so clings my constant soul to thee! my own my beautiful—*my boots!*

The lady who "took a stitch in her side," has arrived at the conclusion that a stitch in the hole of her stocking would be infinitely more serviceable.



Economy.

Letting nothing run to waste, (waist.)



"When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

"And Cain said unto the Lord—my punishment is greater than I can bear."

Couldn't come it.

An Irishman was once before the Criminal Court, charged with having in his possession counterfeit bills, knowing them to be such.

"Prisoner, do you know your rights?" questioned the Judge.

"Not so well as I do my wrongs," said Pat; "for to speake the truth we haven't been such intimate acquaintances of late."

"Well, you have the right to challenge the twelve men who will be called upon to try you" said the Judge.

"Pon me sowl, thin, I'm not goin' to exercise it. That's a mighty nice job you'd be asther givin' me this mornin', to challenge 'em and fight 'em too—one down and another come on I suppose. Oh! no, you can't come it, no how, Judge."

The jury finally acquitted him—more for his drollery, probably, than for the clearness of the defense.

"A case of mono-mania," said Mike, reading aloud, "what the deuce is mono-mania?"

"Arrah, dear, don't you know? Suppose you were to borrow an article without axing for it, and then forget to put it back again—would that not be stealing, you fule?"

To be sure, it would, Pat, and nothing else."

"Hush, darlint, if you was a rich man, it wouldn't be thieving at all—it would thin be mono-mania."

A HOT PLACE.—An old Dutchman took a job of hauling cotton across the country to a certain river, and one day he stopped the team about noon for the purpose of eating his dinner, and giving refreshment and rest to his horses. Perceiving indications of a spring a little distance from the road, he left his son in charge of the horses and carried his tin pail over to the water. It proved to be a hot spring, and the

old Dutchman cried out in terror to his son with a loud voice:—

"Haunse! trive on! trive on te deam, for Got's sake! Haell his not von mile vrom dish playshe!"

Auction Anecdote.

At an auction of a gentleman's library in London, a manuscript law-book was put up, the production of a noted counsellor. To enhance the value of the work, the auctioneer, who understood his business, informed the company that besides the originality, it had the additional advantage of an opinion concerning it, written by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, which he should not exhibit until the book was knocked off. This took so well with the literati, that they endeavored to out-bid each other, and it was disposed of at a very high price—when all crowded around the purchaser to read the opinion, which, to avoid being crushed to death, he read aloud, to their amusement and his own mortification, as follows:—

*Mem.—I have carefully read this book, the performance of Counsellor S——n, and do pronounce it *not worth one farthing*.*

A gawky-looking, stage-struck Hoosier went to see one of our theatrical managers last week, and solicited an engagement. "What role would you prefer, my friend?" said the manager. "Well, square," said the would-be western Rcs- cius, "I ain't partial to rolls, no how—corn-dodgers is my favorite."

Sheridan having to attend a large meeting, did not make his appearance till late, when he found the room full, and every seat occupied; after a little hesitation, he said,—

"Will any gentleman move that I take the chair?"

The pimples on a toper's face are spiritual manifestations of the table.

One swallow does not make a summer, but one lion can make a spring.

A foundry has been opened up town to "cast reflections."

A carriage has been engaged for the movement that was "on foot."

An object of "Interest."—A girl whose income is \$3000 a year.



"Jack, what two letters have eyes?" "Letters? eyes?—as I do no what." "A. and B. cause A. B. C. D." "Aw-w!" (Saints.)



Whimsicalities of Insanity.

A literary gentleman of some celebrity, who, in consequence of slight affection of the brain, was for several months the inmate of an insane asylum in Scotland, has recently published his "impressions" of life therein. He says that one of the most singular of his fellow-sufferers was a gentleman who was a very beautiful billiard-player, an old inmate of the house, and quite a psychological curiosity. He seemed like a man in a walking dream; and historical events and personages from the dream land of his memory, were perpetually mirrored on his brain. He complimented the writer by supposing him four thousand years old, and considered the events and persons of the present generation unworthy of notice. The following is a specimen of his extraordinary reminiscences: "Oh yes, Mr.—, I knew old Noah very well! There were two Noahs whom I knew; but old Mr. Noah lived some thousand years before the Noah you refer to, who built the ark. I had a good deal to do with the construction of the ark, and furnished some very useful hints in regard to the admission of air and light, and so forth. He was a very respectable man, Noah, with a decent family, but unfortunately he got into very dissipated habits in his old age, and, in spite of all I could say to him, he indulged in wine to a very hurtful excess. Julius Caesar was a very clever man, with a bald forehead; but I was more intimate with Alexander the Great of Macedonia, as I was long in the military profession myself. I one time commanded three millions of men about three quarters of an inch tall. No; they were not Lilliputians. I knew Captain Gulliver very well. And they were smart enough little fellows; but my men were excellent marksmen—they always aimed at the eyes, and never missed. I'll tell you, Mr. —, the most extraordinary thing you ever heard, which beats railroads. I was once transported from the farthest shores of India to the centre of Africa in three minutes! By what means?" he repeated in reply to a question respecting his method of transit—"By a bomb!" In reply to my remark, on the danger of being wasted so rapidly over vast oceans, he continued—"Yes; it was attended with considerable danger. I once came down sound into the ocean; but fortunately I hailed a vessel, which came to my relief, and I pursued my journey to the wilds of Africa, with the loss of only ten minutes!"

"My memory is not so good as it was, and my health, for the last hundred years, has rather failed me, which makes my head a little confused." And thus he moves about in his waking dream, wearing out his existence between his pipe and a game at billiards.

Dreadful Effect of High Rents.

OHN HICKS, who has been house hunting all day returns home "fagged out."

Gentle Wife.—"Well, John dear, have you seen any house that will suit us?"

Husband in a snarl.—"No, madam! How the devil should I?"

Gentle Wife, bridling up.—"Why, bless me! John, you've got eyes, haven't you?"

Husband with frightful calmness.—"Madame! If I had twenty times the power of vision that Argus possessed, and were to walk up and down every street in this blessed city for a whole year, such is the infernal rapacity of landlords, that I should never find a place to suit me."

Gentle Wife quite alarmed.—"My gracious, John! What are we to do? Why the other people must come in on the first!"

Husband dreadfully determined.—"Julia, I don't care. I shan't stir; (laughs hysterically) they can camp out in the back yard—with a little stretch of the imagination, it will make a delightful summer residence." Knits his brows fiercely, and kicks the poodle. Gentle wife dissolves in tears, and reads the last new novel with the nervousness of despair. Suddenly, John starts up—Julia inquires "where he is going?"

Husband frantically.—"To take Old Blower's stable for five years on a repairing lease—we'll make the loft our bedroom, and the two stalls shall be kitchen and parlor." His coat tail whisks through the door.

One of the best double puns we have ever heard, says the Yanke Blade, was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both annie-mated and bonnie-fitted," was the ready reply.



What shall I Take.

A lady acquaintance, says an exchange paper, young, lovely and intelligent, called in a celebrated physician to "do something" for a rush of blood to the head.

"I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse.

"Ah! how!"

"Why, I have taken Brandreth's pills, Parr's pills, Stainburn's pills, Sand's sarsaparilla, Jayne's expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's lozenges and plaster, and—

"Good gracious, Madam!" interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these things do your complaints no good."

"No! then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient.

"Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot. "Take!" proclaimed he after moments of reflection—"take! why, take off your corsets!"

**A good reason for disliking Whiskers.**

Hairy Gent.—My dear fellow why don't you wear a beard, it will keep you from catching cold, and nature must have meant we should wear all the hair that appeared.

Second Gent.—No Sir—nature put hair on our faces just to see if we were fools enough to leave it there and—in fact, I don't like beards, for although I have tried all sorts of lotions, I have never raised a darned hair.

The Hottentot's Counsel.

Every now and then we find in our contemporaries some such thing as "Chinese Maxims," or "A Father's Counsel, from the German," or "The Ten Golden Rules of Usenorazor, the Arab Chief." Now it may be that these rules may be wise and worthy of attention, but a learned Hottentot, Professor Squashee Bumbo, has communicated to us the maxims in use among his nation, and claims for them a place in our columns, for which he has expressly translated these pithy aphorisms.

Truth is a good thing—but too good for every day use.

Never steal—more than you can conveniently carry.

Never have less than three wives—one to cook, one to plough, and one to fan you while you are sleeping.

Whenever you slaughter an ox send the best cut to the judge.

Defraud not your neighbor—unless there is no one else whom you can cheat.

Keep your wives busy, but labor none yourself—remember it is your purpose to watch, the husband's eye is as good as two wives.

Never sell your daughter to a man worth less than five hundred oxen, and never allow your son to give more than three hundred oxen for one wife.

By so doing you will come to be a rich and respectable man in your tribe—your *kaal* shall abound with cattle, you shall have a numerous family, and perhaps become a Chief.

A Deacon Converted by a Toper.

We have noticed in some of our exchange papers an anecdote, of which the following is the substance. Names are omitted, because we have not the copy at hand. An old toper, who was sensible of the ill consequences to himself and others of too great facilities for obtaining rum, held out by those whose examples ought to be good, called one evening on a rum merchant, Deacon ——, to get his bottle replenished. After the Deacon had drawn the liquor, and while he was pocketing the pay:

"Deacon," said the toper, "what do you suppose I saw in imagination, while you were drawing the rum?"

"I don't know," said the other. "What was it?"

"Why," said the toper, "I thought I saw the devil leaning over you, and as he grinned a ghastly smile, exclaimed:—*That's the Deacon for me!*"

FIREMAN'S SONG.

I.

It was a cold and frosty night,
And I was snug in bed,
And on my dear wife's buzzom I
Reclined my sleepy head.
Oh! ye bachelors! take advice from me,
Get married all, and you will find
True happiness like me.

II.

Hark! hark! there goes the old fire bell!
I jumped right up in bed;
My wife has got a plucky heart,
Says she, "Jack! go ahead!"
Oh! ye bachelors! says I to my Marier,
"It's coldish work to leave a wife,
Even for a fire."

III.

Says she, "G'lang! don't stop and fum;
While you are gaping there,
Some tailor may lose all he's got,
Or more than he can spare."
Hip! g'lang! hurrah for my Marier—
Two minutes more, and at the ropes
I skurried to the fire.

IV.

There was a shriek, an awful shriek,
The people stood amazed,
For at a window in the flame
A woman stood half-crazed.
Hip! says I, *that's* some chap's Marier,
So I shoves a ladder 'gainst the wall,
And saved her fr'n the fire.

V.

She opened her eyes, and stared so wild,
Her look it did bewilder,
Cries she, "Oh God! if you are men,
In pity save the children."
I thought of little Tom! I thought of my Marier,
"Who knows," says I, "but they may want
A lift from out the fire."

VI.

So in I rushed, and groped about,
Oh! golly! warn't I hot?
But spite the flame, my heart kept stout,
And I the children got.
Oh! how proud! how proud was my Marier
When she heard how her old man
Had acted by the fire.



"Would I were with thee every day and hour." *Now Play*

*A Stern Reality.*

When the brave admiral Kempenfeldt, unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat, which his commander wore, with great earnestness, and in his best sea fashion, begged to know who made it.

The Admiral perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information and Jack went on shore. He forthwith applied to the Admiral's tailor who went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked.

"What will you have the back made off?"

"Made of!" said Jack, "the same as the front to be sure."

The tailor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made and put on with an old greasy jacket over it.

Shortly after, the Admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, showed his gold-laced back, and exclaimed.

"See here, my old boy, no false colors, stern and stern alike."

Nautical.

Rich Extract from the Log-Book of an Indian 1853:—July 27th Friday Cook sick and gon to the hospitelle.

July 28th saturday fresh gales and fine Weather at 4 PM the inglisch barque s—w— Come a thort our horse and carried away our foretop galant mast

sunday July 29th At 6 AM sent down our fore top galant mast and riol mast all hands imployed in ships duty.

saturday 20th August this day fresh gales from the SE at 6 AM a purfick gale of wind lade to under close reef main topsail next morning found our Selves clost to the bare rock.

tuesday Nov. 15th. All hands well excepting one man Sick With a bad cold and some feoverish

Dec. 11th at 4 p m opened a barrell of beef and packed it away into the harnis Cask.

wednesday Dec. 21st opened a barrell of bread Which proved to be bad.

saturday Dec 24th at 6 p m Saw assention island Rite a head.

Dec 2th throughout the Nite We catched five casque of water.

An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "nigger."

Jarvis has drawn the following picture, after hearing the complaint of a youth who was disgusted with the cheap boarding-houses. If this is the gentle incentive to matrimony, the sooner some people "switch off" the double track, the better it will be for the Alms house:—

He went up stairs to his lonely room,
 Illumed by a tallow candle,
 And he look'd as if he feared his doom,
 As the door he grasp'd by the handle.

A strip of carpet beside his bed,
 On the mantle a mirror frameless,
 And a pine washstand besmeared with red,
 Of extravagance sure were blameless.

The cat-tail bed and pillow of straw,
 The sheets to water great strangers,
 The window-glass crack'd with many a flaw,
 And the grates like deserted mangers.

"Ha ha!" said he, as he doffed his clothes,
 "Already I've too long tarried."
 "The gauntlet I'll run of female woes—
 To-morrow I will get married!"

How little he dreamed of what might be
 The result of this resolution:
 A sickly wife, and babies twice three—
 A garret—stale aims—destitution!

The Sugar Business in Elmira.

Out in Chemung,
 The kettle's hung,
 But cold and drear's the weather;
 This spoils the fun,
 The sap won't run,
 And they have nought to gather.

How great the loss,
 The girls are cross;
 The kettle stops its boiling;
 There's not enough
 Of the sweet stuff
 To keep the girls from spoiling.



A pretty country lass and a young agriculturist in a very high collar were admiring the proportions of a stuffed mammoth hog at a show, lately, when, after a few remarks concerning its immense size, the damsel ventured to ask her beau what he thought of it. "Well," said he, after a few moments of apparently intense reflection, "I can't say much about him, but guess that 'ere pig must 'a bin soms in a later patch!"

The means, and the extremes.



More Sips from Punch.

PEACE DEPUTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—We understand from the most "exclusive sources" (which we believe, nevertheless, are open to every body) that a special deputation from the Peace Society has been lately waiting on the keepers of the Zoological Gardens, for the purpose of requesting an immediate discontinuance of the zoo-phytes.

We hear a great deal of the Seat of War, but we think the expression is scarcely appropriate to the subject. The nearest approach that we can conceive to a Seat of War in the literal sense would be a Camp Stool. We sincerely hope that when our troops arrive at the Seat of War, they will think less of the Seat of War than of making a gallant stand.

INDECISION.—A capital portrait has been published abroad of the King of Prussia. He is represented standing between a bottle of Champagne and a big sword, uncertain as to which of the two he should draw. It is called "Meditation on the Eastern Question."

THE RUSSIAN SMITHY.—To call the Russian Government a Cabinet is a misnomer. The lies which it has asserted require that it should be denominated a Forge.

PROOF OF THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.—The difficulty of procuring rags for the manufacture of paper, and the very high price that is demanded for them.

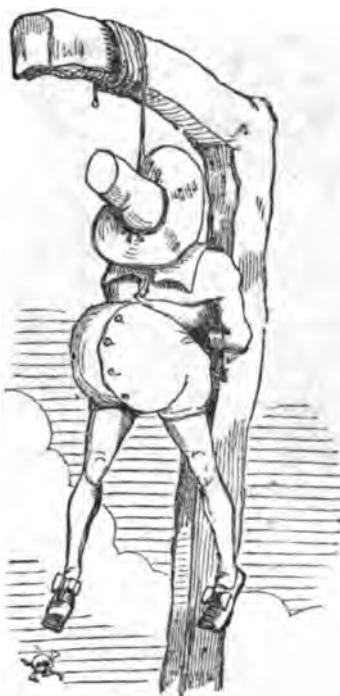
SATISFACTION FOR A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.—All that Nicholas wanted of Turkey was a trifling note. Instead of that he has got a serious Check.

Joint Name for Smokers and Drinkers—To Bacchanalians.—(Pronounce it "Tobacco-nalians.")

MANNERS FOR THE MILLION.—Never give anybody the lie, however gross may be the falsehood he utters. To him who says the thing which is not, it will be a sufficient rebuke to answer, "That's a Nicholas."

A BAD LOT.—The Duke of Cambridge reminds you of an auctioneer's lot, which is always going, but seems instinctively to fear being knocked down.

"Life hangs by a thread."



More Scraps from the Tub of Diogenes.

A correspondent, writing to complain of the supply of water furnished by one of the Metropolitan Companies, says the water is so hard, that though he is three quarters in arrears with his rates, the Company has not been able to cut it off.

Loud complaints are being made of the Cavalry saddle, which is said to be but ill-suited for active service. Though a very comfortable seat in time of peace, it is not at all fit for the seat of war.

VERY OBVIOUS.—There can no longer be any doubt upon the issue of the war with Russia. The numerous ships laden with salt being taken as prizes, evidently shows that the Emperor won't be able to "save his bacon!"

AN APPROPRIATE MOORING.—The Mermaid took a Russian vessel, and towed her into the Nab—a capital mooring for all ships "nabbed" in this manner.

The only Paper we can place any reliance on—Bank Notes.

STAND UP! CAN'T YOU?—Prussia still leans much towards Russia. If she does not soon take a more upright position, she will topple over, and few will be sorry to see her fall.

GREEN OLD AGE.—We read in the paper of an old gentleman being taken in by some sharpers at the age of eighty-six. This is almost as bad as the three per cents, which were done a short time since at 86 1-4.

The Last Rows of Summer—a plantation of pickling cabbages.

WORKING THE TELEGRAPH.—It appears that the Emperor of Russia has just completed an electric telegraph of his own, apprising him of the latest news from London, thereby proving that he not only covets Turkey's tenements, but that he has also an eye to England's messages.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.—We understand on reliable authority, that His Highness the Duke of Cambridge having quite forgot that he hadn't seen the Derby run for, intends returning to this country to witness the event coming off. We are further given to understand that His Royal Highness has had the choice offered him of the Field or the Favorite, and has taken the latter, having a decided aversion for the field.



Scene in Court.

Judge.—*Boy, do you know the nature of an oath?*

Boy.—*Yes Sir'eef!*

Judge.—*Swear them.*

Boy.—*Well, I'm d—d if I didn't see Bill Simmons and Andy Jones a pitchin' into that s'reman: and they gived him the d—dest black eye's etc., etc.*

(Judge is horrified at so much juvenile depravity, the boy's mother faints, and he's dragged out, and railed by the constable.)

Confidence.

"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith!"

"Yes, sir."

"State to the Court, if you please, what caused this feeling of confidence."

"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin' house men, an' I used to kinder think—"

"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cooke'ms shop, an' sez to the waiter, waiter, sez I give's a weal pie."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, just then, Mr. Conkem comes up, and sez he, how du, Smith, what ye goin' tohev?"

"Weal pie, sez I."

"Good," sez he, "I'll take one, tu;" so he sets down and eat one of his own weal pies right afore me.

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, when an eatin' house keeper sets down afore his customers an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man refuses to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

At a public dinner, a gentleman observed the person opposite to him slip a table-spoon into his pocket; he waited such a good old tifel to work."

till the cloth was being removed, then took a spoon and stuck it in the button-hole of his coat. The waiter seeing the spoon, asked the gentleman for it; he instantly gave it up, telling him at the same time that he thought they were to keep their spoons, as the person opposite had put the one he used into his pocket.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—Isaac read in the Transcript, "the legislature authorized the governor to appoint commissioners to digest into one act all the general statutes on the subject of insurance." "Isaac!" said Mrs. Partington admonishingly, "don't make fun of what you are reading, because by and by I shan't put no confidence in you." Ike looked up astonished. "It's so on the paper here," replied he giving emphasis to his remarks by lifting up the lid of the table and slamming it down as he read the last sentence again. "They must be ostriches to do it," continued she, "that can digest boards, nails, and window glass. I wonder how long it will take them to digest the statue of Franklin that they are going to build, or the big one of General Washington in the state house, or Eve in the City Hall yard. I don't believe they can do it."—"Unless the statues are made of gingerbread and sugar," said Ike, breaking in upon her darkness, with a grin like sunlight through a chink in the barn, "and if them's em I should like to be a commissioner too." The old lady rested here like a traveler on a rock by the wayside, and felt assured that the boy was right, she was not, and took a severe look at the rappie, and Ike turned to read about Mr. Baker's fancy chocolat.

"I have not loved lightly," as the mar. thought when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.



DUTCH AFFECTION.

(Scene—A country store—the usual number of loungers seated upon the counters.)

Enter.)

A Farmer.—"Good morning, Mr. Jones, (dolefully.)"

Squire.—"Yah! Have you any of dat stuff dey put on dare hats to war to funerals?"

Jones.—"Yes! Yes! You mean crape."

Squire.—"Yaw! Yaw! Grape."

Jones.—"Yes we have the article. How much, squire?"

Squire.—"Oh just enough to go round my hat," (holding it up.)

Jones.—"There it is. Oh! Who's dead Squire?"

Squire.—"De old woman."

Jones.—"You don't say so—the poor old woman gone home at last, I'm sorry. You'll miss her very much indeed."

Squire.—"Yaw, Betsey's gone. I'd sooner lost the best horse in my stable—she was

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T. W. STRONG.



Mr. Nimrod Mc. Buster, has heard that there's a plenty of Reed birds about the Jersey flats. He goes over with his double barrel accordingly, but don't have much success; for the mosquitoes settle so thickly upon his gun that he can't see to take good aim.

Dignity Down.

Rev. W. T. ——, (writes J. D. W., of Indiana, is a large man, of dignified bearing, and, when preaching extremely sensitive to any disturbance, a slight impropriety on the part of the congregation being quite sufficient to throw him out of the track. He had, some years ago, in connection with his pastorage, a small congregation in the country, to which he preached semi-occasionally, at a private house. The incident here recorded happened at this place, when a small but select audience was listening to one of T——'s really animated and sensible sermons. As the preacher waxed warm, he observed some mysterious movement among the female gender, which attracted his attention away from the sermon. It grew more observable, until he discovered the hostess collecting some live coals upon a shovel, and preparing to march with them to an adjoining room. It was late in the forenoon, and by some clerical instinct he thought the old woman was about to prepare his supper. He couldn't stand that.

"Stop, sister, stop," said he; "I shall not remain to supper, and you need not trouble yourself to prepare any for me."

"I ain't a goin to," said the old lady, in reply; that's a woman here got the colic, and we're just a billin' some yarbs for her!"

I wasn't there just at that time, but I could discover no difficulty in believing that all the starch was very speedily taken out of that sermon.

Finding a Way Out.

Few of our cavalry officers would be stopped by a fence; but for this they are not indepted to what they learn in the riding-school, but to their being accustomed to ride across the country. All foreign cavalry practice at the leaping-bar, yet their officers, when they meet with a wall or gate, are pounded. I remember a very amusing instance of this kind. During

some manœuvres in Italy, an Austria General, with his staff, got amongst some enclosures, and not wishing to ride back, sent some of his aides-de-camp to look for an opening. An Englishman in the imperial service, mounted on a good English horse, formed part of the staff, and the General turned to him, said:—

"Mr. W——, kindly see if you can find the way out of this place."

Mr. W——, a Yorkshire man, and a good rider, went straight at the wall, cleared it, and while doing so, turned in the saddle, and touching his cap, said, "This way sir." I need not add, that his way did not suit the remainder of the party.

Our "adopted brethren" get up some funny scenes now and then. We annex a sample:—"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, madam," said a landlord, last Monday, to one of his tenants.

"Is it yer rent ye ax for now?"

"Yes, ma'am; two rooms, at seventy-five cents per week, each?"

"Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time. Sure, the likes of ye must have plenty of money," replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord, with great contempt.

"But my dear woman, the money is due me, and—"

"Oh, murther, is it dearing me ye are; an honest married woman, and blessed mother of seven boys, each big enough to lick the life o' ye. Out of my house, ye munster, and lave off trying the virtue of a good woman," and unable to give vent to her indignation in words, she seized his coat collar and fairly threw him into the street. The owner intends to let an agent collect the rent of the house in future.

My Old Kentucky Home.

"Your old Kentucky home! your poor soul you," said Mrs. Partington, as she thrust her night-cap out of the window away almost into the midnight to catch the notes of the song an individual was singing, in a dismal voice, near her dwelling. "I wish to my heart you were there, where your friends could take keer of you and do for you. It is a terrible thing to be in distress away off among strangers, particularly where you ain't acquainted with any of 'em; but I don't think it looks well for a man to wake up a whole neighborhood at midnight with his sorrows." She saw him disappear a moment afterwards in a shop with a red curtain, opposite, and with the remark that she guessed the poor creature had gone in to get something to "invarigate his cistern" with, she shut down the window and in five minutes by the wooden mantel clock that ticked sleepily in her chamber she had forgotten all about the Kentucky home.

The fellow who slept under "the cover of night," complains that he came near freezing.



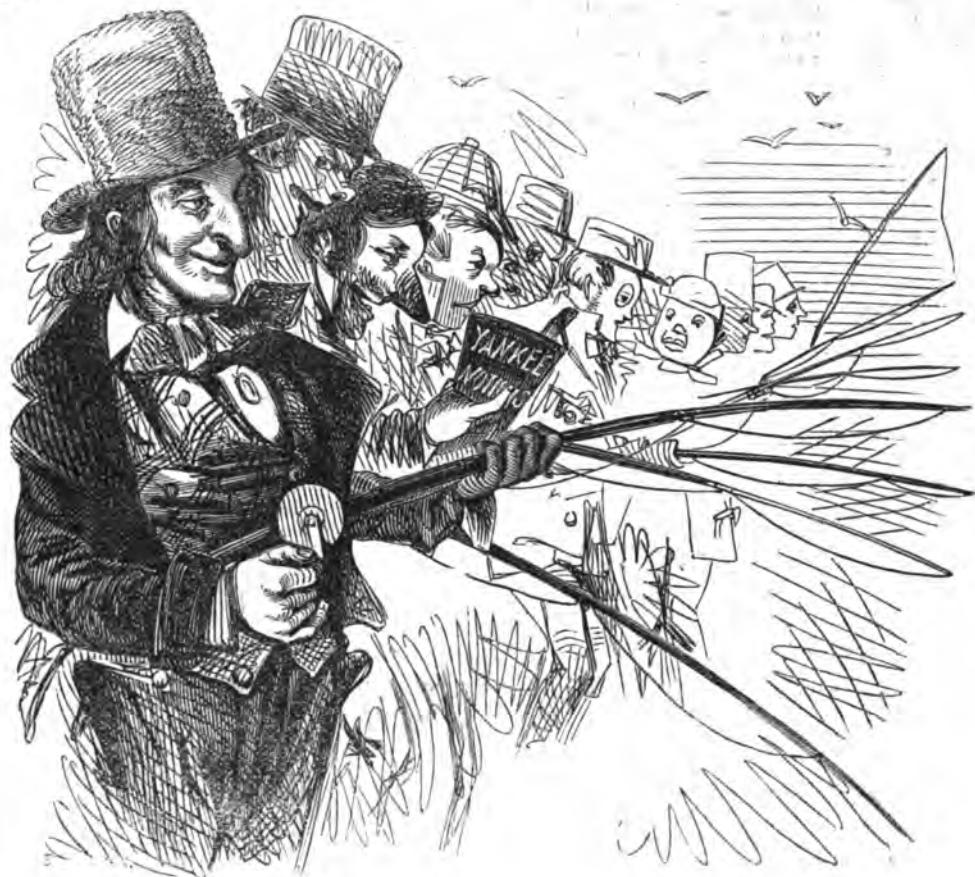
Rushion Dispatches! Fleet news!

YANKEE NOTIONS

No. 8.

AUGUST.

Vol. III.



JONATHAN (*log*).—WALL, I'LL BE TEETOTALLY RAMFOZZLED IF THIS ERE AIN'T THE DEADEST SUCK IN I EVER SEED. I MADE UP MY MIND TO GET EOUT INTER THER KEDENTRY TO FISH AND BE QUIET, AND I'M DERNED IF THERE AIN'T A FELLER FOR EVERY FISH, AND NO FISH FOR THE FELLERS. I AIN'T HAD ANY BITE, THER MUSKEETERS IS HUNGRY AS THUNDER, AND I'M BRILED TO DEATH. JEERUSALEM! WHEW! OH, FOR A LODGE IN SOME VAST WILDERNESS.





THE CURTAIN LECTURE.—[Mr. Belcher had been inconsiderate enough to invite two gentlemen home to dinner, on washing-day.]

"My stars' Mr. Belcher, I should like to know what you can be thinking of. I always thought you had no regard for my feelings, and now I know it."

"What now?"

"Mr. Belcher, is it possible you can lie quietly in your bed and have the impudence to ask '*what now?*' But you don't know, eh? A precious deal you don't know, Mr. Belcher. You go and lacerate my feelings, then turn coolly about and ask '*what now?*' A man who had the least regard for his wife, wouldn't pick up loafers in the street and bring them

home to dine, without consulting her."

"But they are not loafers. They are very respectable merchants."

"Then the more shame for them, Mr. Belcher. They ought to know better than to intrude into a stranger's house just at dinner time."

"But you ain't a stranger."

"Then it's high time you were, Mr. Belcher. Such company will never do you any good. Persons that have no regard for the proprieties of life, are not worth being acquainted with. And that isn't all. If it had been any other day in the week, it wouldn't have been so bad. But you must invite them here washing-day, which you know, Belcher, is the worst day in the week. You know we never cook any regular dinner on that day—"

"*You do to your sorrow?*"

"Mr. Belcher you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You think a week's washing can be done, and yet dinner go on just the same. I suppose you expect to get roast turkey and plum-pudding, with turtle soup and several other dishes on washing-day. You *needn't* expect anything of the sort, and if you did, you would be *disappointed*. Belcher, you are a *liar*."

"In that case, we are *well matched*."

"Did ever any body see such an aggravating man! He insults his wife because she doesn't give him a sumptuous dinner."

"I might at all events give you something better than *half a dozen dried sausages*."

"Mr. Belcher, I would have you know that those sausages were a present to me from my own dear mother, and that no better can be found anywhere."

"Humph. I should like to know what that means?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that my mother isn't a good cook? You don't know. Belcher, you are a provoking creature. You must first bring home a couple of fellows to dine on washing-day, and then insult my dear mother's cookery. Poor dear! it's fortunate for her that she didn't have such a man as you to deal with. Inviting them to dinner on Monday, indeed!"

Here Mrs. Belcher found that her husband had fallen asleep. She deliberated a moment whether she had better wake him for the purpose of lecturing him still farther, but finally decided to postpone further remarks until the next morning.

Peer Pay.

It is a fact not to be denied that among the odd millions of people who inhabit this world of ours there are some who richly deserve the name of mean.

Among this number might properly be classed Farmer Holdfast. He was a rich man, the owner of many a broad acre, which yielded him annually a handsome revenue. It was Farmer Holdfast's motto that anything which he could get for nothing was so much gain. One day he was at work in the hay field, when he chanced to see a Mr. Williams, a poor neighbor with a large family dependent on him for support.

"Holloa, neighbor," said Farmer Holdfast, "if you ain't in a hurry, I should like to have you lend a hand for a few minutes. Nothing like being neighborly, you know."

Supposing he only wanted him for a few minutes, Williams jumped over the wall and went to work.

He worked with a good will. The farmer was particularly facetious and whiled away the time by anecdote, so that the forenoon insensibly slipped away.

"Of course, he won't let me go without paying me," thought Williams, as he laid down his rake, and said I believed I must go, as it is about dinner-time."

"Why, bless me, so it is Mr. Williams," said the farmer, as if he had just waked up to the fact. "I didn't intend to keep you so long. Hope it hain't been any inconvenience to you. I'm very much obliged to you for what you have done. *I'll remember you in my prayers!*"

Williams left without a word. He thought it was rather poor pay for three hours work in a hayfield beneath the hot sun of a July forenoon.

Wanted.

To know whether the "fever of expectancy" can be cured by any known specific?

To know where the "maiden" spoken of in novels "heaved her bosom" when it fell?

To know if two negatives make an affirmative, whether the answer *yes*, in the marriage ceremony, signifies that you are tied in a double knot?

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had travelled that day?

"Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly, "we didn't travel! WE RID!"

A gentleman asked a friend, in a somewhat knowing manner, "Pray, sir, did you ever see a cat-fish?"—"No," was the response, "but I have seen a rope-walk."



A Hard Question.

Pray stranger, do you call them Sassingens Bananas? Be they any relation to the old Bandana handkerchiefs?



A HAIRY SHOPKEEPER.

Upon the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Tennessee, there once dwelt an old chap by the name of Yadge—Tom Yadge. Now Tom had been an honest, hard-working man, all his life, *but he had never owned a saddle*; but as Tom grew old his wealth and importance increased, and with it, a desire for a hog-skin; so he one day packed up a clean shirt, stuffed a hundred dollars into his wallet, stepped upon a steamboat, and away he started down the river for New Orleans, *to buy him a saddle*. Now this was the first trip Tom had ever made; he had lived all his life where he was born, and had never heard any other language than that of his mother's tongue. In the course of a few days he landed upon the levee at New Orleans.

Poor Tom, little did he know what he had to encounter. The Frenchman was there, the Italian was there, the Spaniard was there, the German was there—some from all parts of the world were crowded upon that levee, and there was Tom, with his eyes stretched, and ears open, completely mystified and bewildered at the strange jargon going on around him; he stood it as long as mortal man well could, and at last struck out, with his mind fully prepared to be surprised at nothing he saw, upon his errand of the saddle.

After meandering about the city for some time, like some poor lost devil, he at length found a saddler's shop—Tom with heart elate walked in.

The first and only living creature which met his vision was a *baboon* of the largest species sitting upon the counter, playing with the girths which were hanging from a saddle immediately over his head. Tom very politely addressed him “How do you do, sir?” The baboon grinned and nodded. “I wish to buy a saddle,” says Tom; the same expression from the monkey. In a louder key from Tom—“I want to buy a saddle!” A very polite grin from the baboon. “I will give you \$20 for that saddle,” says Tom, at the same time handing him a \$20 bill. The animal, having seen his master put money into the drawer, took it, and hopping along the counter made a deposit of Tom's \$20 note. He returned, however, immediately to his former position.

Tom—“Well, hand us down the pig-skin.” Very little notice from the baboon. “D—— it why don't you give me my saddle? I have paid you for it, so hand it down or I will take it myself!” An awful chattering from the baboon. Tom, not intending to be fooled with any longer, reached out and caught hold of his property; but no sooner had the poor fellow done so, than the nails and teeth of the monkey were driven into his arm. Tom kicked and swore—the baboon bit and screamed—until at last, the owner of the shop, a Frenchman, with long moustache, came rushing into the room—

“What in the d—— does all this fuss mean? What do you want in here, you d—— old wrascal? By gar you shall give me *satisfachune*.”

Tom, not in the least daunted, but very much exasperated, ripped out, “you infernal old hairy mouth scoundrel! I believe you wish to steal my \$20! I came in here, bought a saddle, paid the money down for it, and now when I want to be going with it, your son there, has refused to let me have it, and has kicked up a h—— of a fuss about it!”

Tom, however, got his saddle, and returned the next morning in a boat going up the river; but has been heard to swear it was the last one he ever wished to purchase.

DIALOGUE.—Passing down West Pearl street the other afternoon, we chanced to hear the subjoined dialogue, between two ladies of color:

“I sees, Missus Jonsing, dat you's got anudder white girl workin' for you.”

“Yes child, I've had her dese free weeks!”

“What de cause for you preferance ob dese white gals, honey?”

“Why, de fac am, when you gets one ob de colored gals, dey tink dar's an ekality, and makes demselves too familiar like; but dese white gals don't—dey keeps um place!”

“Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr.—?” asked one Irishman of another.

“Faith, and I will, with all my heart.”

“Remember 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to.”

“And what for not—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?”

“Och, nothing uncommon! an elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes.”

“By the powers, that beats the world! just my dinner to a hair—barring the beef!”



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Educating the fingers, but neglecting the understanding.

A Dialogue on Wants.

A dialogue between a father—a dissipated and extravagant man—and his son, as to how to expend five-and-twenty shillings, which a new situation was to give the former, is one of the most laughable, and, 'at the same time instructive things that have found their way into our *omnium-gatherum*. It runs as follows.

"Now, Johnny, my boy," the old man would say, "let me see; I owe eight shillings at the porter-house, sign of 'The Saddle,' well, that's *that*." (Putting the amount on one side.)

"Yes," says Johnny.

"Well, then I promised to pay a score at the Blue Pig Tavern,—say five shillings. How much does *that* make, John?"

"Why, thirteen shillings," says the boy, counting on his fingers.

"But I mean, you goose, how much have I got left?"

"How should *I* know?" says John; count it yourself: you've got the money."

"But you ought to know," says the father with true parental authority. "Take thirteen from twenty-five—how many remains? Why twelve, to be sure," counting the balance slyly on his hand. "That's the way you are neglecting your education, is it? I shall have to talk to your school-master."

"Yes, you'd better talk to him! He told me yesterday that unless you let him have some money I needn't come to school any more."

"Ah, true, my boy—true; you mustn't lose your education, at any rate. Take him round five shillings after dinner. I had a pot of beer with him last night, and he agreed if I would let him have that much now, he would be satisfied for the present."

"I want a pair of shoes, father," says John. "I can get a capital pair for three-and-sixpence."

"You must get them for *three* shillings, John; we owe the butcher four, and he must be paid, or we get no meat: there, that ends it," said the poor old man, with a satisfied air; but his vision of independence was in an instant disobeyed, by John's simply saying:

"You've forgotten the landlady, father!"

"Yes, John, that's true—so I have. She must have her pay, or out we go."

"She *must*!" echoed John.

"John," says the father, "I'll tell you how I'll contrive it. I'll put 'The Saddle' off with *four* shillings, and open a *branch* account with 'The Yew-Tree'" (another drinking-house.)

"But," said John, "we *owed* her a shilling last week, and she paid for the washing."

"Oh!—ay; well, how much does the washing come to, John?"

"Two and tuppence," replied the boy.

"Well, then give her *three* shillings instead of *five*," said the father.

"But then, father, *that* won't do; and we want tea."

"Who want's tea? I don't care a fig for tea."

"But *I* do," replied the boy, with most provoking calmness.

"You want *tea*!" said the father; "you young rascal, you'll want *bread* yet."

"Bread!—that's *true*," exclaimed John; "you have forgotten the baker!"

The old man's schemes to pacify his creditors with five-and-twenty shilling were all dissipated by the recollection of the baker, and sweeping the money off the table into his breeches-pocket, he roared out, in a great passion:

"Let 'em all go I—I'll not pay a farthing to *any* of 'em!"

How this may strike others, we do not know; but to our minds this dialogue, and the circumstances (call them rather weaknesses and vices) which led to it, involve a very fruitful lesson. It illustrates very forcibly the denunciation of the Scriptures:

"Woe unto them who rise up in the morning to *pursue* strong drink—who *continue* until night, until wine *inflame* them!"

MAKING TALK.—A farmer's daughter in this State was visited by a rustic youngster, who finding it difficult to keep up the conversation asked the girl, after an embarrassing silence had prevailed for some time, "if she knew of anybody that wanted to buy a shirt?"

"No, I don't" she replied; "have you one to sell?"

"Oh, no," said he, "I only asked to *make talk*."

Which is the way to health, the Hydro-path, the Allo-path, or the Homoe-path! Where there are so many paths, it is hard to know which to follow.



"Tommy my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?"

"Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I can have some of those cough lozenges you gave me yesterday."



"Hello steward!"
"What massa?"
"Bring me the way-bill."
"What for, massa?"
"I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names first for this birth if not I wan't em turned out."

A Modern Soldier.

An amusing anecdote, connected with the celebrated Whisky Insurrection of Pennsylvania, is related of one of the citizen-soldiers in the expedition of the Macpherson Blues against the insurgents in 1794, which is worth recording. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koch, who was well known in Philadelphia as a large outdoor underwriter, in his day and generation. He died in Paris leaving a fortune of over a million and a half of dollars.

Koch was a private in the Macpherson Blues. It fell to his lot one night to be placed sentinel over a baggage waggon. The weather was cold, raw, stormy, and wet. This set the sentinel to musing. After remaining at his post for an hour he was heard calling out lustily:

"Gorporal of der Guartz, Gorporal of der Guartz!"

The Corporal came, and inquired what was wanting. Koch wished to be relieved for a few minutes, having something to say to Macpherson.

He was gratified, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the General.

"Well, Mr. Koch, what is your pleasure?" asked Macpherson.

"Why, General, I likes to know what may be der value of der wagon over which I am der sentinel?"

"How should I know, Koch?" asked the General.

"Well, somet'ing like it, not to be partick'ler?"

"Well—a thousand dollars, perhaps."

"Very well, General Macpherson; I writes a check for der moneys, and den go to beds?"

The Cook's Oracle.

It was an ancient Punch, if we remember rightly, who gave the annexed as a passage from "*The Cook's Oracle*:

"What is a spider?"

"A thing the maid kills with a brush, after I have done breaking breakfast-cakes in it."

"How could you cook your mistress?"

"By getting her into a stew."

"How can you make a venison-pie without flour?"

"Put deer meat inside, and make the crust of doe."

"What patron saint do you worship?"

"The god PAN."

"Who was the first cook?"

Prometheus: he stole fire from the skies to arm a small Pig-malion for his breakfast."

"How do you bone a turkey?"

"Poke the stuffing in with my knuckles."

"If you know nothing about boiling a goose, how do you expect-to-rate as a cook?"

"As a spitter, of course."

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, one of the dryest and slyest of humorists, furnished, many years ago, the material of this last-named play upon a word.

Dr. Herrick of Albany, has just invented a pill of surpassing power; one box not only cured a man of the Bronchitis, but it set him up in business. A certificate to that effect may be seen, by calling at the Doctor's office.



Colored Lady.—What on arth are you doing there, stranger? I've been a lookin' at you this half hour out of der winder.

Artist.—Taking a sketch of your cottage, Aunty.

Colored Lady.—I want to know! why you can as well take a seat inside, I guess. Why chile yo'll catch yer self a cold sittin' on that damp stone there. Come in, do!



Sweeping the way to the Mayoralty.

(Scene.—Genin sweeping Broadway with an immense broom, while the common council are seen looking out of the City Hall windows.)

What can be done by Strong Hinting.

Mrs. Hogan and her husband were neither of them over fond of work. They were perfectly willing to live upon the generosity of their neighbors, which they were by no means backward in soliciting.

One day Mrs. Hogan dropped into Mrs. Farnham's, her next door neighbor, just as the family were sitting down to supper.

Of course she was invited to sit down.

"Your tea's very good," said she; "I wish Mr. Hogan was here. He's very fond of tea, but we're very poor and can't afford to get it—it's so expensive."

This hint was considered rather a strong one, so Mrs. Farnham handed Mrs. Hogan, just as she was going, a pound parce.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Hogan, "I'm glad to get the tea, but 'taint of much use without milk."

A quart of milk was consigned to her charge.

"Well," said she, "now if we had some sugar, we should be provided."

Mrs. Farnham procured a pound and gave it to her.

"Now," said Mrs. Hogan, "we shall stand a chance to have a good cup of tea. There's nothing relishes with tea like apple-pie, as Mr. Hogan often says."

This hint was strong enough to draw out the article desired.

"After all," said Mrs. Hogan, as she took the pie into her hands, "pie aint pie unless a body has cheese to eat with it. If there's anything I love, it's cheese."

It was impossible to resist such an appeal as this. An ample slice having been placed in her possession, she paused for a moment, as if considering whether there was not something else she might call for. Failing to think of anything, she was about to move off, when a thought struck her.

"These things are rather heavy, and I aint so strong as I used to be. I don't know as I shall be able to get home."

Mrs. Farnham volunteered to send her son, John,

to carry a part of the articles, an offer which Mrs. Hogan accepted without the least hesitation. When John had landed his load, Mrs. Hogan hinted that she'd got some wood she should like to have split, but John didn't believe in hints, and left without taking it.

Indian Oratory.

"I enclose you," writes a correspondent from a town on the border of a certain northwestern State, "a rare specimen of Indian oratory and inductive reasoning. It was delivered at a missionary meeting by an eccentric Indian, who for years has labored in the missionary cause, and is well known in the vicinity where it was delivered. The copy I send you, was taken by a person on the spot:

"Mr. Chairman:—You know what old beaver do when he want to build dam? Well, I tell you; old beaver he always swim away up creek, till he come to good place to build dam; there he lift his head out of water, and take his tail and slap, slap, slap, just so, right on water: (cheers and laughter.) Then beaver they lift their heads up out of water and go where he is. They know he is going to do some great work; then old beaver he go to work and show how to build dam, and all beaver, they go to work too. That's the way beaver, ho build dam.

"Now Mr. Chairman, you just like old beaver; (cheers and laughter.) You 'boss' here this meeting; and if you want to show that you much interest here, you must do like old beaver; you must take your tail and slap, slap, slap, just like beaver; (roars and laughter.) Then all folks here know you going to do something. May be you think I wrong: but I tell you, if you go to work your tail, and all folks here do just same, then I tell you we soon have plenty good time, this country." (Tremendous cheering and roars of laughter, during which *the speaker took his seat.*)

"Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?" "Why Josh, you serpent, what do you mean?" "As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get all the very precious stuff?"

A clock has been invented that does not tick. A time piece that does not "go on tick" can hardly be considered creditable.



Boarder.—"What large chickens these are!"

Landlady.—"Yes, chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't get chickens as large as these."

Boarder (quite innocently).—"No, I suppose not; they must have grown some in that time."

The landlady looked as though she had been misunderstood.



"Sam, if yer don't take that lady her ribs directly, I'll lam yer over der mug, with a veal cutlet."

A Man on the Race Track.

A few days since, an occurrence took place at the Capitol City Course, not altogether dissimilar to one that happened some years since on a race track near one of the eastern cities, in which the name of Simpson bore a conspicuous part.

Just at dusk, a foot traveller, apparently somewhat fatigued, and evidently the worse for liquor, approached some men who were standing at the entrance gate to the track, (which is but a few yards from the Four Mile House,) and inquired the distance to the nearest tavern.

"Just three miles, if you take this road," answered one, pointing to the track.

He was then conducted on the track, and told that the road was somewhat winding, but he need apprehend no difficulty in keeping it, as it was perfectly plain. After returning his grateful thanks for the kindness shown him, he proceeded in the direction pointed out. In fifteen or twenty minutes, he had made the circuit of the ring, and regained his starting point; where meeting with some strangers, as he supposed, (but who, in fact, were the same that befriended him before,) he again inquired the distance to the nearest tavern.

"Just two miles, sir, by keeping this road," was the reply by one of the interrogated. The traveller again expressed his thanks, and continued his journey. About the same interval elapsed that occupied the first mile, and the pedestrian was again at the starting point.

"Gentlemen, how far is it to the nearest tavern?" he inquired of some men who were standing at the roadside.

"Just one mile, sir," was the kindly reply.

The third and last mile was made by the weary traveller, who came up much soothed by the exercise of his locomotive powers. Believing that he must be in the vicinity of the place so anxiously hoped for, he asked of some men if there was not a tavern near by.

"One just across the road," responded one of the party, pointing to the Four Mile House.

Rejoiced at being at the end of his day's journey, the traveller generously invited the strangers to cross over and partake with him at the bar, which invitation was accepted, and as the party were regarding themselves with the best the house could afford, the traveller took occasion to compliment the last three miles he had passed over, on the appearance of the country, and especially on the smoothness of the road.

A Know-Nothing Pupil.

A big lump of a boy, on his first examination, was asked if he could read.

Boy.—"Don't know."

Teacher.—"Can't you spell easy words?"

Boy.—"Don't know."

Teacher.—"Do you know the alphabet?"

Boy.—"Yea."

Teacher.—"Try this word."

Boy.—"H-o-r-s-e."

Teacher.—"What does that spell?"

Boy.—"Don't know."

Teacher.—"What do you ride on at home?"

Boy.—"Oxen."

Teacher.—"Try this word."

Boy.—"B-r-e-d."

Teacher.—"What does that spell?"

Boy.—"Don't know."

Teacher.—"What do you eat at home?"

Boy.—"Pumpkin."

Teacher.—"Try this short word."

Boy.—"B-e-d."

Teacher.—"What does that spell?"

Boy.—"Don't know."

Teacher.—"What do you sleep on at night?"

Boy.—"Sheep-skins."

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him asked him the price of it.

"Tippence," said the highlander.

"No, no," said the shaver, "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again."

The highlander took it and asked what he had to pay.

"A penny," says Strap.

"I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

"Is your master at home?"

"No sir, he's out."

"Your mistress?"

"No sir, she's out."

"Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."

"Faith, sir, that's out, too."

Printers and chambermaids have a good deal to do with sheets. The proof of this is in their respective callings.



Strict Business Man.—Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock, and quit at seven.

Patrick.—Sure, and wouldn't it be as well, if I'd commence in the morning at seven, and leave off at five in the evening?

A Turner and a Lexicographer.



WHILE spending a short time at Newport, two summers since, I stepped into the Police court to witness an interesting trial under the Maine Law. For some reason the liquor case was postponed, and an assault and battery case brought on. The defendant in the case is well known to you, and the readers of the "Notions," and the precise nature of his misbehavior appeared from the testimony for the State to be the flogging of a German mineral water or "pop" merchant. The counts were, *First*, starting the Dutchman's horse and wagon, by shouting at the animal; and, *secondly*, that when remonstrated with, in those lively and expressive epithets that are represented by "s's," and "b's," and "—'s," he punched the head of the German afore-referred to. The testimony was very strong, very positive, especially that of a negro apprentice to the blacksmithing trade. Of course the defendant produced testimony of a very different nature. A small lad testified that the German was very abusive, and struck the first blow. A genius known as "Crepus" testified to the same facts. The lad was not cross-examined, but "Crepus" wasn't to be let off so. Mr. S—, of Triverton, the Attorney for the State, knew a thing or two—he was as keen as a briar, and as flippant as a "flicker." The witness having given his testimony-in-chief, Mr. S— a-hem'd silence, and proceeded to address to the witness a number of questions, nearly all of which were dexterously parred by "Crepus." But the prosecuting Attorney had no idea of giving it up so. There was a question of character in this case.

"Mr. C—," said the Attorney, "how long have you known the defendant?"

"Well replied Crepus; studying very intently for a half minute, "well, from two to six years."

"What is his profession—his calling, sir?"

"I never inquired. I have a habit of minding my own business, and for a lazy man that is hard work enough. You try it, some day."

"Well, Mr. C—, perhaps you have no objection to state what your profession is?"

None in the world."

Mr. C—, you will be kind enough, then, to tell us what business you follow."

Crepus put on a look as innocent as butter-milk, and replied, "A Mechanic."

"A Mechanic!" echoed the surprised attorney—for he was sure he had Crepus on a pin-hook—"what sort of a mechanic."

"A turner," answered Crepus, with intense gravity.

"A Turner!" repeated the attorney, "will you please tell the Court what you mean by the term Turner?"

"Certainly," replied Crepus, "a dealer in pasteboard and ivory!"

"But I can't see what pasteboard and ivory have to do with the trade of a Turner."

"Why, 'Squire," said Crepus, apparently rather cut, "I thought I gave you a pretty good insight into it last court. I noticed you dropped a couple hundred "scads" at my turning establishment, and if that didn't initiate you, why I shall be at the same quarters at the next Provincio Court, and shall be very happy to give you a few more les—"

"Hold on, Mr. C—," interrupted the attorney, "your explanation is entirely satisfactory; you can stand down, sir;"—(succeeded by a "mournful silence," throughout the court-room).

A definition of a very different character was given for a pet word by a printer named Johnson. Johnson had a fashion of calling out *Kenabrecute*, whenever he wished to express admiration or astonishment. Anything that suited him, anything that was a touch above a corn-tassel, was "Kenabrecute." One day when Johnson had been using his favorite word rather frequently than seldom, one of his fellow-workmen ventured to ask him what he meant by Kenabrecute.

"Kenabrecute!" ejaculated the astonished Johnson, "Kenabrecute. Why, man, hasn't Richardson written a Dictionary?"

"Yes."

"Hasn't Webster written a Dictionary?"

"Yes."

"Hav'n't Anthon, and Walker, and Cobb, and a dozen more, made dictionaries?"

"Certainly, I grant all that, but what has it to do with the meaning of Kenabrecute?"

"Just this, sir. If all those fogies can make Dictionaries, I'd like to know why the h—l I can't have a dictionary."

I notice in your "Answers to Correspondents" that somebody has fallen upon the "Old Enemy" again. May the twin Charles and Phil. be as unremitting as heretofore in their attentions, and may no envious half cent piece ever thrust itself between that corkscrew and the glorious old beverage that lodges in the cellar of A. A speedy recovery.

I believe I have strung out on this letter enough. It has been an effort to write it—for my health isn't worth a continental damn. It is the private opinion of divers of my friends that I should take a turn at cholera, and dessert off on yellow fever. I have a notion to turn a crier of oysters, for I might as well collapse my lungs in bivalverie as spit them away into a wash bowl. But doctors will disagree, and I have made up my mind to close, and take a horn of B. A. W.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered a few weeks ago, said, speaking of the ballot box:—"Put it at the gates of perdition, and I would go through legions of imps to deposit my vote in it."



The Reason why.

"Sonny do you love me any?"

"Oh! don't I though?"

"What for?"

"Because you always bring me candy when you come to see Sissy Jane. Give me some more!"

"And what does Jane like me for?"

"Oh because you take her to the theatre, and give her so many nice things. She says as long as you are fool enough to fetch her shawls and bonnets she won't sack you nohow—now give me some candy!"



"James, there's a great likeness between you and your dad."

"How so William?"

"Why you're one 'wide awake,' aint you?"

"Yes."

"You're hat's another, for to my personal knowledge it hasn't had a nap this six months."

Married Against His Will.

Sir Walter Scott used to relate the following anecdote:—
"My cousin Watty," said he, "was a midshipman some forty years ago at Portsmouth, he and two other companions had gone on shore and overstaid their leave, spent all their money and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point. Their ship made signal for sailing, but the landlady said:

"No, gentlemen, you cannot escape without paying your reckoning," and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the keeping of a sufficient number of bailiffs.

They felt they were in a scrape, and begged hard to be released.

"No, no," said Mrs. Quickley, "I must be satisfied some way or t'other; you must be aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time."

They all made long faces and confessed that it was true.

"Well," said she, "I'll give you a chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate, and therefore, the only terms on which you shall leave to go on board to-morrow is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a snap which it is, but by all that's good, one of you I will have, or else all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you."

The *Virago* was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time, to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was to be lost, and so off they marched to the church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good dinner, and several bottles of wine apiece, and having tumbled them all into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had made previous to drawing lots.

The bride, I should have said, was the first to propose an eternal separation.

Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipman's berth, and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them, carelessly reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth suddenly

jumped up in ecstasy, and forgetting his obligation of secrecy, cried out—
"Thank heaven, my wife is hanged!"

DIPS INTO DIogenes.

COMMERCIAL ROGUERY.—In an action recently tried in the Court of Common Pleas, it transpired that there is a custom in the silk trade of what is called "topping," which means that the outer ends of pieces of silk are frequently made of a better quality than the interior. After the publicity given to this mode of imposture, the fair sex will do well not only to turn everything upside down, as has hitherto been their custom when shopping, but also to turn everything inside out.

ON THE TAP-IS.—We read that Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, has become a convert to spirit-rapping. How the theory will agree with his histrionic requirements we are at a loss to understand. Will he expect the ghost in Hamlet to answer his rapt gaze by a rapping of the knuckles? or, supposing him to play Macbeth with his accustomed spirit, what line of conduct will he adopt in the supper scene, or rather, in his sittings in *Banquo*?

A REFLECTION IN SCOTLAND YARD.—The best proof of the Scotch being wonderfully clever in domestic economy, is in their adopting kale broth and parritch as their customary food—thus showing, that without having any bones about it, they well know how to make two extremes meet.

THE ILL-HE-HAD.—We are not acquainted with the Emperor of Russia's precise classical attainments, but undoubtedly before the present war comes to a close, the Turks will teach him a lesson from some of the lines of (H)Omer.

There are two methods of disbursing money; one is paying through your banker's, the other, "paying through the nose."

TOPOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM.—Where is Cambridge? Don't know; most probably at dinner.

Why is the town of Worship like a tangled skein of silk?
Because it's in knots (Notts).



Once on a time, an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed—"You black devil, cry 'enough!' I'll fight till I die!" "So'll I," sung out the negro; "I always does."



THE ILLUSTRIOS FOREIGNER.

The telegraphic news despatched on the arrival of the steamer America at Halifax, announced in addition to a rise in flour and cotton, the important fact that Count Nicholas Whiskeywitch, the rich Russian nobleman, was among the passengers, and soon to rejoice Boston by his presence. Everybody talked of Count Whiskeywitch, and everybody asked everybody else what Count Whiskeywitch would think of America, and what Count Whiskeywitch would probably tell the Czar when he went back to St. Petersburg, and whether Count Whiskeywitch would probably write a book about us? etc., etc. The name of Count Whiskeywitch was heard on change, in the bar-rooms, and in the boudoirs. Everybody was on the *qui vive* to see Count Whiskeywitch.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Semiramis Fleet gave a party to the upper ten. All sorts of distinguished people crowded, her saloons—Judges, literati, officers of the army and navy, hairy artists and heiresses, belles and blue stockings.

About twelve o'clock there was a great bustle and commotion in the drawing-room.

A little bandy-legged, hairy-faced man dressed in a blue frock braided and frogged with a star on his breast, and scarlet pantaloons seamed with gold lace, made his appearance, and ran up to the hostess, with an eager juvenile air.

Nobody knew him, but the words Count Whiskeywitch burst from the lips of all.

He chatted something in an unknown tongue and Mrs. Fleet replied in French, but the illustrious foreigner only shrugged his shoulder. A professor of all the modern languages from Cambridge was summoned to interpret—but the count turned his back on him—of course the professor's Russian was wholly unintelligible to a native! The illustrious foreigner looked round him, in a vain endeavor to discover the friend who had brought him there!

The ladies crowded round him, and vied with each other in showing him attentions.

But the count bounded away from them and leaping up in the air, knocked a couple drops from the chandelier with his walking-stick. The ladies were ready to die of delight at witnessing this playful exhibition on the part of the foreign nobleman. Mrs. Semiramis Fleet contrasted this happy freedom of manner with the puritanic stiffness of the Boston beaux.

Mr. D'Orsay Ramrod almost died with envy at beholding the graceful ease of the stranger.

"Ah!" said he to his friend, Augustus Dawdle, "it's the blood that does it, Gue republican institutions can't make a gentleman."

And now the music of the Redowa struck up. The dancers took the floor. Count Whiskeywitch seized the divine and blushing Fanny Brainless by the waist and darted forward with her. How her companions envied her noble partner! And how differently he danced from all the rest. Fools! to think that in three quarters' tuition they could learn the Redowa! To the count the measure was as familiar as his daily walk. The rest soon retired, leaving the apt Fanny with her graceful partner. How he whirled and bounded—not disdaining even to throw in a few flip-flops and summersets to enliven the entertainment.

At last the count tired of the dance and suddenly stopped, grinning at his partner.

How delightful this mode of salutation.

No bow! no offer to lead her to her seat, a waiter happened to be passing. Fanny seized a goblet of champagne—the count took another and emptied it at a draught.

He then threw the glass on the floor, and seizing a full bottle, adroitly nicked the neck off on the edge of the waiter, and swallowed the contents. The whole company applauded the act.

"How free! how original! how delightful cried the ladies. How different Russian gentlemen are from any other gentlemen!"

The fair Fanny retired to the conservatory, for she was breathless and fatigued by the violent exercise to which her partner had subjected her. The count darted in after her. The anxious mamma was about to follow her footsteps.

"Stay!" said the hostess, laying her fan upon her friend's arm, "do not intrude upon the privacy of a Russian nobleman; who knows how you may jeopardize the prospects of Fanny? Ah! I wish I had a daughter to marry!"

The lovely Fanny plucked an orange and raised it to her lips. The count snatched it away and proceeded to eat it. Fanny blushed up to the temples—it was probably the Russian method of declaring love. She plucked another orange—the count snatched it away and devoured it as before. So she kept feeding him with oranges, and he kept

devouring sweetness at her hands and love from her eyes. They were mutually fascinated. At last, when she had no more oranges to give, he seized her hand and bit it. She was pained but delighted. There was no mistaking this declaration, and away she ran to ask her mamma's consent.

She whispered that Count Whiskeywitch had proposed in so audible a tone, that the whole ball room heard and were ready to die of envy.

At this crisis a crash was heard in the conservatory. All rushed to the glass door. "My dear!" cried the hostess to her husband, "do look here. See how wildly the count is amusing himself? He has pulled up all my japonicas by the roots and now he's flinging *Sunday dinner!* my goodness Sam, what are you coming to? You'll be wanting sparrergrass next!"

"Confound the fellow! he's drunk!" cried Mr. Fleet, a vulgar, matter-of-fact fellow, quite unworthy of his brilliant partner.

"O, for shame!" cried the ladies. "It's his way."

"I'll show him the way!" cried the exasperated Fleet. "Just look at him now! he's climbing up the trellises and pulling down my Muscats!"

"Where is he?" cried a hoarse voice, as a vulgar red-faced man, a stranger to all present, pushed through the crowd.

"Count Whiskeywitch, sir?" cried the hostess.

"No marm!" replied the red-faced man. "Count Whiskeywitch is at the Tremont 'Ouse."

"Then who is the gentleman who has been entertaining us, sir?"

"That gentleman, ma'am," said the red-faced man with a chuckle, "is an orang-outang which I fetched over in the steamer from the Surrey Zoological—and which escaped, marm, from the cab, in which I was fetchin' im from East Boston."

You've had the show for nothin'—but I hope you vont go to bilk a poor cove as lives by the exhibition of hextraordinary hanimals—admittance only un shilling, ladies and gentlemen, at the Public Gardens, foot of the Common."

With these words the showman rushed into the conservatory and soon re-appeared dragging the 'illustrious foreigner,' by the throat, who crouched to the carpet chattered with fear, and looked up with imploring eyes, as if soliciting forgiveness.

Miss Fanny Brainless fainted,—her mamma became hysterical. Mr. Augustus Dawdle assured his friend that he knew it was a 'sell' from the first.

Count Whiskeywitch the real count—heard the story, and left Boston in a huff, while the lovely Fanny consoled herself for disappointment by marrying a young divinity student who had long been enamored of her charms.

The animal who had caused this flutter among the upper ten now resides in a glass case in Kimball's Museum.



"Yer don't like clam chowder for Sunday dinner! my goodness Sam, what are you coming to? You'll be wanting sparrergrass next!"

Wanted.

- A Tooth out of the Head of a Discourse.
- A Tongue out of the Mouth of a River.
- The Situation of the Point of an Argument.
- A Feather out of the Tail of a Comet.
- The color of a Ray of Intelligence.
- The Circumstances of the Circles of the Sciences.
- The Diameter of the Wheel of Fortune.
- A Nail from the finger of Time.
- A Shoe from the Foot of a Mountain.
- The Composer of the Music of the Spheres.
- The Address of the Robe-maker that made the Cloak of Hypocrisy.
- The Width of the Stream of Time.

BEAR AND BIRD.—Mr. Bear being at a public dinner, two gentlemen of the name of Bird being in company, after the cloth was removed, Mr. Bear, who was a good singer, was called on, to oblige the company with a song, he immediately rose, and said:

"Gentlemen, your conduct on this occasion is so highly improper that I cannot help noticing it."

"For why?" said the gentlemen.

"That you should call on a Bear to sing when you have two Birds in the Company."

A member of the Legislature, who pursued his argument (on a certain measure,) gave up the chase after striving a whole day in vain.

SOLD.—The young man who had "one tender chord within his heart," picked it to pieces, and sold it for old oakum.

Punch says "dinna forget," (Dinner Forget) will never be an alderman's motto.

It is a remarkable fact that the letters w-r-o-n-g, are invariably pronounced wrong.

"I am going to draw this beau into a knot, as the lady said when about to be married.



Grace Greenwood has taken to swearing. She said of an old mill which had gone to decay, the water having dried away in the stream, "it wasn't worth a dam."

"Granma, what'll be the last card-playing?"

"I'm sure I don't know, what dear?"

"Why when the angel Gabriel plays the 'ast trump?"



A good reason for disliking Whiskers.

Hairy Gent.—My dear fellow why don't you wear a beard, it will keep you from catching cold, and nature must have meant we should wear all the hair that appeared.

Second Gent.—No Sir—nature put hair on our faces just to see if we were fools enough to leave it there and—in fact, I don't like beards, for although I have tried all sorts of Lotions, I have never raised a darned hair.

The Hottentot's Counsel.

Every now and then we find in our contemporaries some such thing as "Chinese Maxims," or "A Father's Counsel, from the German," or "The Ten Golden Rules of Usenazor, the Arab Chief." Now it may be that these rules may be wise and worthy of attention, but a learned Hottentot, Professor Squashee Bumbo, has communicated to us the maxims in use among his nation, and claims for them a place in our columns, for which he has expressly translated these pithy aphorisms.

Truth is a good thing—but too good for every day use.

Never steal—more than you can conveniently carry.

Never have less than three wives—one to cook, one to plough, and one to fan you while you are sleeping.

Whenever you slaughter an ox send the best cut to the judge.

Defraud not your neighbor—unless there is no one else whom you can cheat.

Keep your wives busy, but labor none yourself—remember it is your purpose to watch, the husband's eye is as good as two wives.

Never sell your daughter to a man worth less than five hundred oxen, and never allow your son to give more than three hundred oxen for one wife.

By so doing you will come to be a rich and respected man in your tribe—your *kraal* shall abound with cattle, you shall have a numerous family, and perhaps become a Chief.

A Deacon Converted by a Toper.

We have noticed in some of our exchange papers an anecdote, of which the following is the substance. Names are omitted, because we have not the copy at hand. An old toper, who was sensible of the ill consequences to himself and others of too great facilities for obtaining rum, held out by those whose examples ought to be good, called one evening on a rum merchant, Deacon —, to get his bottle replenished. After the Deacon had drawn the liquor, and while he was pocketing the pay:

"Deacon," said the toper, "what do you suppose I saw in imagination, while you were drawing the rum?"

"I don't know," said the other. "What was it?"

"Why," said the toper, "I thought I saw the devil leaning over you, and as he grinned a ghastly smile, exclaimed:—*That's the Deacon for me!*"

FIREMAN'S SONG.

I.

It was a cold and frosty night,
And I was snug in bed,
And on my dear wife's buzzom I
Reclined my sleepy head.

Oh! ye bachelors! take advice from me,
Get married all, and you will find
True happiness like me

II.

Hark! hark! there goes the old fire bell!
I jumped right up in bed;
My wife has got a plucky heart,
Says she, "Jack! go ahead!"

Oh! ye bachelors! says I to my Mariar,
"It's coldish work to leave a wife,
Even for a fire."

III.

Says she, "G'lang! don't stop and fuss;
While you are gaping there,
Some tailor may lose all he's got,
Or more than he can spare."

Hip! g'lang! hurrah for my Mariar—
Two minutes more, and at the ropes
I skurried to the fire.

IV.

There was a shriek, an awful shriek,
The people stood amazed,
For at a window in the flame
A woman stood half-crazed.

Hip! says I, that's some chap's Mariar,
So I shoves a ladder 'gainst the wall,
And saved her from the fire.

V.

She opened her eyes, and stared so wild,
Her look it did bewilder,
Cries she, "Oh God! if you are men,
In pity save the children."

I thought of little Tom! I thought of my Mariar,
"Who knows," says I, "but they may want
A lift from out the fire."

VI.

So in I rushed, and groped about,
Oh! golly! warn't I hot?
But spite the flame, my heart kept stout,
And I the children got.

Oh! how proud! how proud was my Mariar
When she heard how her old man
Had acted by the fire.



"Would I were with thee every day and hour."

Now Play.

Cant Phrases.

There is no greater mark of ill-breeding and vulgarity, than the use of slang phrases. These forms of speech have heretofore been regarded as the distinctive characteristics of bar-room loafers, sporting rowdies, thieves, and pic-pockets. Of late, however the unseemly habit of interlarding the discourse with cant phrases has extended among young men—and women too—of respectability and good standing in the community, and has become a crying evil. Low ideas are always attached to cant phrases, and must eventually exercise a degrading influence on the mind. Low conceptions are as detrimental to improvement as wet and heavy plumage to a bird that would take a lofty flight. To show the extent to which the habit of using cant phrases is sometimes carried, the following conversation which transpired in the Stout family, is reported:—

"I declare to goodness, I really think Mr. Russell is making up to our Josephine!" said Mrs. Stout, after the gentleman referred to had passed the previous evening at their house, staying to a later hour than usual.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the young lady, playfully.

"You may bet high on that," added Napoleon, who was in the act of lighting a real Havana.

"How do you like the cut of his jib, Timothy?" resumed Mrs. Stout, turning to her husband.

"I don't greatly like his 'rig,' but Josephine thinks he's 'some,'" was the reply.

"Whether you like him or not, it's my opinion he'll make a 'tip top' husband," continued the mother.

"Put her through," mother," said Josephine, blushing.

"Go in lemons!" suggested Napoleon, smoking through his nose; a remark, by the way, so ambiguous that it certainly must have puzzled other parties to guess at his meaning, but in the present case it seemed to be invested with perfect lucidity.

"Napoleon, I advise you to 'shut your copper,'" elegantly retorted the young lady.

Mr. Stout proceeded to inquire if Mr. Russell was a man of property, and was assured by his better half that he had "a pocket full of rocks." The husband and father then remarked to the effect that he had been more favorably impressed with Mr. Goodwin, a young farmer in the neighborhood, than with the gentleman under consideration. Miss Stout manifested a different opinion on the subject, emphatically declaring that he "couldn't come it."

"It's over that way?" said her brother, making a gesture over his shoulder with his thumb.

The above we are inclined to believe, is not a fancy sketch. It shows the extent to which the practice of using cant phrases, when once acquired, may be carried.



Irish Policeman.—"For the Devil do ye want? be off ye murtherin Blackguard."

Chinaman, (who is ignorant of the English language.) "Cigars Cigars!"

Irish Policeman.—"Who the devil do ye think wants yer trash, be off out of this immediately."

CARPETS vs. BLANKETS.—There is a town in New Hampshire, where so little is known of the appliances of modern days, that throughout the village, until the debut of Rev. M.—, who had just moved in from Massachusetts, there was not a carpeted room. Of this the minister was not aware, or perhaps he would have hesitated at the idea of indulging in such an unwonted article of luxury.

One day a young farmer, having occasion to visit the minister, was shown by the minister's daughter into the "best room."

When the minister came down to see, he found him sitting on a chair on the door sill, with his leg extended out into the entry.

Amazed and somewhat puzzled at this unexpected sight, Mr. M. asked why he didn't go into the parlor.

"O!" said he, "I was afeared of spilin' your blanket by treadin' on it."

His amazement may be imagined, when informed that the "blanket" was a permanent fixture of the room, and was kept for the very purpose of being trodden on.

This anecdote, which may appear a little like exaggeration, is, the reader may be assured, perfectly true.

A WISE LANDLORD.—One night, a Judge, military officer, and a priest, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called on to decide which had the better claims of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B.," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years at R.," said the Judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N.," said the Priest.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five-and-twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed!"

The gentleman who embraced an opportunity, is of the decided opinion that it does not come up to some of his female friends. What a rogue.



Coffee.—"Miss Susan, has you ate the bushel of praches I sent you?"

Susan, (who is supposed to be an invalid.) "No, Mr. Cuffee, I ate half a bushel, but the seeds scratch'd my throat so I couldn't finish 'em."

Amateur Farming.



PEOPLE generally make a great mistake in supposing that while all other occupations require a long apprenticeship, and a considerable share of attention to the practical details to secure success that one can plunge into farming without any previous acquaintance with it—without, perchance, knowing the difference between a rake and a wheel-barrow, or a plough and a sickle. Such, however, is frequently the case. Even farmers who should know better, are apt to undervalue the amount of knowledge and skill requisite to successfully carry on their business.

When Mr. Hunter, a city merchant, died, his widow was seized with a strong desire to go into the country to live. She had read in the Bible of sitting under one's own "vine and fig-tree," and she thought she would like to realize it.

As her husband had left a considerable property, she was enabled without difficulty to carry out her desire.

She purchased a large farm, and stocked it through the agency of others. Of course there was a great probability of her being cheated.

Chancing to be out there a few weeks after she had established herself on the farm, as she was discoursing in glowing terms of her arrangements, we asked if she kept hens?

"Yes," said she, "but I sha'n't much longer. They're more plague than profit. I've been here four weeks, and the lazy creatures havn't laid a single egg. Besides, they're fighting all the time."

We requested to be shown to the coop. Looking in, we asked with surprise—

"Where are your hens?"

"There—don't you see them? Those are all I have."

"No wonder, then, you don't get any eggs, madam. Those are all cockerels!"

"What! and don't cockerels lay eggs?" asked Mrs. Hunter in surprise. "I thought they did, or I shouldn't have bought them."

Mrs. Hunter kept to agriculture for a year, and then had the wisdom to sell off, having sunk several thousand dollars in "amateur farming."

Some years since the Emperor Nicholas, acting himself as cicerone, conducted an English Admiral over the fortification of Cronstadt, when the following conversation took place:

"You will admit, Admiral, that this is a magnificent fortress, and as impregnable as Gibraltar."

"Oh, sire, no fort but Gibraltar is impregnable."

"What, then, is your opinion of Cronstadt?"

"It is a good fortress, and one difficult to take."

"Yes, doubtless, difficult."

"It could not be done with fifteen ships."

"Could it be done with twenty?"

"Not easiiy."

"With twenty-five?"

"It would take a fortnight."

"With thirty-five?"

"Oh, your majesty, fifteen hours!"

"This is the man after my heart," said a young lady introducing her beau to her father.

"Hope he will catch it," was the reply,—"for if he marries you he will be most essentially caught."

A STOCK EXCHANGE.—Putting on a summer cravat instead of that you wore during the winter.

A gentleman staying late one night at a tavern, his wife sent a servant for him about twelve.

"John," said he, "go home and tell your mistress it can be no more."

The man returned again by his mistress's order, at one.

"Tell her, John, it can be no less."

"But, sir," said the servant, who again returned, "the day has broke."

"With all my heart," replied the master, "he owes me nothing."

"But the sun is up, sir."

"So he ought to be, John, he has further to go than we have, I am sure."

WHICH IS THE UGLIEST?—A man of fashion, remarkably ill-looking, but very vain, kept a valet whose pretensions to beauty were not greater than his own. One day the servant, while addressing his master, offended him, and he exclaimed,

"What an ugly dog?"

The fellow, who observed his master at the same moment very attentive at his glass, said,

"Which of us do you mean, sir?"

The following conversation lately occurred in a country school-house:—"Sonny, can you spell?" "Yeth, thir." "Well, let me hear you. "Mo-las-ses—molasses." "Well, go on." "Pleathe, thir, I can't; I always stick when I come to molasses." "Call the next boy."



OLD RICKETS was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculations as to the future. He was, withal, rather uncouth in the use of language.

One day, while engaged in stopping up hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.

"What's all this about" demanded Rickets.

"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.

"Celestial State," said Rickets, "where the devil's that?"

"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not—"

"Well, never mind," interrupted Rickets, "don't want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can only keep them d——d hogs out."



Woman's Rights, or a fat man in a tight place.

"Oh dear me! James, you are so awful slow the cars will certainly leave us. Hurry up, do."

A good Story.

Some of the students of the Indiana State University, were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it was a mystery. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store the proprietor asked him "how that student Mr. Carter came on?"

Smelling a rat, the doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that they said he was quite low, and was kept alive by stimulants; that the young gentleman seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This Carter was a fictitious character, and the doctor had the secret.

However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd and satisfied himself that Carter's *nurses* were all present.

The devotions were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform—as the President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student, Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which time he was *kept alive by stimulants*, he had breathed his last. He had no doubt that this announcement would fall sadly on the ears of those who had so *faithfully* attended to his wants, but he hoped they would bear it with resignation—he hoped they would reflect on the oft-repeated words, "*Memento mori*"—that he would now no longer detain, but leave them to their own reflections!

The result of this announcement was startling. None of the Professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of Carter.

"Who is he?" was whispered; none knew, but the "kind friends who attended him," and they wouldn't tell; and the President seemed so *deeply affected*, they didn't like to ask him.

Whilst a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a Captain, observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered lieutenant to enquire the reason. The fellow on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant:

"I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the Captain."

This being whispered to the Captain, he exclaimed:

"Why didn't the drummer say he was lame? I do not want any of my men to do duty when they are not able."

The New Gudgeons.

The following dialogue, which actually took place some years since, between an old lady who had much confidence in professionals, and a learned but eccentric clergyman, goes to strengthen a conviction already strong in many minds, viz: that human nature is gullible:

"Now, parson, as you are a man of much learning, I want to ask you what became of the eleven days, when old style was altered to new?"

"Well, well, madam, you know this world is hung on two great gudgeons—"

"Indeed, sir! well, what then?"

"Well, it had been turning round on the two gudgeons a great while, and they got worn out and it broke down."

"Do tell me if it did?"

"Yes, marm. Well, after the world broke down, all the people turned to and put in new gudgeons, and set it going again; and it took 'em just eleven days!"

The old lady was abundantly satisfied, and would have given to the learned gentleman the degree of bachelor of science, without further examination.

SPANISH EPITAPH.—The following is a singular epitaph:

"Here lies Don Martin John Barbuda, grand master of Alcantara, who never knew what fear was."

Charles V of Germany, on reading the conceited lines, remarked that Don Martin had, probably, never snuffed a candle with his fingers.

An exchange says that Hon. Henry A. Wise has recently married. To any dear bachelor friend still "halting between two opinions," we say. Go and do like Wise.



Particular Housewife.—Mister is this the pure milk?
Experienced Milkman.—Madam, this is milk of the first water.

JONATHAN ABROAD.

A VERITABLE HISTORY, OF A VERTABLE TOUR, TAKEN BY OUR ARTIST, THROUGH ENGLAND AND EUROPE, SHOWING WHERE HE WENT, AND WHAT HE SAW, HOW HE WAS ASTONISHED, MYSTIFIED, AND PERPLEXED. WHAT HE SAID, AND WHAT WAS SAID TO HIM. THE PEOPLE HE MET; BESIDES A GREAT VARIETY OF INCIDENTS OF ALL SORTS, THRILLING, SUBLIME, LUDICROUS, FUNNY, UNIQUE AND STARTLING. WITH PICTURES TO MATCH.



A first rate Latin Scholar.

Mr. C——, the distinguished agriculturalist, was remarking recently to a lady-friend of his, that he could wish for one, that all the Latin terms used in agricultural chemistry and botany would be reduced to English, so that their meaning might be more generally understood by the great mass of farmers, and persons that are fond of botany.

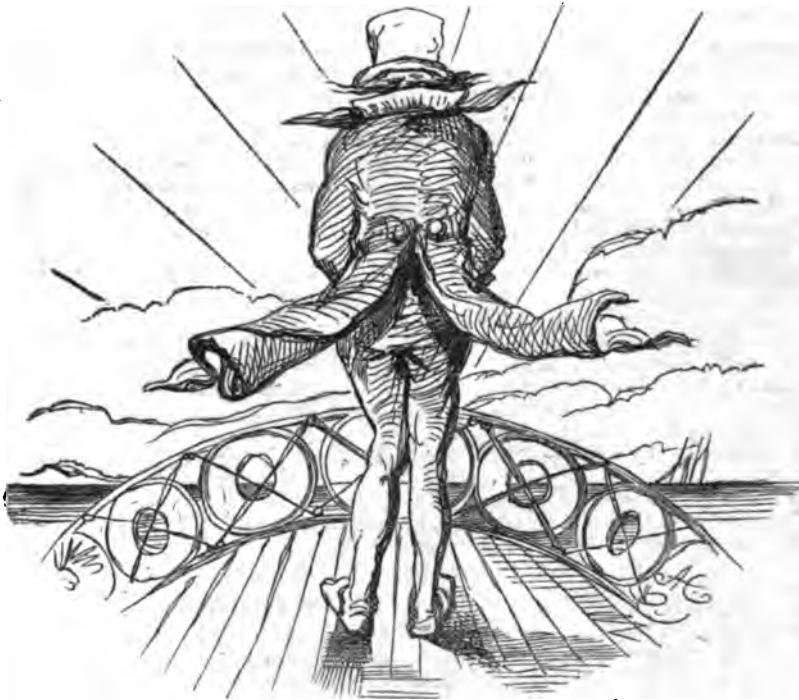
"Well," observed the spinster, "I have changed all the Latin names in my herbarium to English; all except two, and I couldn't find names for them."

"What were they, Madame?"

They was the "*Ory-Bory Allis*" and the "*Delirium Tremens!*"

On one of the sultry evenings of last week, three well dressed and grammatically spoken young men were assuaging the discomforts of a "counter irritation" by means of an internal application of bruised lemon and moistened mint. After the sixth julep, the trio started out for a walk, which was prolonged till the clock struck twelve, by which time all had become dry—very dry. What was to be done? The restaurants where drinks permitted by the new law might be had, were all closed; there was no friend's house at which they could gracefully "call" at that hour. Mc——, a young physician conceived an idea; he took his memorandum, made for the nearest gas light, and succeeding in writing the following prescription, which a comrade soon had put up at the drug store on the corner: *Vinum Gallieis Opitum*, 10 oz., to be taken every five minutes.

JONATHAN HAVING PACKED UP HIS DUDE, PROCEEDS TO THE STEAMER, AND WHILE WATCHING HIS BAGGAGE, KEEPS HIS EYES OPEN TO WHAT IS GOING ON ABOUT HIM. HE IS CONSIDERABLY ATTRACTED BUT DOES NOT DISOLVE IN TEARS.



JONATHAN HAVING SECURED HIS BAGGAGE, GOES UPON DECK AND TAKES A LAST LOOK AT "THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE." HIS COAT TAILS WAVE AN ADIEU, AND OVERCOME BY HIS FEELINGS AND THE ROUGHNESS OF THE WATER, HE RETIRES BELOW.

Extracts from Jonathan's Journal.

"It's a considerable queer sight to look down inter the cabin when the billers begin to roll, to see the wimmen there kivered up with pea-jackets and other kind of fixins laying around heels and pinta, the heels of some inter the pints of tothers, with chunks of dry toast, and several pounds of stued prunes, scattered about all on 'em, (I mean the wimmen,) looking like picters of despair—and also to see big men with fat stommicks laying flat on their backs. But it's still orfuller to stop outside the state-room doors and hear the sounds. Call me tea-pot, if there ain't all the notes of the gamit going outenside. I heered an afflicted victim yesterday who sounded like a fife—he was bound to reach a sartin note, but he couldn't come it, and the poor empty individual seemed to lay down again in despair. The fact is a man's stommick at sea is drawn chock up to the roof of his mouth."

It is a poor wind that don't blow at all. The Brooklyn riots have put up the price of revolvers 25 per cent. Court plasters has also advanced. Broken noses on the contrary are getting "flat" with a slight falling off in the demand.

Somebody asks, what is more sole-harrowing than pegs in one's boots?



WHERE HE CASTS UP HIS ACCOUNTS, BUT DOES NOT EFFECT A SETTLEMENT, OWING TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE "GROUND SWEL'."

"Dont carry on so," said Mrs. Partington to Ike, as she saw him resting his head on the ground in a vain attempt to throw his heels into the air. There was solicitude in her tone and a corn broom in her hand as she looked at him.—" You must not act so gymnastily, dear," continued she, " you will force all the brains you have got into your head if you do. You can't do like the circus riders, because Providence has made them o' purpose for what they do, out of Ingree rubber, and it don't hurt 'em at all. They an't got bones like other people, and can turn heels over head with perfect impurity. Don't do it," screamed she, as the boy stood on one leg upon the wood horse, and made, a feint as if about to throw a summerset, "you'll desecrate your neck by and by with your nonsense, and then you'll regret it as long as you live." Ike desisted, as the dame smiled and held a circular piece of copper before his gaze; such persuasive potency had that smile over him backed by the copper!

How A Fellow Brought in the Returns.



In a county near by, an election was held for the office of High Sheriff. Three popular candidates were in the field, and their chances of success were about equal. Never, it is said, did the yeomanry of that county enter more hotly into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been staked upon the result, and this circumstance, perhaps, lent much to the enthusiasm manifested by all classes of the people.

On the morning of the election, runners, provided with fleet horses, were dispatched to all the different polls of the county, who were to bring in the returns to the county seat—a hotel which was the headquarters of the three parties.

We will pass the many exciting, and amusing occurrences of the day, and recur to the closing scene of the night.

The returns were all in with the exception of one township, and the contest so far was so close, that the disparity between the highest and lowest candidate was less than ten votes. The fate of the three candidates hung upon that one poll. Each candidate had claimed a handsome majority in the remaining township—but as each had been deceived by the votes in the balance, the result in this was in extreme doubt. The three competitors became exceedingly alarmed; the friends of each were thrown into a state of painful anxiety, and the sporting gentlemen felt as if they had embarked in a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night, the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance. The shout of "he's coming," gave general notice of the fact. As the messenger neared them—his noble animal flying as it were, under whip and spur—they fell back on either side, and opened a passage to receive him. In he dashed—regardless of human life, and hauling up suddenly under the dim light of a lamp, with watch in hand, he exclaimed—"Five hundred dollars that better time was never made! Ten miles in only twenty minutes! and by a three year old colt at that!"

A death-like stillness pervaded the crowd, as the runner continued to expatiate upon the speed and qualities of his colt—a matter in which none but himself seemed to feel any interest—just at that time at least—the "returns" being the only thing which could interest the crowd. "Thirty-eight majority!" answered the runner. "For whom?" demanded a voice in the crowd. "Gentlemen, all I know about it is, that some feller got thirty-eight majority! but who the d— it was, I can't tell you; but one thing I know, and that is, you can bet your life on the hoss."

We have since frequently heard of this man, who is now universally known and called in this neighborhood by the cognomen of "the fellow that brought in the returns."

Suing for Damages.

"Hallo, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble, my boy; what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, I had my feet crushed, through the carelessness of a conductor, the other day, between railroad cars—that's all."

"And don't you mean to sue for damages?"

"Damages? no no—I have had *damages* enough from them, already—hadn't I better sue or *repairs*?"

The Last Resource.

The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for the want of money and still more embarrassing, people refused longer to trust him. His coachman came to his highness one morning—

"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn!"

"Give them hay and corn, then!" said the prince.

"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn dealers refuse to supply me any more till their accounts are discharged."

"Ah! that alters the matter," quoth the prince, very gravely.

"But, your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have!—call the steward."

The steward appeared.

"So the corn dealer and farmer refuse us credit—the rascals—do they?" said the prince. "Yes, my lord."

"Humph! who does give us credit?"

"No one, your highness."

"No one!"

"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pastry cook does."

"Honest fellow, we must encourage him!" said the prince. "Coachman, your affair is settled—give the horses cheese-cakes and custards!"

Only Two for a Cent.

We remember an old lady—a good sort of a woman, and very hospitable, withal, whom in the days of childhood we used sometimes to visit.

On one occasion we had been eating some ginger cakes with which she had supplied us.

She pressed us to take more, but we thanked her and declined.

Supposing our scruples to proceed from motives of delicacy, she pressed the more, adding:

"Take 'em, dear—take 'em. Don't be afraid. They're only two for a cent!"

Of course, after such a remark our scruples instantly vanished, and the cakes also.

In Utah, a man who has not more than two wives, is rated a bachelor.



The Turkey lunch after the Battle.

Old Nick.—Gentlemen, what part will you have?



"Cousin are you fond of novels?"
"Well I don't know: we don't have 'em in the west. But I'll tell you what Jane, I'm death on young possums."

A Yankee Wedding in New York.

Chancing to visit the office of Alderman _____, the other day, we witnessed a hymenial ceremony that will bear narrating.

The bridegroom was a weather beaten countryman, a perfect picture of good nature, but so tall that entering the portals of the office an involuntary obeisance was necessary; while the artificial hollyhocks on the summit of the bride's bonnet just touched the elbow of her expected lord. Their entrance was proceeded by an urchin with dilapidated garments, who claimed and received three coppers as his fee for guiding them to the spot.

"What can I do for you, my good friends?" asked the urbane Alderman, as if in utter ignorance of the object of their visit. "Pray be seated, madam."

"Well, Squire," answered the groom, with a complacent glance at the filagree breast pin that fastened a dashing ribbon around the lady's neck "Old Mrs. Pettibone down to Lynn—you've hear'n tell about her I reckon!"

"Well, really, I think—I hardly know—I guess not."

"Not heard tel! of her, Squire! why she makes about the best punkin sass you ever put in your stummik, I reckon; slips deown jist as slick as a greased cat crawlin' through a jint of stove pipe."

"Very happy to be introuced to her, Sir; but don't let me interrupt you. Pray proceed."

"Jes' so, jes' so. Well, old Mrs. Pettibone gin' me Dianthy, here, to git spliced to. She's a widder woman, and old Deacon Pettibone made ropes of money in the shoe peg business with him; so yew diskiver that nat'rally I liked the gal, and the old lady gin consent; so, ef you'll pronounce the ceremony, your money's ready."

"So you wish to be married, eh?" quiered the Alderman, willing to spend a few moment's leisure in conversation. "May I venture to ask what induced you to break through a bachelor's life?"

"Sartain, 'Squire; sartin. Yew see it's nat'r'al. Who ever hear tell of a batchelor chippin'-bird or a batchelor bob-o-link? I reckon nobody has. And then ain't *doublin'* kinder nat'r'al? Ain't double roses, and double morning-glories, and double pineys theootyist, and don't everybody like 'em better than single ones. The amount on it is, nature teaches it, 'Squire, clear through the programmy, beginning

with the robins and leaving off with the apple blossoms."

"Very true, my good Sir; a very philosophical view of the subject. (Turning to the lady.) And you, madam, have you given this subject the attention it merits?"

"Never mind her, 'Squire, jest let me settle that air busidess; 'tain't no kinder use to trouble your bowels about Dianthy. Jest you fetch out yeour books and fire away."

The ceremony was soon performed. Our "Reform" Alderman has carried improvement even into that department of his duties—and a two dollar bill was duly placed in his palm by the newly made husband. After he had congratulated the pair, and wished them success, Jonathan exclaimed.

"Squire, you're a reg'lar trump, you are; and if you ever come to Lynn you'll find a stoppin place with me, and a rousin' welcome. But, 'Squire," and Jonathan facetiously inserted his fore finger in the region of the Alderman's ribs, "I'm done with one horse bedsteade, I am. Good bye, Squire?"

Cracking a Joke.

A Correspondent says that the confectioners not long since introduced some new fancy-work in their line, representing almonds, Madeira nuts, &c., in sugar.

A jocose landlady the other day handed one of her new boarders a small basket of these disguised comfits, desiring him to taste them. He at once (being, perhaps, not so green as the lady might have imagined) caught up a pair of nut-crackers and smashed one of the sugar Madeira nuts.

"O, don't!" said the landlady in alarm, "it's only a joke."

"Well, my dear lady," said the new boarder, "I'm only cracking a joke!"

THE PAY NOTHINGS.—A new order has been established, under the denomination of "The Pay Nothings." The requisite qualifications are that the candidate for initiation shall owe every body and pay nobody.

Unfortunately for us, we have made the acquaintance of a number of these individuals.

The report that the Pacific is to be enlarged for the purpose of accommodating the growing commerce of California is we learn without any foundation whatever.



A Sweet Bird.

"And it came to pass that the Angel Gabriel blew his Horn; and there was a great muss: but no real ascension, though some of 'em were 'high' enough, and many there were that saw stars."

The Gospel according to Mose.

How Pipkin Blew Himself.

Bill Pipkin hadn't been married very long; hadn't got out of the habit of taking a little punch at drinking frolics with his friends on particular occasions. He was first-rate at making excuses for staying out all night now and then; he was terribly pressed with business, and as he took very good care never to go home cross-legged, his wife never suspected anything, and all went on very well. One night, however, Bill got rather more than he could carry straight, but he didn't find it out until he was on his way home. He wouldn't have Susan know he was in such a situation for the world, and he began thinking, as well as he could with his head spinning round so, what was best to be done to keep her from finding him out.

"Hic—I've got it 'zactly," said he—(hic) Su-Susan knows I'm (hic) terribly f-fond of m-milk. Well I'll jest take a big drink (hic) that'll fix all right—so (hic) sh-sh'll never suspect nothing poor girl."

Home he went, practising straight walking on the way, and studying how he should talk straight, so that Susan would not find him out.

When he found the latch, which was on the wrong side of the door, which opened the wrong way too, he felt around in the dark for more doors than were in the house before, and into ever-so-many shaped rooms, till he found the pantry, where he expected to find some milk. He had no very clear idea as to where it ought to be; so after feeling about in every place but the right one, he came to the conclusion to go to his room and ask his wife where it was. The stairs seemed to be turned upside down and the bed room changed places with the kitchen, but he made out at last to find the room.

After clearing his throat, and saying over his speech so that he could not make any mistake, he opened the door and leaning against the door post, listened to hear if his wife was awake. She was sound asleep.

"All the better for that," thought he.

"Susan! Susan!" very low and plain.

"Eh?" said Susan just waking out of a doze.

"Is that you come home, my dear, so late?"

"Susan! Susan!" said Bill, not paying any attention to what she said—his head being full of milk; "Susan!"

"What, my dear?"

"Is there any milk in the house?"

"Yes, dear—but what in the world—"

"Susan! Susan!"

"What, dear?"

"Where is the milk?"

"In the pantry in the dining room, dear, but you had better come to bed now, it's so—" Bill didn't say a word but took some terrible long steps in the dark. He found the dining room again and the pantry, but he couldn't find the milk anywhere. After trying five minutes he went up stairs and leaning against the door to steady himself asked his wife again—

"Susan! Susan!" said he, very emphatically.

"Eh—what?" said she, waking up again.

"Is there any milk in the house?"

"I told you there was some milk in the pantry, dear—"

Down went Bill again. This time he felt everywhere and upset every thing, making a terrible racket among the crockery; but not a drop of milk could be found.

"Confound the milk," said he, "where could they have put it?"

In a minute he was at the bed room door again.

"Susan! Susan!" said he.

Susan snuffed the snore short off in the middle.

"What?" said she, rather cross this time.

"Is there any milk in the house?"

"Yes, I told you!"

"Well, where is it?" said he.

"I told you on the shelf—in the pantry—in the dining room," said Susan, breaking it off in short mouthfuls.

That rather scared Bill and put him off his guard.

"Well, Susan," said he, "is it tied up in anything or is it layin' about loose."

This was enough—the cat was out of the bag, and no help for it. Mrs. Pipkin was bright awake in a minute, and the way Bill got a "caudle" that night, was enough to sober the drunkenest husband in creation. He never got torn again—and it was more than a year afterwards before he could drink milk in his coffee, when Susan was at the table.

A gentleman who had rather a *tart* wife, asked her one day at the table if she could give him some preserves. "No, I cannot," said she, "but I should like to give you your *deserts*."



"Now father don't read that side of the paper any more. Turn over and read me some murder, or something about Nebraska Bill."

**Modern Pumping.**

YOUNG LADY.—"Dear me, Johnny, who was that young man I saw coming off your stoop late last night, your Sisters new Beau was it not darling!"

LITTLE JOHNNY.—"It was Mr. What-you-call-um. Don't you wish you could find out, so that you might get him as you did her last one, but you can't pump me, no how."

YOUNG LADY.—"What an impertinent wretch—get out you young vagabond, I could expect nothing else from one of your family."

Signs of Good Breeding.

Let your universal motto be "pitch into it." Never wait for your fellow boarders, but "pitch into" the dinner, for remember "the early bird catches the grub."

Keep on pitching into—the dinner, as if you had just arrived from a half-wrecked ship, and been on half allowance of "pint" and water for several weeks.

Surround yourself with all your favorite dishes—so that in case of emergency you can easily pitch into them.

Maintain the duty of every one taking care of number one—and practice what you preach.

Show your independence by wiping your mouth with the table cloth; and your appreciation of comfort by pitching your feet into your opposite neighbor's lap.

If any one urges a slight objection to your little ways, always pitch into him by saying that this is a free country.

Lastly, pitch into every thing—and don't object if some time or other some one should pitch into you.

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."—Shakspeare.

"And then—get into bed."—Jenkins.

William and John occupied separate beds in the same room. John was honest and timid, while William was cunning but lazy. On entering their room to retire for the night. John with his usual alacrity, undressed and jumped into bed while William was pulling off his boots and deciding which side of his bed would most likely be the softest.

After a few minutes' delay William sprang into bed, placed his head upon two pillows, and doubled himself up preparatory for a comfortable snooze, when what should he discover, when just ready to "drop off," but that he had carelessly left the fluid lamp burning. The discovery gave rise to the following soliloquy :

"Twont do to leave that lamp burning, but it's so very cold that I hate most awfully to get out on the floor; but still that lamp *must be blown out*. I wonder if I can't make John get out! I'll try. John."

"Hello."

"Did you ever know Daniel Hoskins, foreman of engine thirty-seven?"

"No. Why?"

"Nothing, only I didn't know but what you knew him. I saw by the papers that his death was caused last week by inhaling the *ouheragon fluidical* vapors from a lamp that he accidentally left burning in his room. After the fluid was all consumed, the chemist said that the *oxorgical* suction of the wick so consumed the *nitrogen* of the lungs, that the *fluidical* vapors suddenly stopped the inspiration and the heart ceased to beat."

John raised himself up in bed, gazed with a sternness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed :

"Why in thunder don't you blow out that lamp?"

"Well, sure enough, was the reply "it an't out, is it? Well never mind, John, it'll go out itself in a little while."

"No, it won't go out itself, not in a room where I sleep." And in a twinkling of a cat's tail, John had extinguished the light and returned to his bed, muttering as he did so "I'd rather get up a dozen times than to die as Daniel Hoskins did."

In the morning John wanted to learn all the particulars about the death of Mr. Hoskins, but William had no recollection of ever speaking of it, and accused the honest fellow of dreaming.

**"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."**—Shakspeare.



Pretty Country Girl.—Have you any Blue Ribbon?
Impudent Clerk.—We have some Red Ribbon Madam; but consider it
Blue, and it's all the same.
Country Girl.—You may give me five yards. (Clerk cuts off five yards
of the article, does it up, and hands the parcel to the purchaser, whereon
she moves toward the door. The knight of the yard stick bawls out, "Ma-
dam, you have forgot to pay for that ribbon!" "Never mind Sir," said she
"consider it paid, and it's all the same.")

Pulpit Pleasantries.

One day, Nairn-de-din ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation:—

"O, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?"

"No," responded the congregation.

"Well, then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you." And he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation,

"O, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?"

"We know," replied the audience.

"Ah, as you know," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?"

When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers; and when he asked his usual question, replied,

"Some of us know, and some of us do not know."

"Very well," said he, "let those who know, tell those who do not know."

A country player, who had to enact the part of a ghost, asking if he was to bow to the audience, the stage director made answer: "Why yes—if you are the ghost, of a gentleman, certainly!"

STOPPING A LEAK.—"John," said his master to a servant who, after a stay of protracted and suspicious duration in the wine cellar, came into the room staggering as if the task of keeping his equilibrium were altogether beyond his power, "John," said he angrily, "how often have I told you not to meddle with the wine? If you transgress again, I shall immediately discharge you from my service."

"Why—hic—sir," stammered John, "that's—hic—a pretty way—hic—to repay a favor. I did it, sir—hic—for the sake of doing you a service."

"Doing me a service, you blockhead?" said his master, irritated, "what do you mean by such an extraordinary statement as that? I demand an explanation."

"Why, you see, sir—hic—I went down into the cellar, and somehow the bung of the wine cask came out, and—hic—while I was searching for it—hic—so that the wine let's go round to the Astor and pick our teeth."

might not run out, "I put my mouth to it instead of the stopper."

John was advised to be careful how the stopper came out the next time.

A professional gentleman of our acquaintance, has hanging in his room a fine large colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass. Not long since a friend of his dropped in and stopping before the picture, gazed intently upon it for a few moments and then sung out abruptly, and, as he imagined, very wittily,

"Hallo, Doctor, is that your portrait?"

"Oh, no," replied the Doctor coolly, "that's simply a looking glass."

The "anxious enquirer" suddenly discovered that he had some business down street and departed.

A Know-Nothing.

"I say, Bill, I seed a Know-Nothin."

"Where?"

"Why, on the Museum steps."

"What did he look like?"

"Why he looked like a man."

"No but what had he on?"

"Clothes."

"Don't be a fool—tell me how you found out that he was a Know-Nothin."

"Why he said so."

"Did you ask him to tell you?"

"No, but I asked him whether he wouldnt give me a sixpence, and he said, 'No, nothing.'"

A fellow up town, threatened to blow his brains out. He can't do it. It's a thing that fools are incapable of. Where there is nothing to blow what's the use in blowing? Answer to be returned in a one-horse wheel-barrow.



"Now Adolphus that we have partook of Refreshments let's go round to the Astor and pick our teeth."

Julia at the Wash-Tub.

She stood beside the wash-tub
When morning skies were grey,
And night's dark misty shadows
Were melting into day.

She stood beside the wash-tub
In morning's golden prime,
As if her hands were striving
To run a match with time.

When through the kitchen windows
Peeps the noonday sun,
Still stood she at the wash-tub,
But her task was almost done.

Like a willow o'er the wash-tub
Hung her stout yet graceful form,
And the spray that rose around her
Was like an April storm.

Unbound her raven tresses
Floated willy to the breeze,
But her heart was in her scrubbing,
And she couldn't think of these.

Still stood she at the wash-tub,
And her hands moved very fleet,
The pile of clothes had dwindled down
To a pillow-case and sheet.

A spot of crock was on her cheek,
Soapsuds were in her eye,
But with a speed two-forty like
She made her fingers fly.

At length her task completed,
She sits her down to rest,
She sinks into a rocking chair
As the sun sinks in the west.

But soon she hears a whisper,
The words were loving like,
And through the kitchen window
She sees the face of Mike.

"O, Julia, my swate darlint,
Why sit ye there alone,
And lave your loving Michael
To cry 'Och hone! Och hone !'

Then flew she to the wash-tub,
And the way her fingers flew
Was a caution to the maidens
Of Chili and Peru.

The clothes wrung out, she bore them
To a clothes line very nigh,
And with Mike beside to help her,
She hung them out to dry.

Then sat they in the kitchen
With a kitten just between,
She called him "Michael darlint,"
He "Julia mavourneen."

Before another Monday
Shall bring its dirty clothes,
She will stand beside the altar
All blushing as a rose.

Like a pair of frightened children
They stand there side by side,
Till the priestly benediction
Proclaims her Michael's bride.

Tooke and Sheridan.

Shortly after, says Mr. Tooke, I had published my two pair of portraits of two fathers and two sons, (those of Pitt and Fox,) I met Sheridan, who said, with a saucy satirical air.

"So, sir! you are the reverend gentleman, I am told, who sometimes amuses himself in drawing portraits."

"Yes, sir! I am that gentleman; and if you will do me the favor of sitting to me for yours, I will take it so faithfully, that even you yourself shall shudder at it!"

*OUR BEST SOCIETY.*

Gent, (with rainbow eyes.)—Say, Bill, won't you come up to night, and spend an hour?

Bill, (giving his terrier a kick.)—Who's goin to be thar?

Gent, (with rainbow eyes.)—Oh, nobody but people yer know; there's the Smasher who's served out his time, black Poll, if she comes down from the island to day; old Smoothface, the distressed mechanic; Jake Thompson, "the jemmy" maker, and a few others.

Bill.—Well, don't care if I do; arter I comes out of the Nashunral.



girls out of a carry-all which stood in front of the store, and half pulling, half pushing them, brought them up in front of him of the fluent tongue:

"Gals! stand there—right there, Sally!—and now Mister, *cut loose, again! I just want the gals to hear you!*"

It is almost needless to say, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstances, that our friend was utterly overwhelmed with his emotions, and for once in his life failed in his utterance—to the great disappointment of both father and daughters.

Tommy, how's all your folks? All well but Growler—he's got the bow-wow-el complaint.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.—Conversation between an ancient Captain and the "Old Sea Dog at the Binnacle."

Capt.—"Why, where are the sails?"

Seaman.—"Please you, sir, this is a steamer." We doesn't use sails no more."

Capt.—"Oh, a steamer, is it?" (After musing a few moments.) "Well, what do you call this little round box, here, with a small vane in it—that's a—a quadrant, ain't it?"

Seaman.—Putting in an extra plug of pigtail to prevent laughing. "Oh, no, that's what we calls a compass."

Capt.—"No joking, my man. I know what compasses are—they're things with legs to 'em; we used them at school, to make circles. What's that smoke there?"

Seaman.—"Oh, that comes from the fire under the boilers."

Capt.—"Under the soup boilers?"

Seaman.—"Oh, no, under the engine boilers."

Capt.—"Do they boil the engine?"

Seaman.—"They boil the water to make steam—steam causes the vessel to go."

Capt.—"Oh!"

An old farmer, on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer the purpose. The landlord answered peremptorily, "No."

"Why, then, sir, will you give me enough to build a barn?"

"No."

"To make a gate, then?"

"Yes."

"That is all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

A STRIKE.—"I ain't a going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no more I aint," exclaimed our imp the other day in a great pucker.

"Well what shall we call you?"

"Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all."

CUT LOOSE AGAIN MISTER!—A friend of ours who is a most accomplished salesman, and who is kept very busy in one of the up-town dry goods houses, was complimented, not long since, in manner and form as follows, to wit:

He had a countryman in the store, and was showing him a very handsome piece of ladies' dress goods, not with any hope of selling it; still, there was some slight chance, and besides, it is necessary—so our friend avers—to keep constantly in practice. So he dashed ahead in fine style, praised the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light, vouched for its ultra fashionableness, and, in short, let loose a torrent of eloquence in which it was difficult to distinguish which was most flattered, the taste of the admiring rustic, or the quality of the magnificent *mousseline*. Bumpkin's eye flashed with gratified pride at the complimentary allusion to himself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods and fluency in the salesman. Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed, "*Stop right here one minute!*" and dashed out of the store with two or three rapid bounds. Grosdenap stood, a little bothered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had frozen in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentleman. Meantime, this last mentioned individual whisked two bouncing

"What did you come here after?" inquired Miss Susan Nipper of a bachelor friend who made her a call when the rest of the people were gone out.

"I came to borrow some matches," he meekly replied.

"Matches! that's a likely story. Why don't you make a match?" "I know what you came for," exclaimed the delighted Miss, as she crowded the old bachelor into a corner, "you came to kiss and hug me almost to death, but you shan't without you are the strongest, and everybody knows you are."



Polite Cutter.—*Do you wish your pants cut close and fashionable, Sir?*

Live Yankee.—*Wal, 'bout as tight as these—but don't be sparin, neighbor.*



KEEP COOL.—Burton, tells a capital story of "The Yankee in Hell." His description of some of the characters he found "down below," is laughable in the extreme. Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews, he describes as good at "all fours," and particularly expert in the preparation of "salad." The introduction of the Yankee to his infernal majesty is peculiar.

"How d'y'e dew, folks," said the stranger, puffing away at a long segar; "is the boss devil at hum?"

His majesty looked

sulphur and saltpetre at the intruder.

"Reptile!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, that rumbled and reverberated in the depths of a pit without a bottom, "who are you that dare intrude upon our sacred privacy."

"Whew," said the stranger, "don't tear your shirt! why, what on earth is the use of goin' off at half cock in that way? Why do you jump for afore you're spurred? there aint such an almighty occasion for you to get your dander so awful riz, just as if you was goin' to burst your biler. Seein' that your climate's rather of the warmest, it would only be doin' the civil thing if you just said, 'Mister, toe your mark, and take your bitters.'"

"Worm, hence to your appointed place in the yawning gulf! there in the hottest flame."

"Waell, I guess not!" drawled out the man, with imperceptible calmness. "I've got my ticket, Mister, from the regular agent, and I don't choose a berth so nigh the injine."

Vernet and the Connisseur.

Vernet relates, tha he was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave, and St. Jerome in it; he accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, whe understood nothing of perspective, said, "the landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave." "I understand you," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with Jerome in the cave." "But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there; for I have seen him stand at the entrance and afterwards farther back; and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

Wentworth, who represents the Chicago district in Congress, being lately interrogated as to his position on Douglas' Nebraska bill replied in the following decidedly rich style. Said he:

"I will take an open, bold and manly stand—I will either vote for the bill, or against it, or I shall dodge the vote."

Somebody has been writing an elaborate work on the Human Hair. We have not seen it; but if the author has treated the subject fairly, he must have divided the Human Hair into several millions of distinct heads. We have some idea of writing a sort of companion treatise to that on Human Hair, under the title of Bald Facts.

One of the Verdicts.

The Portsmouth Journal, under the head of traditional sketches, publishes the following account of a model jury of the olden time:—

"About eighty years ago a man came to his end by a casualty at the Isles of Shoals, and the coroner from Portsmouth visited the island to make an inquest. Twelve jurors were summoned from those who were first met with, and directed to sit on the body. They went into the house, and soon some of them returned, and informed the coroner that it would hold but six. They were again instructed and sent in. They reported that he was drowned. They were again sent back for further investigation. In due time, they returned with the report that they had notched on one stick all his good deeds they could find, and on another all his bad ones. The latter numbered most, and therefore they gave their verdict that he has gone to the wicked place. One of his good qualities was reported to be, that he could carry a can of flip at arm's length around the island, and not spill a drop."

FORGOT MYSELF.—A day or two ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other.

"Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the sentence with an oath.

"Stop, friend," replied the quaker, "thee forgetest thyself."

The last curiosity is a few hairs taken from a brush between a party of Americans and Indians.

The two neighbors who "fell out," have got in again. Neither of them were injured.

If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and "pitch in."



"Boy! extricate the quadruped from the vehicle, and minister unto him a sufficient quantity of nutriment. And when the Aurora breaks in the eastern horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation."

"We're having the dictionary boiled for supper, Sir! after I've had my share of it, I'll try and understand you."

"Dam! you feed the horse! Do you understand that?"



Gross Insult to a foreign Gentleman.

Small boy.—Say Captain, want to buy this here hairy dog ? Make you a first rate hat, jest as good as the one you got on !

Likely.

According to the Congressional Report, some of the Captains now attached to the Naval service, have not been to sea since 1815. We do not suppose that their memories are better than that of anybody else, and so when ordered to sea we may suppose the following conversation between an ancient Captain and the "old Sea Dog at the Binnacle."

Capt.—"Why where are the sails?"

Seaman.—"Please you, Sir, this is a steamer; we doesn't use sails no more."

Capt.—"Oh! a steamer is it? (After musing a few moments.) Well, what do you call this little round box here with a small vane in it—that's a—a quadrant, aint it?"

Seaman.—(Putting in an extra plug of pigtail to prevent laughing.) "Oh, no sir, that's what we calls a compass."

Capt.—"No joking, my man. I know what compasses are—they're things with legs to 'em; we used them at school to make circles. What's that smoke there?"

Seaman.—"Oh, that comes from the fire under the boilers."

Capt.—"Under the soup boilers?"

Seaman.—"Oh, no; under the engine boilers."

Capt.—"Do they boil the engine?"

When a young lady signifies her intention to devote the remainder of her days to taking care of "the old folks at home" it is a sign that she would rather not, but is preparing to make a virtue of necessity. When a young gentleman begins to pay marked attention to his legs and nether extremities, it is a sign that he is "shaky" at the other end. The calf is more than the man. When the mother of six unwedded daughters "regrets that the time will come when the dear things must be parted," it is a sign that she would not go into mourning on that account.

SHARP LAD.—"Thomas, of what fruit is cider made?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Why, what a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Farmer Jones's orchard?"

"I got a licking, sir!"

Tough Stories.

We like a good story, if it's not too tough. Our esophagus (as the doctors say) is pretty large, but we have tried the following, and find that it is "no go." One of our Correspondent's says:

"At this office may be seen for a few days a rare curiosity, in the shape of a cane, which was used many years by John M'Neal, Esq., and which he stuck in the ground on his farm, three miles N. E. of Middleton (now the property of Jacob Michael, Esq.) about forty-five years ago—the cane commenced growing, and in a short time a thick coat of bark was formed around it, and having been carefully trimmed as it grew up and increased in dimensions to the height of ninety feet, the tree after withstanding the wintry blasts of forty-five years, yielded up its vitality, and was cut down by Mr. Michael a few weeks ago. In splitting up the first cut, the identical cane as first planted dropped from the centre of the log, just the same as it was when planted forty-five years ago."

This tale can only be matched by one from the Jewish Talmud, which is prolific of large stories. In that veracious chronicle a bird is mentioned which was so large that when it spreads its wings it blotted out the sun.

On one occasion an egg fell from out its nest, and the white thereof broke and glued about three hundred cedar trees, and overflowed a village. One of the birds standing in the water, was seen by some mariners, and as the water only reached to the lower joint of the leg of the bird, the mariners were about to bathe, when a voice from heaven said, "Step not in here, for seven years ago, there a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached bottom!"

We have not a doubt that the above mentioned axe was the very one used in cutting down the aforesaid tree!

Why is the Czar of Russia like a teetotaller?" Because he "refused to treat."

That's because there's so many of 'em to "treat." If England were alone, we suppose the Czar wouldn't object to "lick her."

We see no objection he can have to give them all a "punch."

Let them contribute to a "smash" all around. The Czar aint in favor of "smashes," but wouldn't object to taking a little."

May-be the Czar is afraid of getting "slewed."



The Dress Movement.

"And that's the long and short of it." Tom Hood.

UNWELCOME ARRIVAL.

family of great pretensions in Walnut street, had a musical soiree last month—many illustrious characters present—everything in the most expensive and ostentatious style. The rooms were filled with company, all of the highest rank; people who had made their fortunes in a hurry, and luckily escaped the penitentiary; and others who made a figure without fortune, at the expense of tailors, manteau-makers, jewelers, hatters, bootmakers, &c. In the height of the festivity, a bustle was heard in the entry:

"I will come in; let me pass; I want to see my cousin," and similar expressions reached the ears of the guests.

The lady of the house turned pale; the gentlemen looked blue; the daughters fainted, and general amazement prevailed, when a jolly countryman entered. He was dressed in a brown coat well worn; a slouched white hat; coarse boots, and rugged woolen trowsers.

"Cousin Nancy," said he, approaching the matron of the mansion, "what sort of a house do you keep? All hands fiddling, fluting and *squawking*, like play-actors or concertizers! Your devilish folks out thar wanted to make out that I was drunk, and had got to the wrong house, but I tell'd 'em that I know'd better, and pushed in, in spite of 'em."

"Vexation!" exclaimed the lady proprietress.

"D—nation!" exclaimed the gentleman proprietor. "You *are* drunk, and we don't know you," added he, desperately.

"Not know *me*?" cried the visitor. "That's a likely story. Didn't I lend you money to begin business, and to buy some of this very trumpery that's now in your house? Don't you know me, cousin Nancy?"

"No," answered the great lady, faintly.

"Then blast my boot," said the countryman, "but I'll make you remember me. I hold a judgment bond against you Jim, that will sweep you out; and I'll do it, you ungrateful puppy."

Here the screams of Mrs. —— and her daughters, brought in the servants, who all fell on the unwelcome guest, (a most worthy and excellent man by the way,) hustled him out and delivered him into the hands of the watchman, as a drunken loafer. Having spent the night in the watchhouse,

and satisfied the Mayor that he was no imposter, he went away this morning, vowing vengeance against his city relatives, who will probably be sold out by the Sheriff, as a caution to forgetful cousins who do not know their best friends, in the honest garb of industry.

DOUBTFUL INFORMATION.—"How long is this loch?"

"It will be about twenty mile."

"Twenty miles! Oh, it cannot be so much as that."

"Maybe it will be twelve."

"It really does not seem more than four or five."

"Indeed, I'm thinking you're right."

"Really you seem to know nothing about the matter."

"Deed, canna say I do."

An absent minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—

"Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her."

"Give her," replied the other, looking up vacantly, "O, I'll give her a puff."

"Take her," replied the father.

"KEEP YOUR TEMPER."—Lady Bath, with a very bad temper, had a good share of wit. Lord Bath saying to her in one of her passions.

"Pray, my dear, *keep* your temper;" she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well; I wonder you should."

A SUFFERER.—A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty nothings, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?"

"No," was the reply; "but I've often had them *bored*!"

Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee, after this fashion: 10 a C.

QUERY.—If a magazine contains a number of tales, say four, could you call it a four story magazine.



"Ah Bob, but you are a handsome fellow, and no mistake."

"You flatter me Tom! I don't think I'm handsome myself, but I do think my build is rather genteel. From what Page, the artist wrote me from Rome, I see I am just the size, legs especially, of the Apollo Belvidere."

"Yea, and you always remind me of the poet's line. 'Sinking sweetness long drawn out.' But come and take your eye opener this morning."

A neat Dodge.

Old Nick feeling small.

One of the greatest jockeys that we have ever came along side of, was of a certain Capt. G., who inhabited one of the Bay State inland towns. Five years ago he told us he had effected the even number of 444 horsetrades, and how many more he has made since up to the day of his death, which took place about a year ago, we will not undertake to say. He never stopped at trifles when a bargain was in the question, as the following instance may show.

A would-be fast young gentleman called upon him to purchase what he called "a running horse."

"I've got just the article for you," said the Captain. "He's a keen 'un to run, now I tell ye, mister."

The price was stated; Capt. G. warranted the animal to run, and the purchaser drove home.

In a few days he returned with anger in his look.

"See here," he cried to the Captain: "I want you take this colt back. He's smashed two buggies for me already, thrown me out and bunged me all up; and the d—l couldn't hold him any how. Take him, and give me my money."

"Squire, I can't do it," was the jockey's cool reply.

"But I'll make you," cried the victim with indignation.

"Better keep cool," observed the Captain. "You wanted a runnin' horse—you've got one. I warranted him to run, and I'll give you my head and my team of blacks to boot (they were the Capt.'s pride) if he don't run to the old Harry every time you hitch him on to a wagon."

The Captain used to say that this conclusion "fetched up the young blood all standing on his whiffle-trees," and he never heard from him or his running horse again.

A thrashing machine for fighting the "inemy" has just been published in Michigan. The inventor says it will wallop a regiment of Spaniards, in one hour and eight minutes. It is to be used in the invasion of Cuba.

THAT "DUCK."—Speaking of April fool-eries, reminds us of a joke that was perpetrated in a printing office not a thousand miles from New Lisbon.

Our peaceful village has a set of incorrigible wags—notorious *bones*, who are constantly on the look-out for a subject. Two of the said wags, both of them on the dark side of forty, took it into their craniums that they would *sell* an editor; how well they succeeded, the sequel will show.

The editor was busy making up his "forms," when in comes a lad, who had seen about a half a dozen years, bearing a bird considerably larger than Paddy's "bunion."

"Mr._____, do you want to buy a duck?"

"A what?" says the editor.

"A wild duck," says the lad. "Pap was out to-day and shot some wild ducks, and gave me this one, and I'm going to sell it if I can get half a dime;" and the boy held up his bird which presented rather a prepossessing appearance.

The aforesaid editor being particularly fond of a duck, it didn't require much coaxing to induce him to purchase.

The boy was told to lay the *duck* on a case, received his money, and departed with an "open countenance."

About this time the editor was greeted with a regular haw-haw, from the boys in the office.

"Hello, boys," said he, "what's up—what are you laughing about?"

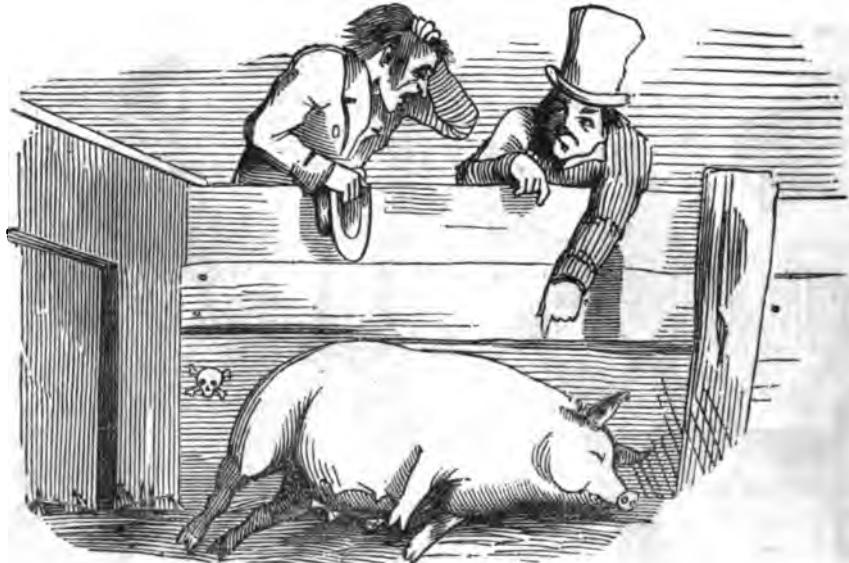
"Why, boss, you're *sold*;" that ain't a *duck*—that's a *poke—a-fly-up-the-creek!*"

Sure enough, the editor had been caught, badly *sold*—had bought a "fly-up-the-creek"—all neck and legs' for a *duck*.

Since that, he had heard nothing but *duck* on the street, and has sworn eternal vengeance to the whole bird species.

"Will you rise now, my dear?" said a broker's wife to her sleepy spouse; "the day broke long ago." "I wonder," replied the somnolent financier, "if the endorsers were secured."

When the streams are "murmuring," what do they grumble about?



HOW THE IRISHMAN SAVED HIS DOG AND KILLED HIS HOG.

The mania for poisoning dogs having spread even into this country an Irishman, the owner of a large dog, accosted a neighbor one morning last week, when the following conversation ensued:—

"Do you see an' sure what's this they're doing? Pisen my dog they have; an' didn't I find a piece of *meat* in my yard this morning, pisened for my dog? But sure an' I knew better than be aferther letting him ate it."

"What did you do with the meat?"

"Do with the *meat*? What should I do with it, an' sure, but throw it in the swill pail?"

"But won't it poison your hog?"

"Och, God bless you! by my soul, I niver thought!" Pat went and looked into his hog sty, and found he had saved his dog, but lost his bacon—for his hog was *steno* dead!



Liberty in a pretty box: or the appetite for conquest.

Sam Slick on Courting.

Courtin' a gal, I guess, is like catchin' a young horse in the pastur. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and softsawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautiously again, ready for a go if you are rough. Well, you softsawder it all the time: so-so, pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and gets it to kind to like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and is off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. If you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt for the mane, it might perhaps have drawed away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you, the chance is, you would have caught it. Well, what's your play, now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope, and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now, what do you do then? Why, shake the pan, and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pastur and make for hum; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up, and you slip the halter on.

One of the two gentlemen recently conversing about the Natural Bridge of Virginia, remarked that there was an extraordinary incident connected with it, for that General Washington once threw a dollar completely over it, an achievement which has not been performed since.

"No wonder," replied his companion, "for a dollar in those days could be made to go a great deal farther than at the present time."

Snoobledyke lives in the country, and recently commenced going to singing school. He heard the teacher say something about "two beats in a measure," when he eagerly remarked, "if he means a half peck measure, the *beets* must be a darned sight bigger than the ones we raise, for it takes half-a-dozen of them to make a measure!"

An acquaintance of ours declares it is wickedness to speak the truth because there is sin in sincerity.

I See that One and go Five Better.

If the following, which we clip from one of our correspondents, is not from the pen of the author of "The Arkansas Gentlemen," we lose our guess:

"D—, being in the west, and short of cash, could not tell where to get the necessary Wilmot proviso for *internal* improvements, but, finding a widow who had shot one husband, and wounded several others, he concluded to marry her, so as to get a boarding house.

Shortly after the yellow garlands of Hymen were faded, D— came in one night slightly *muggy*, as the Choctaw poets express it, and found his new spouse awaiting his arrival. She pitched into D. like a thousand of brick, and spread herself like a fan-tail pigeon, drawing a single barrel pistol upon D., who, instead of travelling, pulled out a *revolver*, and remarked as gently as the sigh of an *Aolian* harp—

"Mrs. D., I see that one, (hic) and go five better!"

NARROW ESCAPE.—Old Mr. Fuddle fell down in a puddle, just as a runaway horse and shay came dashing and splashing, and tearing that way; in helpless plight he roared with fright; the horse came quick, all gallop and kick, when the old man raised his great oak stick; the horse then shied a little aside, for sticks were no friends to his well-fed hide. Within a foot of Fuddle's toes, within an inch of his ruby nose, the wheel comes whizzing, and on it goes. Up rises Fuddle from out of the puddle, and stands on the road with a staggering stride, then wheeling away from the scene of the fray, he flourished his stick with a hero's pride.

The following notice was observed on the door of one of the churches in London:—"It is particularly requested that mustaches be not worn in this church during divine service."

Dr. Livingston, a missionary, now in Africa, writes home that he entered a native village, "*riding on the back of a hippopotamus.*"

We heard the other day of a young lady whose lips were so sweet that she dared not go into the garden for fear of the bees.

A MAN caught in a railroad collision remarked, that presence of mind is good, but absence of body was much better.



Too good by half.

Tender-hearted Ludy.—*You are very cruel, sir, to kill those dear little innocent lambs!*

Strong-minded Butcher.—*Lord bless you, mar'm, they don't mind it a bit; besides, you wouldn't eat 'em alive, would you?*

**The Moustache Movement.**

"Now girls it's a secret, but I'll tell you. I mean to let my beard and moustaches grow!"

The Lawyer's Horse.

A well-known legal gentleman of St. Louis, Mo., boasts of the possession of a fine horse. Our lawyer friend had tried the animal only once or twice after he had purchased him, both of which trials had proved eminently satisfactory, as on the first he was pitched into a pond, and the second effort landed him handsomely in the hall of a private dwelling on Olive Street, where his abrupt entrance excited the attention of the whole household; but a bloody nose and a bland apology explained "the circumstance," and made it all right. The horse, though a "rum 'un to look at but a good 'un to go," was an object of peculiar favor to his owner, and his great care and thought was to wear the wiry edge off. To this end he generously offered him to every friend he met in street, always stating that he had a fine horse in his stable which was at the service of his particular friends.

One afternoon, however, a reverend gentleman of this city, hearing that the legal gentleman, who, by the by, was a member of his congregation, had a horse, requested the use of him occasionally. The request was readily granted. At the same time the owner told the parson of his vicious propensities, and, with becoming consideration advised him not to try him. The reverend gentleman, however, claimed to be a good horseman, and wasn't the least "skeered." One afternoon he sent for him, and after the horse had been sent round duly caparisoned, he mounted.

Everything went on very well for a square or so, when the horse, with a sudden movement that was peculiar to him, sent his rider over his head, landing him in the street, with his legs and arms outstretched like the Austrian eagle rampant. Shortly after, the owner was relating the circumstance to a party of gentlemen with more minute details than we have given, when one of them, who is a well-known wag, observed:—

"Well, S——, that is the first pious act I ever knew you guilty of. You deserve an honorary membership in some missionary society."

"How so? Do you call loaning a wild horse to a preacher, which came near breaking his neck, a pious act?"

"Yes," said the incorrigible, "it is the first time I ever knew you to do anything towards spreading the gospel."

AN AUSTRIAN HEAVEN.—An Austrian upon being asked for a definition of Paradise, said:—

"I believe it to be a kingdom where you can travel backwards and forwards without a passport."

The Mistake that Mr. Twombly Made.

Mr. Twombly had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of 1, A. M., and went soberly to bed. Mrs. Thomas Twombly was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of the said Thomas, to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring, but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombly, in an apologetic tone, "skuse me! How I came to forget my boots I can't conceive, for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my life."

Mr. Twombly sat on the side of the bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombly thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door, on coming in, he was astonished; and dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain. Mr. Twombly staggered towards the door to close it when, to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approaching from beyond. Twombly stopped; the figure stopped. Twombly advanced again, the figure did the same. Twombly raised his right hand—the figure raised its left. "Who's there?" roared Twombly, beginning to be frightened. The figure made no reply—Twombly raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

Cried Twombly, "I'll find out who you be—you sneak!" He hurled the boot full at the head of the mysterious object when—crash! went the big looking-glass which Twombly had mistaken for the door.

A boy was reading of the curious skin of an elephant.

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked his teacher.

"I have," shouted a little "six year old," at the foot of the class.

"Where?" said the preceptor, quite amused at his earnestness.

"On the elephant!" said he with a provoking grin. He had seen "the elephant," young as he was.



A new Idea.—"Yer drunk again, hey?" "No, my love (hiccup) not drunk, but slippery (hiccup). The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the bottom of my boots (hiccup) till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

The Topic of the Day.

For pity's sake can no one hit
On some new theme for conversation :
Something to let us rest a bit
From this eternal botheration
About the eastern question, and
Its various probable solutions ;
Something to rid us out of hand
Of the one topic now, the Roosh'ns ?

This topic haunts me day and night,
No single hour goes by without it ;
The milkman comes before it's light,
And tells the household all about it.
I ring the bell, the servant brings
Hot water for the morn's ablutions,
Then through the keyhole loudly sings,
"Sir, have you heard about the Roosh'ns ?"

Enraged, I down to breakfast sit,
There lies (I'm it's most constant reader)
The Times—I dare not open it,
I know the subject of the leader.
A knock comes—I am told it is
A man collecting contributions ;
For whom ! "The wives and families
Of those who've gone to fight the Roosh'ns."

I go to town, and want to know
If funds are up, and how to rate 'em ;
I'm answered, "Well, I think they're low
But have you read the *ultimatum*?"
I try again. I ask "How fare
The ministerial resolutions
On the reform." "Eh, oh, they're
Postponed 'till we've thrashed the Roosh'ns."

I go into an inn to dine,
The waiter comes all prime and smirky
And says their poultry's good and fine,
The Czar has not attacked his Turkey.
In the next box I overhear
A talk of Austrians and Proosh'ns ;
I'm pleased, another topic's here :
No, 'tis but "will they help the Roosh'ns?"

The question haunts me every way,
Even the boy that sweeps my office—
Young rascal—asked t'other day
To tell him who prince Menachikoff is,
In reading rooms sought else is read ;
In scientific institutions
Science is set aside—instead,
Folks lecture now about the Roosh'ns.

I cannot sleep a wink all night,
I feel that I am daily sinking ;
I've lost my health and appetite—
The worry's driven me to drinking.
I feel that soon I shall be free
From all these daily persecutions ;
An inquest soon will sit on me :
The verdict "bored to death by Roosh'ns."

Irish Wit.

Not long ago a destitute daughter of Erin walked into an office in Wall street, and in a very insinuating tone, begged for a little support to aid her starving family.

"Why, my good woman," said the comfortable looking gentleman, to whom she had addressed her petition, "you ought to go with your family to the poor house, instead of begging about the streets in this way."

"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be aisy to go to a poorer house nor my own."

The rich man could not answer this clincher with anything less than two shillings, and Norah went out with a smiling face.

Mr. Ferguson says that he ought to be considered a friend of the Maine Law, for he has made as great personal efforts to put down liquor as anybody.

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"James, you should not do so, but act more like a man," said Mrs. Watkins who was correcting her son for disobeying her.

"Why, mam," replied the urchin, "you talk just as if I wasn't a man; for didn't I go to meetin' last night with Sally Snooks, and don't I chaw tobacco, too?"

Western Manners.

At the date of the first Western settlements, the utmost freedom characterized the manners of the pioneer settlers of the West.

Very few of the appliances of modern refinement had found their way into the woods. Fingers used now and then to supply the place of knives and forks, and the mistake of the countryman who supposed a silver fork to be a spoon with slits in it, might have readily occurred.

A friend who was then journeying in that part of the country, chanced upon a small log-house, which, being fatigued and hungry, he entered, and was invited by the occupants to sit down a few minutes till dinner was ready, and then partake with them.

This proposition was altogether too tempting to be declined.

In a few moments an iron pot, full of the soup which had been cooked in it, was placed on the table. The various members of the family gathered round, each provided with a spoon, and helped themselves from a common kettle, without ceremony.

"Come along, stranger," said the woman of the house to our friend, who showed himself a little bashful; "if you don't hurry up your cakes, the boys'll get it all ate up afore you begin. The one that eats the fastest gets the most, that's our way."

Reassured by this invitation, and feeling considerably hungry, our friend no longer hesitated, but dipped in with the rest.

At this point, when the soup was rapidly disappearing beneath the combined efforts of the company, a large dog burst into the room, leaped upon the table, and plunged his nose and fore paw into the kettle, managing to sip up a considerable portion of what remained.

"Get out, you great ca-alf," exclaimed the woman, fetching a smart rap upon the dog's head with her spoon, and compelling him to leap upon the floor. "Get out, you great ca-alf. Haint you no manners, can't you wait for other folks to get through?"

At the same time she leisurely continued the meal which the sudden appearance of the dog had interrupted, apparent-

ly not in the least discomposed by the fact that the dog's nose and paw had been in the kettle.

Our friend dropped his spoon, his appetite was quite gone, and he soon after went on his way, having gained an insight more curious than agreeable into the peculiar manners of the West.

A Physician at Fault.

A physician once told us an anecdote. He, with another physician, had been some time in attendance upon a patient—We believe the man was a baker. One day they went upstairs as usual, looked a moment or two at the poor man, then at each other significantly, and walked out of the room.

On the stairs they met the wife, and tenderly informed her she was a widow; and as a widow she properly conducted herself, and saw the physicians depart.

It so happened that our friend, some weeks after, turning the corner of a street, came suddenly against the baker.

"What! aren't y'r dead?"

"No," said the man, "I recovered as soon as you left me."

A little further on he met the widow that should have been. Perhaps she had less reason to be thankful than her recovered husband. She raised a tumult against the physician, vociferating,—

"Pretty fellows you must be! much you must know of your business, not to know whether a man be living or dead."

From this, he said, he determined henceforward, on most occasions, to use dumb show or ambiguous expressions.

A sedate old blacksmith, originally hailing from the "Keystone State," but who had long made his residence among the tabernacles of the Buckeyes, was expatiating to an admiring auditory on the Pennsylvania anti-railroad policy, and wound up as follows; "Y-a-a-s, these rail roads are bad things. In my younger days, Pennsylvanians had to travel a-horse-back ten or twenty days to reach Ohio, and then they larned something on the way; now the rail roads carry them in as many hours, and set them down as green as when they started! Y-a-a-s, railroads are bad things!"



No. 9.

SEPTEMBER.

Vol. III.



PIERCE'S FIRST VICTORY.

Little Greytown, (to Gen. P—e, log).—GET OUT, YE NASTY GREAT BIG FELLER; AIN'T YOU ASHAMED? WAIT TILL JONATHAN HEARS OF IT. THAT'S ALL.

Jonathan.—YOU'RE A NICE FELLER YOU ARE, TO GO AND ABUSE A LITTLE CHAP LIKE THAT. WHY DIDN'T YE PITCH INTER SPAIN WHEN SHE INSULTED YOU, OR INTER JONNY BULL ABOUT THE FISHERIES. NO! YOU COULD LET THEM SLIDE. I 'SPOSE IT WAS BECAUSE YOU WAS WAITING FOR A CHANCE WITH ONE OF YOUR OWN SIZE. THIRSTING FOR GLORY, WAR'NT YE? WELL, YOU'LL GET IT

NEXT ELECTION.



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EARLY PROFLIGACY.

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—*Aunt Maria, do cats like fish?*

AUNT MARIA.—*Yea. Why?*

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—*'Cause puss seems to have taken a fancy to my eels—(heels.)*
(Young Hopeful is put to bed at once.)

Irish Circumlocution.

If the Irish are to be distinguished as a convivial and a musical, they must also be noticed as a circumlocutory people. Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a by-stander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner.

"The reason, sir! Why, you see that the Justice and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of Adam's copies in it."

"What's that?"

"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnell."

"Oh, there's a man to be hung!"

"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?"

"What's his offence?"

"No offence, your honor; it was only a liberty he took."

"Well, what was that liberty?"

"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulders, than the d—l put it into the crather's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle fair, where he had a great many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a sheebeen-house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then, you see, they got frisky, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to slape on the binch; and when he wouke up, he found the crather gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."

"In short," said I, "you mean that he has been horse-stealing."

"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England!"

After hanging the appointed time, this unfortunate Murdock was cut down and conveyed away by his friends to an adjacent house, where, it being discovered that his neck was not broken, a physician was called in, and the means of resuscitation were successfully employed. He then sank into a sound sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new milk whenever he woke and was thirsty. Two female relatives sat up with him; and the worthy doctor sent them a bottle of whiskey to cheer the tedium of the night; but they, in drinking healths to one and other's families, and long life in especial to Murdock, very soon became too social to be discreet.

When Murdock awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and looking round him wildly, exclaimed—"Where am I, dear lady—in Purgatory?"

"No, no, honey Murdock; don't you know Judy Flin's cabin—your own sister Judy?"

"And is that you, Judy? and is this a bed?" he inquired, quite bewildered.

"To be sure it is Judy," said she, "and this is a bed, though it is not so good a one as I could wish; and here's Molly Dorgan, your own cousin-jarman; and we have both been drinking your health, Murdock and long life to you, wid the whiskey the doctor sent us, to kape the ould blue devil from tazing us."

"But sure I was hangt, Judy," said he.

"Sure enough, darling, for no' returning Farmer Doyle's pony that you borrow-ed; but Doctor Mu ready, blissings on him! who brought you into the world five-and-twenty years ago, has brought you alive agin, after you had been made the picture of the slaping beauty on the government sign-post."

"Why, then," replied Murdock, with a deep sigh, "I don't thank Doctor Mulready; I was very airy where I was. Father O'Connel had forgiven me my sins; my misery was all over, and a swate slape had begun; and here have you brought me back to this dirty world, to beg, steal and starve, as I have done before. I don't thank you, Judy; you never ax'd my consent. And by the powers! since Doctor Mulready has had me born over agin, he shall be at the expinse of bringing me up!"

To mollify Murdock's discontent at this restoration, the women handed him the whiskey bottle (though strictly enjoined by the doctor to give him nothing but milk), which he, seizing with desperation, drained at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in his throat, he struggled gurgled, and fell back upon the bed, beyond the skill of Doctor Mulready to revive again.



INDEPENDENCE.

OLD GENT.—*Why dont you go to work, and stop picking your nose?*

JOHN.—*It's my nose aint it? and it's fourth of July to. I'll pick thunder out of it, if I'm a mind to.*



A DROP TOO MUCH.

One fine morning, last summer, a chap "just from the country," one would suppose, judging from the style of his "harness," was sauntering up the Fifth Avenue, on his way to the great show—the Crystal Palace. His whole appearance, actions and conduct, marked him as a sure victim, in the eyes of the dropping fraternity; and just about this time, too, one of them was "around;" and after going through the usual preliminaries—suddenly seizing an apparently well-filled pocket-book upon the ground, at the feet of his intended victim, at the same time touching his foot in a manner to attract his attention—

"Ah, sir, your pocket-book—just dropped it!" he exclaimed.

"My pocket-book!" asked "country," as if surprised; "I—"

"Yes, sir, your pocket-book—just found it at your feet," continued the "dropper."

"Look a-here, stranger, that ain't my pocket-book, nowow," persisted the countryman.

"Not your's?" says "dropper."

"No, sir! I've got mine safe enough in my trouser's pocket," replied the ruralite.

"Beg your pardon, sir; I really thought you dropped it. It is evidently a well-filled one—contains a large amount of money—and no doubt a large reward will be offered for it," says "dropper."

"Yes! No doubt of it," put it in the countryman.

"Well, now," continued Sharp, "as I intended to leave the city to-day, won't you take the pocket-book, and—"

"Oh, yea, certainly; I'll take it," eagerly answered the ruralite, at the same time extending his huge hand to receive it.

"But, you know, as there will be a handsome reward offered for it, suppose you give me five dollars, and then you can keep all you get."

"Y-e-s! I'll do it. Here's a ten dollar bill. You got five?" asked the verdant.

"Yes, sir, here it is—city bank-bill," promptly answered "dropper."

"Well, now, I don't know anything about your city money; suppose you give me the balance in silver," suggested the countryman.

"I would, my dear sir, with pleasure, if I had it," says "dropper."

"Well, havn't you got gold?" enquired country.

"Yes, I believe I have," and taking from his purse a genuine five dollar gold-piece, he gave it to the countryman.

"Good morning, sir," says he.

"Good morning," returned the supposed victim, and as the "dropper" departed, probably chuckling to himself over the speculation he flattered himself he made, our country friend exclaimed *sotto voce*—

"Ha! ha! Make money at that game, with me. Guess so. Not a bad spec for one morning—got rid of a counterfeit "Ten" got a good "five" and a new pocket book. Try it on again old feller, wont ye ?

Scene in an Editor's Sanctum.

[Enter a man out of breath, and in violent excitement.]

"Are you the editor of this paper?"

"Yes sir."

"Well sir, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?"

"You know Mr. Hill, the shoemaker."

"Yes sir."

"Well, he's swindled me, sir, cheated me outrageously."

"In what way?"

"Why, sir, I bought a pair of shoes there, and asked them if they would exchange them if they were too small. Well, sir, I only wore them twice, and found them too small, and carried them back, and the rascal wouldn't do it. He don't live up to his promises."

"Sorry for it, but I don't see how I can remedy it."

"I tell you, sir, I want you to post him—to inform the public of the way he cheats his customers, and warn everybody that doesn't want to be fleeced, to avoid his shop."

"Couldn't do it, really. It would be a personal attack of the most violent character, such as we never allow ourselves to indulge in."

"Why, sir, isn't the press free. Do we live in despotic Russia, or republican America, sir? I should like to know that."

"The press is not free to traduce private character, or injure private credit."

"Then is there no remedy for this outrageous cheat?"

"I am not sure that Hill is not quite right. You confess that you wore the shoes twice. Do you expect he would be able to sell them after that?"

"Why, no, but I can't wear them, they're too small."

"Then you should have chosen a larger pair."

"Then I am to understand, that you won't accede to my very reasonable request?"

"Couldn't do it, sir."

"Then, sir, you may at once take my name from your subscription list. I will take an untrammelled newspaper or none."

"Certainly, sir, we'll cross out your name, but perhaps you'll find it convenient to pay up the two years' subscription which you owe—"

"Wh—ahem—I—I think on the whole, you may keep my name on for the present."

Exit visitor in a hurry.



A BLACK JOKE.

During the run of "Uncle Tom" at the National, some wags one night as the audience were leaving the theatre, altered the card which is put upon the benches, by substituting a W for the letter B so that the announcement read: "This WENCH IS TAKEN." This they pinned upon the shawl of a sable damsel, coming out, who could not imagine what "de nasty white trash was laffin at."

A Prussian Court Circular.

The following extracts from the Prussian *Court Circular* have been sent to us (we do not mind acknowledging the fact) by the valet of the King of Prussia. This will account at once for their authenticity, to say nothing of the nature of the document itself, that carries within it the most convincing evidence of the truth:

"The King began dressing by first putting on his stockings, then he changed them for socks, then he pulled them off again, and seemed undecided which he should put on. He remained in that state for a quarter of an hour when he sent in the greatest hurry for his pedicure. In the meantime, his Majesty dressed, and when the pedicure arrived, he said he did not want him.

"At nine o'clock the King rang for his shaving-water, and when I took it to him he was very angry that I had not brought him his chocolate, which was no sooner ready than he said he should prefer a cup of tea.

"The King, when dressed, was pleased to intimate his intention that he was going to sneeze, but suddenly changing his mind, he coughed instead.

"The King, before going into the garden, stood contemplating two hats, which were hung up in the palace hall. One hat was white, the other black. He first put on one, and then the other. This he repeated at least a hundred times, when, quite uncertain which one he should put on, his Majesty went out at last without any hat at all.

"In the afternoon, his Majesty complained of a slight touch of the gout in the right foot. His attendants, schooled by long patience and experience, into the instability of all royal wishes and feelings, sent for a quantity of ice; nor were they much out in their calculations, for in less than ten minutes afterwards, His Majesty was attacked with a violent pain in the head, and if the delay of a second had taken place in applying the ice to his temples, His Majesty might probably have changed his mind, and have been seriously laid up with an attack of small pox.

"After dinner, the King ordered his carriage round with the intention of repairing to the Royal Chapel. His coachman, however, drove him to the Opera House. His Majesty seemed much pleased at the sagacity of the man having so accurately anticipated his wishes.

"A Cabinet Council had been ordered at 2 o'clock, in

order to revise the eternally-promised Constitution, which every right-minded Prussian has long since abandoned all hope of ever seeing. The Ministers, when they assembled, surprised His Majesty in the garden playing at skittles—an athletic game in which His Majesty is fond of spending the greater part of the business hours. It was curious to see the ministers, far from being surprised, pull off their coats, and join their sovereign in the sport.

"The King, feeling unwell in the evening, sent round to the chemist's for 'his usual physic.' The servant returned with a large box, which, upon being opened, turned out to be a case of champagne. His Majesty took a couple of doses, and felt considerably better.

"The King, before retiring to rest, wrote autograph letters to the Queen of England and the Emperor of the French, assuring them of his steadfast (*standhaft*) sympathy and cordial co-operation. This augurs favorably for Russia, and, in fact, the troops were ordered the next morning to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice towards the Austrian frontier."

A Valuable Dog.

A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him of said he was thorough bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog though, for the moment he sees any suspicious looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Finally, we gave him away and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit in which he has torn up the patches that had been sown for our spring radish.

THE CONNECTING LINK
BETWEEN TIME AND
ETERNITY.



PERIPETETIC ADVISER.—*You let me be, will yer, I aint a doin' nothin' am I, say?*
POLICEMAN.—*Aint you though! aint you got all the street in a general scream
and don't everybody who sees your sign bust out a laughing so loud that they
frighten the horses? Come on!*

"Did I ever tell how near I came to losin' me election as Senator?" said the Squire.

"No, I b'lieve not."

"Well, it was altogether owing to Waterem's not having a sufficient supply of liquor on hand. You see the main strength of our party lies in the upper end of the county—specially among the inhabitants of the Swamp, as it is called. So you see, about two days before the election; I sends Sam up among the Swampers with five gallons of the real hardware—tremendous stuff—knock a horse down—the last Waterem had on hand. About four hours back came Sam, horse in a perspiration, himself in a fright, and every thing indicating an untoward state of affairs.

"What's the matter, Sam?" said I.

"Matter?" said he, "matter enough—you have outraged the feeling of the virtuous Swampers; they swear that any man who expects to go to the Senate for three years, and can't afford ten gallons of whisky, is too mean for the post and they won't vote for him."

"Matters looked squally enough. Only one other store-keeper within a day's ride and he a Whig. Of course he wouldn't sell liquor to me so near election."

"What did you do?"

"Called a council of war immediately—Lawyer Ross and several more. Ross proposed a letter of apology to the disaffected. Rejected—wouldn't do without the whisky. Cale Alwright was the fellow to help us out, always full of expedients. He proposed to water the liquor up to the right quantity. We did so, but on trying it found it much too weak for our friends. Stuff wouldn't go down with them. Cale asked if we had any other spirits; handed him about a gallon of gin; in it went; tasted it; not strong enough. Found about a quart of rum—poured it in. Sam tried it; 'too weak,' said he. We were at our wit's end. 'Red pepper,' said Cale. It was brought; in

then in hot haste let off 'Old Copenhagen' for thunder. The worms 'cut and run,' while the manufacturer of the domestic article lay with his back to the earth, rendered oblivious from the knocks caused by the re-percussion action of the thunder machine."

"The following pertinent question," says a correspondent, "was recently addressed to a lawyer of our acquaintance at a fair in a neighboring village:—'If distance lends enchantment to the view, and view refuses to return it, can distance recover any legal redress?'"

The man who could see through a mill-stone, has been engaged to penetrate a certain granite building, with his eyes, to find out the secrets of the "Know-Nothings."



YOUNG AMERICA (log.)—*I agrees with you Charley, my boy, we are a little too fast, I shall knock off and try to exist on only twenty cigars a day. But it wont do to stop the grog you know.*

went a pound; he stirred it up, "Capital," said he. We tried it, and nearly blistered our throats; it would have killed rats. Sam took it up the next day, explaining that it was all owing to the scarcity of liquor in the neighborhood—that a fresh supply of the best "Old Monegahale" had been obtained, and invited a trial of its merits. They were mollified—pronounced it the "ral' stuff," and I became Senator by a majority of two hundred votes."

HOME-MADE THUNDER.—One of our correspondent's tells the following amusing story of a Western farmer:

"A man in our 'diggins' was informed that thunder was death to creepin' insects and being much troubled with worms in his garden, and despairing, too, of any thunder of nature's manufacture resolved to have some of domestic production. Pursuant to this determination, he charged an old musket, muzzle full, took a pail of water and a lantern, proceeded to the cabbage garden, rained on all the plants copiously from his bucket, made the lantern open and shut ~~some~~, by way of lightning, and off 'Old Copenhagen' for thunder. The worms 'cut and run,' while the manufacturer of the domestic article lay with his back to the earth, rendered oblivious from the knocks caused by the re-percussion action



IMPUDENT YOUNG CLERK.—*I say old 'un they've got you down in the auction catalogue.*

OLD 'UN.—*Me? What do you mean?*

CLERK.—*Yes here it is. "Lot 461. One tub of fat."*

INITIATING AN OUTSIDER.

A KNOW-NOTHING YARN.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning, aroused from the dullness usually pervading the pious, prim and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—

"What's it all about?" "When did they come?" "How many are they?" "What do they look like?" "Did you see 'em?" "Are they human critters?" "What are they going to do?"

"Who?" "What?"

"The Know-Nothings!"

"Know-Nothings?" says a native.

"Know-Nothings."

"Well, I'd give a fo'pence to know," continued the native, "what in sin it's all about?"

"O, you havn't seen 'em, eh?" says a jolly, round visaged, bright eyed individual, who, with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night came, saw, and took the town. "Hav'n seen 'em?"

"Seen who?" says the native.

"The Know-Nothings."

"Know-Nothings! Wall, I kinder cal'late I have a few."

"O, you are one of 'em, eh!"

"Look a here, squire, of yeour don't want to be squattin cross-legged in yon heap o' sand, I cal'late yeou'd better not say my edocation has been neglected in any sich a way."

"Not at all, my dear friend; I only predicted that you were a—that is, hang it—I mean do you know what's out?"

"Yees; I'll tell yeou what's out, squire."

"Good; what is it?"

"A writ agin Josh Pruden for breakin' the Sabbath all tew flinders, playin' keards in Deacon Dinkle's barn."

"Pshaw!" said the jolly man, "I don't mean that sort of work, I suppose you are like the rest of these Know-Nothings, too sly, eh?—to be caught?"

"Squire, do you chaw?"

"Yes," said the jolly looking man.

"Hand us yeour tobacco, then."

"Yes, I don't chaw."

"Git eout! gettin' kinder sharp-set too, I cal'late. Now look a here, squire, I gin tew expect yeour from York."

"I 'spect you are correct in your remarks."

"Wall, I knew yeou was; can tell yeou fellers a mile off; o' yea, can, by kingdom. Now, I cal'late there's somethin'

goin' on, that's a fact—all-firedest reow around this yer town, this mornin', 'bout somethin', a feller ever hearn."

"Ah, that's what I was comin' at. Now they say, you've got up a new invention—a new-fangled society, or a new order, party, or sect, or something that's bound to get Christendom in an uproar; how is it?"

"Eh, yes; when they goin' to begin it, squire?"

"O, you git eout, sly dog, ain't you one of 'em?"

"What! them fellows that's goin' to raise sin, and break things?"

"I don't know; I only ask you"—continued the squire, "I only ask for information, you see."

"Wall, neow, look a here, a feller never made much by dod-rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and ginaler edication; and a feller hates to come right deown and confess he don't know nothing, that's a fact; but, squire, I've got to acknowledge the corn, a-a-and it's no use talkin', but darn my buttons to apple sass, ef I wunt, as poor a fellow as I be, gin ten shillins and upwards to know what's kinder busted raound here."

"Would you?"

"Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, I guess yeour the critter kin jest tell us all about it!"

"I'm just the man that can."

"I knew yeou be! Grea-a-t kingdom, let's hear all about it."

"His-a-h," said the humorous man. "his-a-h! I've been sounding you."

"Yeou don't say so?" echoes the citizen of Nutmeg.

"Yes, sir; we have to be cautious."

"Eh, yes," abstractedly responds the Nutmeger.

"Can't speak out to everybody."

"So,"

"Yes, sir; now I know you're a good egg."

"Aigga?"

"Good egg—sound to the core!"

"Seound? wouldn't wonder, never allin' but once in my hull life; then I had the darndest scratchin' time yeou ever did see, I reckon. Ever had the itch, squire?"

"Never, thank you."

"O, not at all, squire, you are quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the Ingini."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper, an idea of what's up; and if you love your country—"

"Mo?"

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"



POLICEMAN.—*Come, you must walk.*

INBRIERATED GENT.—*(hic) I havn't (hic) the slightest objection if you're going my way.*



INDISCREET OLD LADY, (to her friend, *log.*)—*What, Charlotte, is this your husband? I thought the gentleman I saw you with at "Taylor's" the other day was he!* (The feelings of the husband may be imagined, but cannot be described.)

"Grea-a-t Fourth of July! pitch in the big licks, squire."

"Our own dear native land?"

"That's the ginger! go it, squire!" says Nutmeg.

"Well, sir; now you just follow me over to the hotel, so; now take a chair. Here we are; now I'll give you the secret. You see this is a grand secret society."

"Eh, yes."

"And the greatest secresty is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands, high above your head, so; now swear."

"Swear? can't dew it, squire—agin my religion."

"Are you an American?"

"Am I? I ain't nothin' else, by Bunker Hill!"

"Will you stand by your country?"

"Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn!"

"Then swear, that you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and the stripes, and never reveal the secrets."

"Fourth of July, and Bunker Hill!" chimes in the excited Yankee.

"That's it good, good egg?" said the humorous man. "Now, sir, you are one of us, you are a Know-Nothing."

"You dunt say so!"

"Yes, sir; now we have some mysterious signs and countersigns, by which you can tell a brother of the society. When you see a man looking at you with his right eye shut, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar—should he be smoking—in the left side of his mouth—you may know he's a Know-Nothing."

"Eh, yes."

"Well, then, you go towards him, and shut your left eye, so; you bite your thumb, of the left hand, if he bites—"

"Bites?"

"Yes, if he *bites*; if he is really one of 'em, he will say something in a grumbling tone—something like 'what do you mean?' or 'do you mean that for me?' Then he bites, you see; then you advance close, and say, slowly 'niz a weedin cully!'"

"Dutch, ain't it?" says Yankee.

"Well, no, not exactly, it's our language. Then he'll say, 'what do you mean?' mind, he'll be very apt to say that, once or twice, sure. You reply, 'nibs,' don't forget, 'nibs,—stag his nibs cally!'"

"Nibs,' eh, yeas."

"Nibs, cully, how's nibs?" You then approach close up, shut the right eye, grab his hand, and put your left forefinger alongside of your nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it!"

"He will? How many fellows in this town have joined this society?"

"O hundreds; nearly everybody you meet are members; it's raising the greatest excitement imaginable!"

"Beats Millerites? I was one of them."

"Beats every thing out, sir. Now here's the oath; you swear by this emblem"—(elevating a boot jack.)

"What, a boot jack?"

"Yes, it looks like a jack, but it ain't, it's a blind, a mystery; we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these, our secrets, so help you Independence day! Now, to-night, there will be a crowd near the depot, about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to the secret chamber, where you will learn more particulars. Now scoot."

"Eh, yes;" and Nutmeg left.

He had just got into the street, when a veritable sign met his eyes. A long-legged, double fisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molars. The man with the closed eye, looked daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, or doing something like it, inwardly.

"Nix a weedin cully!" says Nutmeg, advancing.

"What in yaller thunder, d'y'e mean? say!" says the one-eyed man.

"Nibs—Stag his nibs, cully, how's nibs?" continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long, sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, mistrusting the move meant no good, draws off, and puts in such a "soul paw" that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—*cobiff!*

"God darn you, ain't you one of 'em? Why didn't you say so!" bawls Nutmeg, travelling into the hotel to find the Professor of Know-Nothingness, and settle his *hash*! But Professor Pete Morris had suddenly left for parts unknown! Nutmeg has been looking for Pete, for some time.

ANECDOCE.—The following is literally true. A Methodist deacon arose in meeting to "tell his experience," and said, "the devil is a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour: blessed be his holy name!"





MISERY OF EDITORS.

EDITOR (Just come in for his "copy.")—*Why, John, what's that your burning?*
JOHN.—*Och, nothin' sir at all, but a lit of paper that's writ all over. Divil a clane pace is gone at all.*

The Alligator Story.

"Did I ever tell you my adventure with the alligator?" said Sam to his friend Tom, as they stood on the deck of the steamboat Henry Clay, as she went puffing and plowing, throwing up the muddy waters of the Mississippi.

"I guess not," said Tom.

"Well, it's some time ago, before your steamboats scared the creters way back into the dry settlements, the alligators used to cum out on the river, and bark at the dogs on board our broad horns, and if ever a brave fellow of a dog (as they did sometimes) jumped over after them, they'd gather up their tails, which you know, does them for hand, and raising their upper jaw, they'd chew him up handsomely. Indeed, the varmints seem to love dog meat better than any other, and they were sich divils that they used to try to climb up into the boat to git at our dogs; so we used to stand guard to keep them off every night. Well, as I was saying, we were going up the Mississippi one night in a fine new boat, the current was pretty much as it is now, and we had guards to keep off the alligators, as we had some fine pups on board that we didn't want them to git at; well, as nigh as I could reckon 'twas about midnight, and mighty dark, with a great, thick fog all about us, so thick that you could hardly walk through it: well, I felt a terrible bump against the head of the boat, and then the guards sung out 'a snag, a snag!' I went to look, and sure enough there it was, as big as the body of a common-size tree, through and through our bran-new boat; so says I, there's no use in grieving: so I trusted to Providence and went to sleep. About light I got up and went to see how things were going, and bless your soul, what do you think it was?"

"Guess 'twant an alligator," said Tom.

"Yes, but it was; the varmint had played the snag, and run his head clean through and through our boat up to the dog's bed on deck; he had eaten them all clean up but one large pup, who had got crossways in the creter's throat so he couldn't pull his head out from the boat again, because he couldn't shut his jaws, and was fast wiggling his tail about in the water for all the world like a whirwind."

"But how did you get him out?" said Tom.

"Why, I'll tell you: we cut his head off smooth with the deck, and tied up his tail—he fitted so tight we didn't leak a drop, but went on."

Spoilt by Riches.

People grow covetous by degrees. We have a neighbor who was once benevolent; but he was poor then. He could not do much for needy, but was glad to do what he could. Prosperity has crowned his efforts; he is wealthy, but with his wealth he has become covetous. Now it is hard for him to give. He clings to his money as if it was for his life. Not long since a widow of his acquaintance by hard labor had collected enough as she supposed, to purchase a barrel of flour, and proceeded to the gentleman's store to buy. But flour had that week advanced twenty-five cents.

"Can you not sell me a barrel for this money?" she asked.

"We can sell our flour for full price," was the reply.

"Will you trust me?"

"We can sell our flour for cash."

She went away, and the next day, with the additional twenty-five cents, returned again. But the flour had advanced twenty-five cents more. "Here is the money Mr.—; will you send me up a barrel of flour to-day? we are out entirely."

"No, we must have twenty-five cents more."

"You said yesterday that was the price?"

"Flour has advanced."

She got no flour. The widow's family might starve before he would sell a shilling less than the highest market price. Riches had destroyed his soul.



What we may expect to see soon.

MR. HARD-HUSK, AN IRASCIBLE GENTLEMAN, USED TO HIS AFTER-DINNER NAP, IS CHEATED OUT OF IT BY A BUZZING MOSQUITOE.



ON DESPERATE DEEDS INTENT, MR. HARDHUSK KEEPS HIS EYE ON HIM

A Candid Opinion.

"Well, Charles, what do you think of Mrs. Cocrudge? Is she not a very amusing character?" asked a young lady the other day, of her accepted admirer, in reference to a garrulous and scandal-spreading dame who had just left their company.



AND ANXIOUSLY WAITS FOR HIM TO SETTLE, IN ORDER TO SETTLE HIM.

"Why, really, my love," replied the gentleman, I would suppose Mrs. Cockroach to be one of the *bug* or *flea* family, she is such an intolerable *back-biter*."

The young lady said he was "very naughty," and she was right.



HE LAYS THE PLATTERING UNCTION TO HIS SOUL THAT HE HAS



BUT HE PROVES THE FALLACY OF HUMAN HOPES BY DISCOVERING THAT HE HASN'T.

Matrimonial Wishes.

A happy pair, in smart array,
By holy church united,
From London town, in open shay,
Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be
So (dreaming of no pun)
Quoth John, "I hope my dear, that we
May have a little sun."

To which his bride, with simple heart,
Replied ('twas nature taught her)
"Well—I confess—for my own part,
I'd rather have a daughter!"



AFTER FIGHTING AGAINST FATE AND THE MOSQUITOE, TILL HUMAN NATURE CAN ENDURE NO MORE, MR. HARDHUSK SEEKS THE SHELTER AND SHADE OF HIS BANDANA, AND DEFIES ALIKE THE BUZZING, BILLS AND BITES OF HIS ENEMIES.

We read in the newspapers that a Mr. Glue has married Miss Holliday.

Most happy of men! who in taking a wife
Has a Holliday won for the rest of his life!
Be constant and faithful and tender and true,
Love her dearly and well, and stick to her like Glue.

The following singular advertisement appears in a Canada paper. It is as French as little bonnets:

"All dose peops what I owes
I'll not ax e'm for dat,
But all dose peops what owes me
Must pay me up immediat."



Sweets to the Sweet.

Cosmetics for the hair are as plent. as black-berrys. From the Laplander who saturates his ropy locks with putrified blubber, and whose "offence is rank, and smells to heaven," to the Broadway swell, who indulges in a shillings worth of beautification, at a fashionable *frizzeur*, the majority of mankind are addicted to "putting something on the hair," either to make it as the advertisements say "soft, glossy, and silky," or to "prevent its turning grey," or for some other reasons, best known to those who invent them.

The last new Specific for the hair, is the much be-puffed *Akermoglibogicarunfuglerlarium*, which not only imparts all that "beauty &c." but it is said will even produce a crop of bristles upon an old saddle skirt. Mr. Wriggles, an "old boy" who from early piety, carrying a bottle in his hat, or from some other cause, was fast becoming bald-headed, heard of this famous composition, and rested not until he had obtained it, and taking a bottle home one night, opened it ready for use in the morning. Mr. Wriggles rose with the dawn. He hastily drew on his nether garments, and then proceeded at once to try, for the first time, the virtues of the hair restoring compound.

Mr. Wriggles, thought it smelt queer, was sticky to the touch, and after rubbing it well in, according to the directions he had read on the bottle the night before, experienced no inconsiderable difficulty in getting the comb through his hair. After much perseverance, however, he got it into something like its usual position, and full of hope, took a walk in the garden. The sun was just rising, the flowers just expanding, and Mr. Wriggles felt comfortable and happy. He walked near the hives, "the little busy bees" were just issuing forth to "improve the shining hour." He thought they buzzed unusually loud, and to his surprise as he walked away the buzzing increased, both in quantity and quality of tone, and he found himself incircled in a perfect halo of bees. They were very familiar, one lighted just above his ear, he raised his hand to knock it off and kercked off his hat. In a moment, his head was covered, he was in agony, he rushed away, the bees followed him, he brushed and rushed, he cursed, he swore, the insatiable little monsters refused to be baffled. At last he reached his chamber and with the assistance of Mrs. Wriggles, succeeded in ridding himself of his persecutors. Badly stung, his head swollen to the size of a half bushel, his nose as large as two noses ought to be, one eye closed, and the other shutting up shop very fast, he damned the hair restorative. "The what?" said Mrs. Wriggles, "the hair restorative is not touched, there it stands!" With his one eye, Mr. W. distinctly saw that in the uncertain light of the morning he had mistaken the bottle, and rubbed his head with *Hire Syrup*, which Mrs. W. "kept handy" for the use of young master

Wriggles, when that interesting specimen of baby-hood was troubled with that infantile scourge the *croup*.

The Honey it contained attracted the bees, and Mr. Wriggles' experience taught him to let his locks alone, and was ever after that, a firm believer in the truth of the adage, that "grey hairs are honorable."

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—We have a recollection of having read, of the following scene in court:

Drunken Attorney.—If the Court please, I think that this witness is, by his own showing, interested in the event of this case. I object, on that ground, to his further testimony. If a man swear himself into the possession of two hundred dollars in this Court, why all I have to say is, that this is a d—l of a pretty Court of Justice!

Topsy Judge.—Mr. Brown, your objection seems to be well taken. The witness may retire from the stand. This Court permits no profane language in its presence.

Your language, Mr. Brown, seemed to be d—d profane. You are fined five dollars for contempt of Court.

Drunken Attorney (slightly sobered by the fine).—Why your Honor has just made use of profane language yourself

Topsy Judge (getting more tipsy by his efforts to collect his ideas).—Did the Court use profane language? Well, then, the Court fines itself. Here's the money, Mr. Clerk. This Court intends to preserve its dignity, without any regard to the expense.

A lady friend of mine was, a few evenings ago, entertaining our little one with some fancy tale, a bright, jolly boy, of about four years old, with a special fondness for pictures and stories, and a "realizing sense," such as only children have. In passionate glee he listened to the end, when he suddenly broke forth:

"Mother, was I born then?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, I wish God had made me quicker, so I might have been there!"

Pretty Good for the Bee.—A Boston correspondent having said that there are three thousand Know-Nothings in that city, the Bee thus plants its sting!—"Did the editor count himself? If not, there are three thousand and—one!"



The Effect of the new Police Uniform.

SENTIMENTAL, (BUT MISTAKEN YOUNG LADY.)—Oh if there isn't that handsome young army officer again. Poor fellow, I must really take pity on him. He fairly haunts the front of our house.



ON TIME.

SCENE.—A dangerous place on a bad road.)

OLD GENT, (to driver log).—Take care driver, don't go so fast. You'll upset the coach and break all our necks.

DRIVER.—That's none o' my business. I'm behind time.

RICH.—Of the Bishop of London a tolerable story is afloat. Wanting some alterations done in the Palace of Fulham, he employed a first rate architect to inspect the building and consult as to what was needed to be done. The business occupied the latter three or four hours, and the Bishop, on his report of the expense, determined not to proceed. He said, however,—

“Be good enough to tell me for how much I shall draw a cheque on account of the trouble you have taken.”

“I thank your lordship,” was the reply; “a hundred guineas.”

“A hundred guineas?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Why, many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service.”

“Very true, my lord, but I am a bishop in my profession!”

The cheque was drawn and handed over in silence; but the Bishop sighed at the thought how a mitred architect could charge the clergy.

A friend of ours has an “equal, undivided interest” in a charming piece of personal property, a bright-eyed intelligent little girl, of five sunmers’ experience, who rejoices in the name of “Alice.” In the family is a servant girl, whose horror is rats, and who, chancing on one of the long tailed animals in the cellar, makes a most un-Chinese stampede, shouting “rats!”

“Alice” sleeps in a crib, so low that, placing one foot on the inside of it, she can easily spring in. A few evenings since, her mother was attending her to bed, when she said: “Mamma, do you know how I get to bed so quick?” “No,” was the reply. “Well,” said Alice, in great glee, “I step one foot over the crib, and then I say rats, and scare myself right in!” If any “five year old” can beat that, “trot 'em out.”

Vulgarisms Exemplified.

“Keep cool,” as the bull-frog said to the toad.

“Keep dark,” as the robber said to the moon.

“Keep still,” as the debtor said to his brother borrower.

“Look out,” as the rat in the hole said to her young one.

“Shut up,” as the lobster said to the oyster.

“Button up,” as the tailor said to the youngster.

“Hold your jaw,” as the dentist said to the man whose tooth he was about to extract.

“Go a(h) head!” as the rhymer said when spurring his brains.

“We hear enough,” as the culprit said to the Judge on hearing a part of his sentence.

“We hear ducks,” as the foxes said at the fowl-house door.

“I'm the last child,” as the youngster of the family said.

“I'm dressed to kill, as the butcher said in the slaughter house.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—A California poet gives the following lesson on politeness to the juveniles of the gold region :

‘Indeed, my friends, far better it would seem
Were you to choose the other extreme—
Like one down east, who an umbrella took,
And from the rain gave shelter to a duck;
Who to a limping dog once lent his arm,
And to a sitting hen said, don't raise, ma'am.
Nor e'n to lifeless things respect did lack—
Said always to a chair, “excuse my back.”
“Excuse my curiosity,” he said to books,
And to the looking glass, “excuse my looks.”

Gil Blas one day by humor led,
To old Sangrado slyly said,
“Why not resort to pukes and pills,
Since all your bleeding only kills?”
The sage replied, “Good Master Blas,
That, sure, would write me down an ass,
Who, in defence of bleeding, took
Such time and toil to write a book.”

If the above hits the “Old School,” Charles Lamb hit the hydropathists harder when he said—“Water Cure was as old as the Deluge, only that the first great application happened to kill more than it cured.”



- The boy who loves to back her, (tobacco).



A NEEDFUL WARNING.

There's a nice large slice of bread and molasses. But don't go near Wall street with it, or some of those rascally brokers will steal it from you.

Mr. Slow on Sympathy.

"BIMBLECH," said Mr. Slow, solemnly extending his arm like a pump handle, "you are now old enough to understand the words of wisdom—being eleven and a half, in other words half-past eleven—and I wish to advise you never to interfere with nobody, nor to interfere with nothing that don't belong to you. Shut yourself up, like a gold eagle in your pocket-book, and don't get spent in too much concern for others. If people is inclined to go to ruin, let 'em go if they've a mind to—what business is it of your'n? If neighbors quarrel, what business is it of your'n? Let 'em fight it out. Why should you risk your precious head in trying to save theirs? When you trade, allers looks to your side of the bargain; and leave the one you are trading with to look arter his. It he gets bit 'taint your fault. Take keer of number one is scripter, the real golden rule, and he that acts unto it never can die poor. Never have anything to do with sympathy. Sympathy doesn't pay. 'Taint worth one cent. But if you must be sympathetic because it's pop'lar, be sure before you begin that it ain't agoin to cost you anything and then p'raps 'twill do to invest in it. Nob'dy never lost anything by not being generous, so lay by for yourself what folks expects you to give to poor people and other vagabonds, and when you are old it will not depart from you. You will have something to count on to make you happy. Pay your doctor's bills, confound a hospital, and buy a gravestone full of exalted werieos. Be careful 'Bimelech, allers look arter the main chance, and beware of sympathy."

OUR UNCLE JOSHUA.—We have often heard of men who could hold but one idea in their heads at one time. It is not so with our Uncle Joshua. As he sat down to dinner the other day, he asked a blessing in these words:—"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us duly thankful!" and added, in the same breath: "*Sally, that steak is burnt to a crisp!*"

The gateway to a woman's heart is through her ear. Just pile in the rosy adjectives and flood Miss Swallow with flat-tery, and the contents of her ribs are yours respectfully, Mr. Brown.

Odds and Ends.

ECONOMY is one of the institutions. Mrs. Thimbles says it is everything. Mrs. Thimbles means so. Mrs. Thimbles keeps boarders, and practices what she preaches. Mrs. Thimbles gets a very scant breakfast, and makes up with profuse apologies. What is left, is fricassee for dinner. She has "had so much to do" during the forenoon, that "really, gentlemen, you must excuse any short comings to-day." At supper, Mrs. Thimbles has a plenty of cold water, but very little provender. Mary the cook is sick, and she hopes "the boarders" will "consider things." Mrs. Thimbles is pretty; and in consideration of this fact, Messrs. Jones, Smith, Jenkins, and others, tolerate her "economy." Nothing like economy—and Mrs. Thimbles Try both and see.

A correspondent says: A steam-boat friend of ours "let on" on as follows, the other day, just after the steamboat Magnolia arrived: "A good looking fellow stopped all last week at Major Bell's hotel, at Cahaba, and ordered his baggage down to the boat and went down himself, without paying his bill. Said the Major, "Sir, you must not leave without paying your bill. I can't afford to hire servants, and pay for provisions and board people for nothing!"

"You can't! well, why in thunder, then, don't you sell out to somebody that can?" Our informant is anxious to chalk that man's hat, both ways, as a slight tribute of respect for his magnificent impudence.



Fancy Stocks.

TOM.—Tim, why is Crystal Palace stock like Frank Pierce?

TIM.—Don't know.

TOM.—Because it has become "small by degrees and beauti-fully less."



*THE HEAD AND FRONT OF THE OFFENDING' OF A MODEN BELLE.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN.

After (a long way) the "Battle of the Baltic."

Of Hollins and Nicaragua,
Sing the glorious days renown,
When to battle fierce came forth,
All the might of San Juan,
And her shanties along the creek proudly shone,
Each darkey had his gun,
And the Mayor of that noble city led them on.

II.

Like a Leviathan afloat,
Lay her bulwarks on the brine ;
While the stars and stripes unfurled,
On board the ship Cyane !
'Twas thirteen of July morn by the chime,
When to anchor in the bay,
Came the gallant old Cyane.

III.

But the might of Hollins finished,
To anticipate the scene,
And the shot the fleeter rushed,
O'er the deadly space between,

" Let her rip," our captain cries, when each gun,
From its Adamantine lip,
Spread a death-shade round the ship,
And made the darkies run.

IV.

Again ! Again ! Again !
And the havoc did not slack !
Shot through, their flag-staff fell
In a crack.
'Twas soon the Nicaraugans were punished for their
sins,
Our balls their shanties knocked about
Like ten pins.

V.

Up spoke great Hollins then—
Why waste our shot and shell ?
Why not set the town on fire, and send them
All to h—ll ?
I'll sit like Nero, fiddling at old Rome,
O'er a wild and woeful sight,
When the conflagration wide
Lights the gloom.

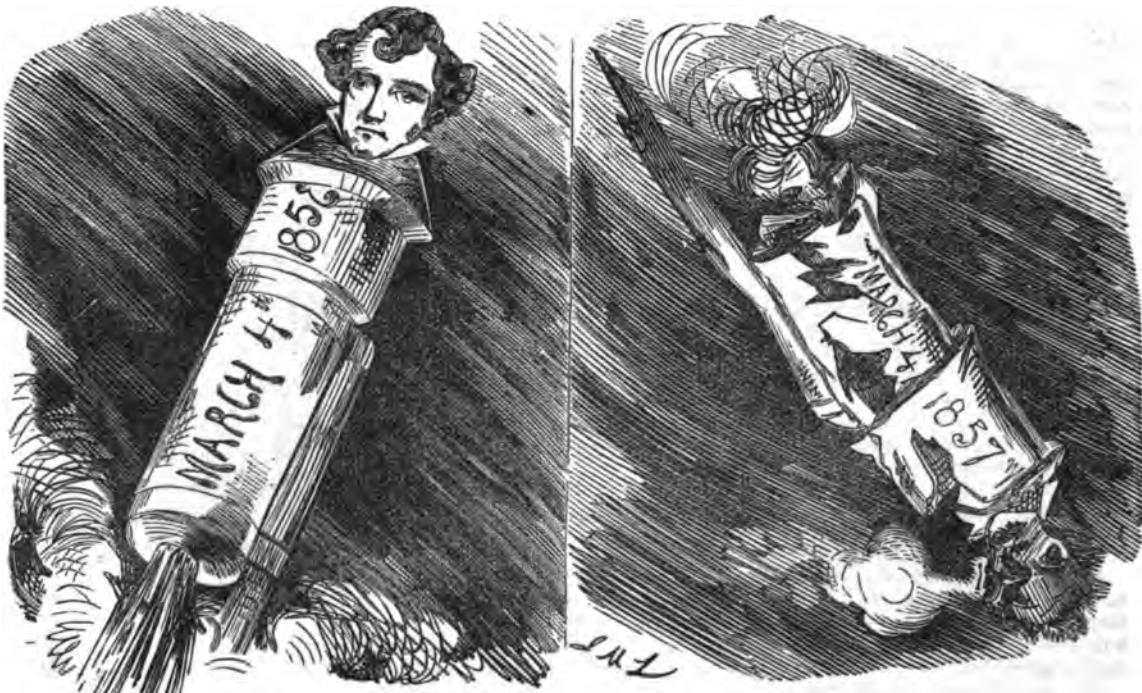
VI.

"Twas a nice job for Pickering,
And well he did it, too ;
And long the citizens of San Juan
That day will rue.
We had ample awnings spread,
To keep off the Tropic sun,
And without one killed on either side,
This victory was won.

VII.

Now joy Columbia raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities blaze,
By might, not right.
What the good ship Cyane has done,
She'll do some other day,
And the Hero of Nicaragua
Sailed away.

The San Francisco Sun is responsible for the following :—“We met a grammarian, who had just made an unsuccess-
ful tour through the mines, conjugating, or rather cog-
itating, thus: “Positive mine: comparative miner: superla-
tive minus.”



THE ROCKET AND THE STICK.

“Now lies he there and none so poor to do him reverence”—(Shakespeare.)



A Model Clerk.

YOUNG MAN.—*I called to see about the clerkship you advertise as vacant?*

OLD GENT.—*Hem! Have you a gold watch and chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits of clothes, a bulldog, a thousand cigars, a cask of brandy, and an assortment of canes?*

YOUNG MAN.—*Yes, sir, got 'em all.*

OLD GENT.—*Then you'll suit. My other clerk furnished himself with all those things out of the till, so as you're supplied I'll save the expense.*

Examination of a Witness.

One of our correspondents publishes the following as a correct statement of the manner in which some of the limbs of the law in the Crescent City question their witnesses before the Recorder's Court. Who that has had much to do at courts in this city, has not often heard equally absurd questions put to witnesses on their cross-examination?

Patrick O'Flagherty was arraigned for committing an assault and battery on Michael O'Connell. A promising limb of the law, Mr. Vivacity, has been employed by O'Flagherty to conduct the case for him, having succeeded in impressing upon the mind of that individual the desperate nature of his case, and that it lay in his power alone to save him from the penitentiary. The assault and battery are supposed to have occurred in a certain apartment, in a certain house, on a certain street, at a certain hour of the night, while the parties and witnesses were engaged in playing a game of cards. Mr. Bright is a principal witness in the case, and accordingly Mr. Vivacity calls him to the stand, when the following dialogue took place.

Lawyer.—State to the Court if you were in the room, and witnessed what transpired between the accused and prosecutor.

Witness.—Was in the room and saw what transpired.

Lawyer.—Was there a table in the room?

Witness.—There was.

Lawyer.—What was on that table?

Witness.—A pack of cards.

Lawyer.—What kind of cards were they?

Witness.—Playing cards.

Lawyer.—Were they Spanish cards, French cards, or Scotch cards.

Witness.—They were Scotch cards.

Lawyer.—Scotch cards? You're sure they were Scotch cards? Your Honor hears. The witness says he is sure they were Scotch cards. Mr. Clerk, I would like you to take a note of that—it is a very important point. What were the parties assembled round the table doing with those cards?

Witness.—They were playing.

Lawyer.—What game were they playing?

Witness.—Poker

Lawyer.—What kind of a poker were they playing—draw-poker, full-deck poker, or twenty-deck poker?

Witness.—They were playing draw-poker.

Lawyer.—Draw-poker? You are sure they were playing draw-poker? Your honor will remember that witness says they were playing draw-poker—that is another very important point.

Recorder.—What do you expect to adduce, Mr. Vivacity, from all this testimony? I can't see that it has any bearing on the case.

Lawyer.—We're coming to that, your honor, by-and-by; at present, I assure you, it is of the greatest importance to the matter at issue. Please state to the Court, (turning to witness,) as near as you can recollect, the dimensions of the aforesaid table.

Witness.—As near as I can recollect, it was about four feet square.

Lawyer.—What kind of wood was it made of?

Witness.—Walnut, I believe.

Lawyer.—Were you seated at the table?

Witness.—I was.

Lawyer.—What side of the table were you seated at?

Witness.—At the side next to the fire-place.

Lawyer.—Ah! ah! then there was a fire-place in the room? Your honor sees we are coming to the facts at last. What kind of a fire-place was it?

Witness.—Well, I don't know; it was like all other fire-places, I believe, however.

Lawyer.—Well, state to the court whether or not that fire-place had a grate in it!

Witness.—The fire-place had a grate in it.

Lawyer.—Ah! the fire-place had a grate in it? Do you hear that, your honor? The witness has stated upon his oath that the fire-place had a grate in it. Now, sir, can you state whether there was wood or coal in that grate?

Witness.—There was coal in the grate.

Lawyer.—What kind of coal was it; anthracite or bituminous?

Witness.—Not being versed in mineralogy, I really cannot say.

Lawyer.—Mr. Clerk, will you please take a note of that; witness don't know whether the coal was anthracite or bituminous. Had the fire-place a mantel-piece?

Witness.—It had.

Lawyer.—Was the mantel-piece of wood, of iron, or of marble?

Witness.—It was a wooden mantel-piece.

Lawyer.—Did you observe anything on the mantel-piece?

Witness.—Yes, I believe there was a pitcher on it.



PEDAGOGUE.—Well sir. What does h-a-i-r spell?

Boy.—I'd know.

PED.—What have you got on your head?

Boy.—I guess it's a musketeer bite, it itches like thunder.



A DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

JONATHAN.—Kin you endure ceremony?

STRONG MINDED LADY.—I can endure anything but the horrid slavery under which our sex at present groans. I can't endure nursing babies, mending clothes, darning stockings, rocking cradles, dabbling in wash-tubs, cooking victuals, or doing any kind of housework. I shall insist upon the largest liberty in action and speech, in my incomings and outgoings, and particularly in dress. I shall insist upon the bifurcated costume, and shall in all things expect the most implicit obedience from you, when we are united.

JONATHAN.—Guess you and I can't hitch together no how. You kin do as you're a mind to, but I'm darned if you ever git into my breeches.

Lawyer.—A pitcher—eh? you're sure there was a pitcher? Does your honor hear? The witness asserts there was a pitcher on the mantel-piece. Well, now sir, I ask you on your oath, can you tell me what that pitcher contained?

Witness.—Well, I believe it contained water.

Lawyer.—Was it full of water?

Witness.—No, I should think it wasn't more than half full.

Lawyer.—You think the pitcher was about half full—eh? Well, now, what kind of water was in that pitcher? Was it cistern water, or was it hydrant water?

Witness.—Really, I cannot say.

Lawyer.—Mr. Clerk, please notice that fact; the witness don't know whether the water was cistern or hydrant water. Did you see anything else on the mantel-piece?

Witness.—Yes, I believe there was a tumbler and several other articles there.

Lawyer.—Ah! there was a tumbler there. Now, sir, can you say whether that tumbler was a cut-glass tumbler or a pressed-glass tumbler?

Witness.—I don't know what it was.

Lawyer.—(Triumphant.) Oh! you don't know whether it was a cut or pressed-glass tumbler. Well, that will do, sir. Your honor sees that the case is perfectly plain—that my client is innocent—and you have no alternative but to discharge him; or if you should still have any doubt of his innocence, why I have several other witnesses, who will corroborate the testimony so fully given by the one you have just heard.

Recorder.—No; for heaven's sake, no more witnesses; but I must fine your client ten dollars. Mr. Clerk, call the next case.

They have a good joke on Dr. Egan of Chicago; he is a great land operator, as well as a most successful physician. The Doctor prescribed some pills for a lady. She asked how they were to be taken? "A quarter down," said the doctor, "and the balance in one or two years."

There was a rule in an old debating society which might be advantageously recommended in the House of Representatives. "Any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening, shall have a room to himself."



PEDAGOGUE.—Hold out your other hand, you don't know anything.

Boy.—Yes, I do sir, I know one thing.

PED.—What's that?

Boy.—I know when I've got enough.

JONATHAN ABROAD,
No. 2.
THE TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.



JONATHAN HAVING SEEN PRETTY MUCH ALL ENGLAND, STARTS FOR FRANCE, IN THE CALAIS STEAM PACKET. A FEW PORTRAITS OF HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS, AS THEY APPEARED AS THE STEAMER LEFT THE QUAY.

Heed on Health.

Take precious care of your precious health; but how, as the housewife says, to make it keep. Why, then, don't smoke dry it, or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the barbarians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it like gooseberries. Don't pot, and don't hang it. A rope is a bad "cordon sanitaire."

It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and, like a trumpet, makes the "spirit dance."

A MODEL SPEECH.—"Fellow Citizen—I am no speech maker, but what I say, I'll do. I've lived among you twenty years. If I have shown myself a clever fellow, you know it without a speech. If I'm not a clever fellow, you know that, too, and wouldn't forget it with a speech. I'm a candidate for the Legislature; if you think I'm the clear grit, vote for me; if you think Mayor R. of a better stripe than I am, vote for him. The fact is, either of us will make a good Representative!"



AFTER GETTING OFF, WHERE IT "BLOWS A LITTLE FRESH," THE JOLLY MAN OF THE PARTY BECOMES SLIGHTLY DISTURBED.

THE "DISTURBANCE" INCREASES WITH THE STRENGTH OF THE WIND AND THE HEIGHT OF THE WAVES.

Above all, don't despond about it. Let not anxiety have "thee on the hip." Consider your health as your greatest and best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a "clever hack," of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough you are going to pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the roughest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the overweight that you may kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains, though it be a Scotch mile and a bit tock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is hal hal wherefore care to have one all around you whenever you can. Let your lungs crow like chanticleer, and as like a game cock as possible.



WHAT THE MAJORITY OF THE PASSENGERS WANTED MORE THAN THEIR DINNER.—POT OF HOT WATER AND A BASIN.

Jonathan Spreadagle's Address on the Fourth of July.

We have great pleasure in laying before our readers an extract from a speech delivered on the recent Fourth of July, by Jonathan Spreadagle, Esq., at a public celebration in an important Western village, which intends, when the population shall amount to ten thousand,—requiring an increase of only nine thousand nine hundred upon its present numbers—to apply for a city charter. But we will no longer detain our readers from the feast that awaits them ;—

"Feller citizens: Long ago when nought but the savage howls of the cantankerous Injen, the red men of the forest, was heard upon these far extending prairies, and the panther roached on the grass—when, in this fertile deectrict where now you may see fields moving with potatoe-tops and all kinds of garden sarse, there was no living creature, save the rattle-snake, who could sit under his own vine and fig-tree with no one to molest him or make him afraid—then it was, feller citizens, on the fourth of July, 1492, that the great General Washington and the Pilgrim Fathers, flying from the oppression of Queen Elizabeth, got on board a smack whaler, and after a tempestuous journey of uncommon duration, landed on the glorious summit of Bunker Hill. Them, feller citizens, was the days that tried men's souls. On the very spot where General Washington first stepped his foot, they have erected a monument that looks far over land and sea to show what a great debt of gratitude are due to them pioneers of our country.

"Feller citizens, ages have rolled away. Let us look at the other side of the picter. Potatoes patches have taken the place of forests, and wig-wams have given place to school



English French.
TWO OF THE PASSENGERS.

houses and taverns. Despotic Europe never saw such a sight as this. When my eyes contemplate the immense crowd that surrounds me as far as I can see" (about one hundred persons all told) "my heart is filled with the most thrilling hopes for the future welfare and posterity of our country. Perhaps one of you, feller citizens, may hereafter become the mighty chief of this mighty people." (Immense applause.)

"Feller citizens, this is an all-great country, and mark my words, before that little red-haired feller shall have reached the age of futurity, it will be twice as big as it is now. Canada, Mexico, and the Archipelago are bound to be ours. It's destiny, feller citizens, and, as the poet says, who shall fight against destiny? Let me conclude, feller citizens, by the following toast:

"General Washington and the Pilgrim Fathers. First in war, first in peace, and first to land in our glorious country."



JONATHAN NOTICES THAT A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN IN SPITE OF HER PHILOSOPHY, AND HER RIGHTS, IS STILL SUBJECT TO HUMAN WEAKNESSES, AND PAYS TRIBUTE TO NEPTUNE.

How to MAKE HOMEOPATHIC BROTH.—The following formula is worthily of the attention of the medical profession. Although it is intened as a sort of back handed blow at a peculiar school of practitioners, we cannot suppress it on account of its quaintness and originality :

"Take a robin's leg, mind, the drumstick merely; put it in a tub of water nearly. Set it out of doors in a place that's shady: let it stand a week, (three days for a lady.) Dip a spoonful into a five pail kettle; it should be of tin, or, perhaps, bell-metal.

Fill the kettle up, put on a boiling: skim the liquor well to prevent its oiling. For thickning and salt, take of rice—one kernel; use to light the fire, some newspaper diurnal. Let the liquor boil half an hour—no longer. (if for a man) you can make it stronger. Should you desire that the soup be savory, stir it once around with a stick of savory. If of "thyme" you choose just to put a snatch in, 'twill be flavored fine you did your watch in. When the broth is done, set it out to "jelly" it: then three times each day let the patient smell of it: but if he chance to die, say that nature did it; If he get well, give the broth the credit.

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.—The following letter is a perfect model in its way. We certainly hope it is an unique specimen: "Dear Brother—I've got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, and prices never were better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both our children (the Lord be praised) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week I took him to the poor house. Your affectionate brother."



HOW THE PASSENGERS ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

The following "Thorts" on a fayded boka, by Jeems Sacoos, are not so bad :

In looking over my trunk one day
I lit onto an old boka
Immegity thorts cum into my hed
& thus to the boka i sed—

Pore dried up thing what u faid
& rinkle up like a ole made
What made you luze your sweet perphume
Which u had about the middle of gune.

A lass what a lessen in u lyze
Tu awl hu sea u with thare ixe
But moast ov awl shood the phare seek
Learn wizdom from u i expec.

Thare phorms so phare and plump tu sea
Lyke ded roaz leves will dried up bee
Thare shoulders which they shu tu awl
Will then be kivered with a shorl.

Thare round bairn arms so very whyte
Will then be kevered cleen out of site
& varyus other of thes man—killers
Will be conseeled by phine man—tillers.

THE GLITTERING BLADE.

"I saw him bare his throat, and seize
The blue, cold, gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge
He was so soon to feel

" He raised on high the' glittering blade,
Then first I found a tongue,
" Hold ! madman ! stay the frantic deed !"
I cried, and forth I sprung.

" He heard me, but he heeded not,
One glance around he gave,
And ere I could arrest his hand,
He had— began to shave !"

A farmer was at an agricultural dinner where the late Duke of Buccleuch was in the chair, and a round of fighting men being toasted—one giving Wellington, another Graham, a third Lord Hill, and so on—said, when it came to his turn: "I'll gie ye Saunders Pirgivie O'Cuchondean, for he's had a fair fight with the world a' his life—an honest man wi' a big family."

Too QUIET BY HALF.—"What a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Smith."

"Quiet! a snail is an express train to him. If the top of the house should blow off he'd just sit still and spread his umbrella! He's a regular pussy cat. Comes to the front door as though the entry was paved with eggs, and sits down in his chair as if there was a nest of kittens under the cushion. He'll be the death of me yet! I read him all the horrid accidents, dreadful collisions, murders and explosions, and he takes it just as easy as if I was saying the ten commandments. He's never astonished, or startled, or delighted. If I should make the voyage of the world and return some fine day, he'd take off his spectacles, put them in the case, fold up the newspaper and settle his dickey, before he would be ready to say, 'good morning, Mrs. Smith.' If he had been born of a poppy, he could not be more soporific. I wonder if all the Smiths are like him? When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, 'Let all the rest be called Smith!' Well, I don't care for that, but he ought to have known better than to call my husband ASZL Smith. Do you suppose if I were a man, I'd let a woman support me? Where do you think that Abel's coats and cravats, and canes and cigars come from? Out of my brain. Quiet! it's perfectly refreshing to me to hear a comet, or see a locomotive, or look at a streak of chain lightning. I tell you he's the expressed essence of chloroform."



NEVER SICK.

Bachelor's Idea of Wedlock.

Baby bawling in the night,
Wakes you from a hoped-for nap—
Tumbling round at twelve at night,
To get the little wretch some pap
Tell me—couldn't you
Spank it with some gusto?
Wouldn't you?

Little pleasure—little cash—
Lots of little brats about—
Staple feeding, mutton hash—
Future "fodder" all in doubt.
Tell me—shouldn't you
"Cuss" yourself a little?
Wouldn't you?

At the door your woman meets you;
Young ones all join in one yell;
Tenderly the broomstick greets you;
Don't you wish yourself in—Jersey?
Tell me, I repeat it, shouldn't you
Leave for California?
Wouldn't you?

The Cattaraugus Whig is responsible for the following:

Grasshoppers are very thick, and are proving exceedingly destructive in Chautauque—at least we judge they are from the following story told us by a farmer of that county, whom we saw a few days since at Dunkirk. Said he:—"This Spring, as an experiment, I devoted about an acre of land to the growth of tobacco. The crop did finely, and in a short space of time the plants had attained to the height of nearly five inches. Business called me to Buffalo. I was gone just two days; but in that brief period every vestige of my tobacco had been destroyed by the grasshoppers; and sir, incredulous as it may seem, one large, hungry-looking specimen of the marauders, which I saw sitting upon a stump as I entered the field, actually had the audacity to ask me for *the chew I had in my mouth!*" We collapsed.

LOVE.—A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:

"I sing her praise in poetry;
For her at morn and eve,
I cry whole pints of bitter tears,
And wipe them off with my sleeve."

A GOOD REASON.—"Here's your money, dolt. Now tell me why your master wrote me eighteen letters about this contemptible sum!" said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch it!"

A STEADY DIET.—An old lady down east, having kept a hired man on liver nearly a month, said to him one day:

"Why, John, I don't think you like liver."
"Oh, yes, I like it very well, for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't think I'd like it as a steady diet!"

The old lady cooked something else for the next meal.

"Please, Mr. Smith, pappy wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?"

"Certainly, my son, what for?"

"He wants to make a scare-crow to keep the corn out of our turkey buzzards."

Exit youth, followed by Smith and a new axe-helve.

"Father, did you ever have any other wife besides mother?"

"No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, 1845; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

Hay is so scarce in Texas that a friend informs us that it is served up on the table instead of salad.



GENT, (in a hurry to news boy loq).—Got the Express?
New's Boy.—No Sir.

GENT.—Ah, too bad, in a great hurry, must have it. Tell me where I can get one without going to the office.

New's Boy.—Well, I reckon they got a few left over to Williamsburgh.

There is a sign in a very ambitious village, not sixty miles from Gotham which reads very distinctly, in large letters, "Meat Market;" and underneath, in very small letters.—"Also all kinds of Sausages!" This latter strikes us as being decidedly suggestive.

Barnum has just engaged a German giant of such size that his barber shaves him with a scythe. His nose is so commodious that if a lantern was placed therein it might be used as a light house.

ALL OF A GROUL.—Sore-headed dogs and pip-headed uncles—the former because they want to bite, and the latter because they have been bitten.

"Fruit and nuts are very proper eating," said a Grahamite to his hopeful niece.

"Well, uncle, I am very foud of nuts."

"I'm glad to hear it. What kind do you prefer?"

"Why, I am very great on dough-nuts!"

For comfort, go to Georgia about this time. All the people wear is a straw hat and fan. Beds are put in refrigerators, no work is done in the day, and oranges, pine-apples, milk-punch, and similar melting luxuries, grow within an arm's reach.



"NEVER MIND—HIS CRIES."

A RECENT EVENT.

It is a moral fact on which we may safely ponder with profit to ourselves, that we are often punished where we have sinned—and this will preface our sketch.

A brilliant sun shone—let us say on the 4th of May, and Alphonse Royer, with not a little pride, arranged the clusters of curls collected on either side of his temples, as he passed and re-passed before one of the large mirrors gracing the walls of a mercer's shop in one of the most fashionable streets in Paris. Alphonse had more than once been fully aware that many a fair customer looked upon him with admiration, and visions danced before his eyes of one in particular—a young lady of birth and fortune, who frequently came shopping with her mamma; and whilst the mother examined the silks, this fair child of Eva fixed her eyes in loving longing on the forbidden fruit of Alphonse's silken curls. And he dreamed impossible things—especially with a French girl, where the *convenances* of society never give place to the lighter rulings of Cupid's court.

However, Alphonse hoped, dreamed, and settled his hair—for on this auspicious day, her mother had appointed to call to see some fresh goods.

It was twelve o'clock, and as he arranged his curls in hope, Destiny was settling them after her own fashion.

In a hair-dresser's shop, the previous day, in a retired street a lady had just entered; she had selected this one of limited reputation in fashionable circles, because a wealthy tradesman might have hesitated before the trouble her painful errand imposed upon him. Her conversation was long and confidential, not unaccompanied by those applications to the eye of a pocket handkerchief—that veil of grief—that repository of those angel drops, pity's tears.

"Poor young lady!" said the hair-dresser, looking after her; "so young and handsome, and so sorrowful! Well, the half of us don't know the sufferings of the other half, and we never know what's hanging over our heads!"

Indeed we don't. Alphonse Royer had not the slightest idea, whilst he stood behind the counter, avoiding as much as possible, the necessity of serving the customers driving in—ever watching for the mother and daughter. But there is a fate, far above all our personal strength, in malice and ill-nature.

A lady entered. There is a magnetic influence in youth as in beauty—they naturally cling to their own; and this lady was both fair and young, and her glance mechanically fell on Alphonse. She stepped towards him; there was a magnetism in her dark eyes—he could not avoid her as he had done all those who came before.

"Will you show me some fancy silks?" she asked. Fancy silks were his department; he showed her piles of them, and she selected three or four of the richest.

"For a lady going abroad!"

And then there were shawls, and heaven knows what; for man cannot conceive all a Frenchwoman fancies when she goes out a shopping.

She seemed to have fixed her mind on Alphonse, for, after diving into every other department of the huge emporium of fashion, she returned to his, "just for that pretty little dress she had been undecided about," as she found her purchases had come within the sum she had been commissioned to spend.

All this gave additional confidence to the master; when after a glance at the amount of her bill, she said, without money, but with the air of one accustomed to command all—and above all, respect:

"Will you send these things with me, directly, by one of your young men? The one who served me in the silks—for I am not quite certain if the last *foulard* dress will please my friend must judge for herself!"

She looked towards Alphonse. There is—we grieve to record it—that innate vanity and unfaithfulness in our nature, which makes us listen too easily to the suggestions of the former, and become ready disciples of the latter. Alphonse forgot the mother and daughter he had been watching for, in the almost tender glance which crossed his. She requested them to call a conveyance, and have the goods placed in it. On the counter she threw down her card: "Madame de Montbreuil, Faubourg St. Honore."

The *de* spoke her nobility, if her grace of manner had not already betrayed a person accustomed to move in exalted society. Alphonse's heart beat with a vague hope as he stepped into the *cindine* (the French cab) after her, and desired the man to drive to the address given.

Little was said at first; the lady seemed embarrassed. Suddenly looking up, she asked her companion whether he could bring any other dresses she might require to her residence, himself; for she disliked strange faces, and as he had served her that day, she should wish him to come. He knew her taste, and could select those likely to suit her.

Was woman ever at a loss for an excuse?

She added quickly:





"I cannot often leave home; my mother is an invalid, and does not like my going much out alone since my husband's death!"

And she looked down.

"Young, handsome, titled, and a widow!" thought he. And vanity raised up the hand which caressed a curl and a jolly whisker, as he acceded to everything she solicited. At that moment they were turning down the Rue du Luxembourg.

"Stop!" she cried, suddenly turning the brass screw which rings and stops the coachman; "will you turn down the Rue Depont, and call at Monsieur Carlier's, the hairdresser's—my hair-dresser in ordinary" she said, turning towards Alphonse. "I would rather return home *alone* today!"—there was significance in every intonation—"and I think Carlier can lend me the money."

Alphonse hoped not; but as his master had desired him not to lose sight of goods and lady, he decided that the better way would be to keep close to the latter, as the former were merely inanimate things; and though there is much electricity in silk, it can scarcely take to itself wings and fly by the power of attraction from some distant and alluring cause. So Alphonse followed the lady in to the shop, and left the goods in the *citadine*. He had no suspicion of her—he felt confidence in the evident motive for her selection of himself.

The hair-dresser bowed as she entered; she was evidently known; all seemed to respect her, and all—the master and two shopmen—looked curiously upon him. He felt proud; a certain something of delight swelled in his heart.

The lady drew the hair-dresser aside, whispered. A bow and smile of assent were the answer.

"Will monsieur stop inside?" he said, politely addressing Alphonse.

"Monsieur Carlier will oblige me!" she said, in a low tone, to Alphonse, who was grieved at the result of the commission—which would of necessity separate them sooner.

He followed them into an inner room, not perceiving that he was in his turn followed by the two shopmen, and we will let them make their way in peace, whilst we go back and relate the subject of the lady's conversation with the hairdresser the previous day—for it was one and the same person who held it, and on this morning made the large purchases at Alphonse Royer's masters.

"Monsieur," she said, on the day of her first visit to Carlier—"you see before you a most distressed woman! I have a brother—a dear brother, who is most painfully afflicted! He is mad quite mad—and labors under the strangest hallucinations; sometimes imagining himself the emperor, sometimes one thing, sometimes another! His last strange fancy is, that he is, a shopman at —'s shop—and nothing will persuade him to the contrary! My poor mother's medical attendant says only shaving and blistering can restore his intellect! Having a great quantity

of hair, and strange to say, a perfect knowledge of its abundant beauty, all our schemes have been fruitless hitherto to shave him. A friend, however, suggested one to us yesterday; and if you will only lend your aid, it may be accomplished, and a beloved brother restored to us!"

Here she burst into tears, and sobbed loud in her cambric handkerchief.

"Do not cry, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the compassionate hair-dresser; "only tell me what to do—I will aid you most willingly!"

Thanks—a thousand thanks!" she cried, looking up gratefully, with her beautiful limpid eyes. Poor fellow—poor Jules, who even forgets his own name! Ah. sir—genius and study have destroyed him! Poor fellow! He has still, however, implicit confidence in me, even amidst his darkness of intellect, and for once I must turn traitor and betray him! Monsieur, I will bring him here to-morrow—could you not shave him by force?"

"Nothing easier!" answered the good-natured man; "I have two strong assistants! We will manage him!"

"Oh, monsieur—you render me and my poor mother your debtors for ever! Oh, my Jules—my own dear brother—if I only see you restored!"

Here she burst again into ecstatic tears—and the kind-hearted man was fain almost to weep with her. Much more they talked, and at last, rising, she said:

"Then, monsieur, I may rely upon you! Seize him by force—bind him down—never mind his cries—shave him!"

And this is the catastrophe of our sad tale. Alphonse was forcibly seized, bound down in a chair, and, despite his cries and assurances that he was "Alphonse Royer, shopman at—" the relentless scissors severed every perfumed lock from his head, and his sister sat by, hiding her face in her handkerchief and weeping. When he felt the razor approaching his pericranium, a loud scream attested his horror.

"Oh, it is too much to bear!" cried she, in agony; "I will await him in the outer shop! My beloved brother!"

But it would appear that his agonizing cries prevented her remaining even there—for she walking through the shop, out of the door into the *citadine*, and drove off. So much does sorrow make us oblivious of all.

What became of her nobody knows—not even her dear brother—who at last convinced the hairdresser—alas! half an hour too late—that his raven curls might safely have remained on his head, and looked far better than strewn on the floor of that little den, called a room.

Let us gather a moral from our *fact*, and not be led by vanity into error, folly, or blindness. How very little we feel, when the unpleasant truth is forced upon us, that a wiser eye at a glance read our diminutiveness, and profited by it to make us thoroughly ridiculous. Losing self-esteem and self-respect is worse than even the curls of our head: these will grow again, whilst the others never quite recover their primitive luxuriance.



"How do you keep your books?" "By double entry. I make one entry, and father makes another."



Simon.—*Sally, I wish I was a fish, and you was bait. Lord-ee, how I'd bite!*

AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH.

I have found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,
I have found where rattle-snakes bub-bub-breed;
Won't you c-c-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,
And the bisons, tit-tit-tigers at fur-fur-feed.

I know where the c-c-co-cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale,
Where the m-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long,
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tail.
You shall pip-pip-play, dear, did-did-delicate jokes
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-
pip-pole;
But observe, 't is fuf-fur-for-bidden to pip-pip-poke,
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pip-pink pip-pip-
pip-parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-play;
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-ately racoon,
And then, did-did-dear, together we'll stray,
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue fuf-fuf-faced bab-baboon.
You wished (I r-r-r-remember it well,
And I l-l-loved you the m-m-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pelican swallow
the l-l-live l-little fur-fur-fish.

Then c-c-come, did-did-dearest, n-n-never say "Nun-nun-
nay;"
I'll tit-tit-treat you, my love, to a bub-bub-buss,
T is but a thrup-pip-pip-pence a pip-pip-piece, all the way,
To see the pip-pip-pip—(I beg your pardon)—
To see the pip-pip-pip—(ahem!)—
To see the pip-pip-pip—pop-pop-pop—(I mean)—
The hip-po-po-po—dear me, (love, you know)—
The hippo-pot-pot-pot—('pon my word I'm quite ashamed
of myself)—
The hip-hip-pop—the hip-po-pot—
To see the Hippotamus.

A WITTY WITNESS.—A gentleman by the name of Slaughter, being subpoenaed as a witness in a case pending in court, and being about to marry a Miss Lamb, writes to the court that he "cannot attend as a witness to this court as he expects to Slaughter a Lamb next Sunday."

A boy was lately asked, "Who killed Abel?" He promptly replied, "Andrew Jackson." This equals the catechetical examination of a lad living in the widest regions of the Green Mountains:

"In what state did the fall bring mankind?" asked the teacher. With a most rueful expression of countenance, the urchin bawled out, "Varmount!"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—There's a good story, and a true one, withal, relative to Mr. Gill, long a reporter for the "Boston Post," and well known as a "fellow of infinite jest." He was reporting a dinner given on the 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The dinner was a splendid affair, and everybody was very patriotic. Gill, when the excitement was at boiling point, whispered to a friend, one of those gentlemen who are always "happy" in speech-making, that his father was engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill. The orator rose, made a brilliant speech,—alluded to Gill's father and Gill in the highest terms, and proposed Gill's health, which was drunk with the usual honors, and one or two more. There were loud shouts of "Gill," "Gill," and he made a speech, returned thanks in the usual manner, and said:—"But my learned friend omitted one fact, an important fact, of which he might have been unaware. My father was in the battle of Hunker Hill, but he unfortunately fought on the British side!!!"

There was not quite so much enthusiasm after that, and Gill has not indulged in speeches since!

"I say, Sambo, where does Squire Peters live?" asked a traveller of a boy who sat grinding and balancing himself on a rail.

"Turn up dat Street, den pass dat pond, den turn to the right, den left, den strike off the ole from side of Marm Shed's hoose, and keep goin' where you see a Phillis in de corn field—and you can't help missin' it."

Crystal Palace Scene.

LEARNED FRIEND AND UNLEARNED IN COMPANY.

Learned Friend.—"Them's the twelve Apostles, that we read about."

Unlearned Friend.—"Why was there twelve of 'em?"

Learned F.—"Yes—ah—at least I think so."

Unlearned F.—"Why, I always thought the Apocrapher was left out and that Exodus and Deuteronomy was the same person."

Learned F.—"(Considerably staggered)—Ah! Yes! but you see there's Romans and Revelations that makes up for 'em!"

A CHEQUERED EXISTENCE.—That spent in a pair of modern pantaloons.



ENGLISH TRAVELLER.—*Hi Say, Sir, Ham I on the right road to 'Artford.*

JONATHAN.—*Well, you be.*

TRAVELLER.—*How far shall I ave to go before I get there?*

JONATHAN.—*Well, if you turn round and go 'tother way may be you have to travel abeout ten mile. But if you keep on the way you are going, you'll have to go abeout eight thousand, I reckon.*



TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

COUNTRY DEACON.—*Why brother Brown, I'm sorry to see you in this state. Didn't we take you into our church on last Sabbath?*

BROWN, (very drunk).—*Well, (hic) you did old hoss. (Hic) and it was the biggest (hic) take in I ever seed (hic).*

The Last Things in Boston.

John Brown was the last man to discover the use of that oil which induces a disposition to mind one's own business. He gave a dose to Mrs. Brown, who, for two weeks, didn't know whether her opposite neighbors had a cold or hot dinner. Brown was born in Boston.

The author of the tract on "How to Get in and How to Get out of an Omnibus" was a Boston boy. It is said it was composed in a dream. His name is unknown.

Miss Serena Tidmarsh, who instructed the ladies in the elegant art of opening parasols and sunshades, without injury to the optics of the gentlemen, was born in Spring Lane.

Silas Steadfast, 'the inventor of the pavement, which "answered the purpose," was a Bostonian.

Miss Angelina Popkins, who invented the needles which enabled spinsters to knit round corners, was born in Cherry street, this city.

The literary gentleman who was satisfied in his own mind that he had discovered the author of the Junius Letters was born in Park street, Boston.

The editor who demonstrated the fact that he could please everybody, was a Bostonian. He died in the year 1839, while throwing a somersault.

The actor who didn't think himself "the greatest Richard on the stage" was born in this city. He died from the effects of an opera.

This list is incomplete, but it shows that Boston is "cheese and cheese."

FOR SALE.—A good husband, warranted sound and kind in any harness, especially in the matrimonial.

He is of handsome figure and action, and can trot his two tables in an hour easily; stands to the cradle without tying, never sniffs at the dish-cloth, is not afraid of locomotives.

He is a smart traveller, and is in every respect a good family beast.

The present owner being about to emigrate, the above property must be sold without delay.

Female Doctors.

How will the medical ladies, the duly recognised doctress's behave, when calling on a patient? Will it be after this fashion?

"Well, my dear, and how are we to-day?"

"No better, thank you, doctress; I feel so dreadfully depressed."

"Depressed! Well, we will soon put that all right with a new bonnet."

"And I feel so dreadfully cold! I can't get warm somehow."

"Yes, yes! I will order you a cashmere shawl, to be applied to the back: I think that will relieve you."

"And at night I cannot sleep."

"Dear, dear! We really must take more exercise. We must positively go to the Opera oftener than we do."

"But it seems quite an exertion to stir from the house."

"Of course it would. Now, if I order you a couple of silk dresses, do you think you could manage to take them?"

"I am sure I will try anything, if I can only get well." I have such dismal thoughts; I fancy all sorts of things!"

"We must be patient! we must be patient! Why not have your feet put in new boots of an evening, and wrap a diamond necklace round your throat when you go out? We must cheer up! I will tell your husband to give you a stimulating draft that they will make up for you at the banker's, and then I think we shall do very nicely!"

"So Russians are going to prosecute the war agin Turkey," said Mrs. Parlington as she read that fact in the paper. "They'd better prosecute, the ones that made the war, and then they'd just hit it. The Emperor Nicholas deserves the excrescence of all good people, and if the women could only have the handling of him, I guess they'd soon make him cry copaiva, as the Frenchman says." She meant peccavi, but indignation does not stop at words. She passed off, like an exhalation of summer sweets, and in her excitement left the parasol behind her, which can be seen at this "orifice."



PUTTING ON THE POLISH.

Hem! I've made the grand Tower. Guess I have, been to England and Franse, and saw more queer sites, and funny critters, than eny body ever hearn tell on, and by the lord Harry, a pesky time I had a gittin' there, over the salt oshun, which biled and pitched and tossed and cowolloped about, till the whole expense of whaters looked like Aunt Polly's churn, with the dasher in full blast. Jeerusalem! but it developed my internal recoursea. The whale when he vomicked up old Jonar, warnt half so sick to his stumic as I was, but I got over it, and felt peart as a blue jay in a barn yard, and arter being snatched along on a rale rode, as though old Nick was arter us full chisel, we brought up at London. Awful Snakes, but that's a right smart chance of a village, it looks as if it covered all creation. Sich a rumblin' and a jumbblin' and tumbblin' and crowdin' and shovin' and haulin' and bawlin' I never seed, since the day I first happened. I couldn't help wondering how so many folks managed to live, or how they all made a livin' but all to onc't I got my eyes opened. I was a workin' along pitchin' inter some ginger bread with a ten tooth peower, when all 'on a sudden, I felt myself seezed by the leg, and I gin' a kinder yell, for I didn't no whether it might not be a dorg, when I looked deown,

and darn' my picter if it warnt a reglir dickey-dout, with his shirt tail out, who had got me by the leg and was a tryin' to lift my foot onto a little sort o' stool. Well, I tho't I'd humor the young serpent, so I put my foot onto the stool, and if he didn't jist haul out a pair of blackin' brushes, and a bottle of liquid blackin', and begun a brushin' away like all rath Pontious Pilot, how he did put on the elbow grease, and in tew minutes I'm darned if my old cow hides didn't look slicker than the day I first traded for 'em in Deacon West's store. Well, think says I, they are determined my understandin' shall be all rite eny how. So I gin the dickey-dout a fopenny bit and told him to go and git his trowsers mended, and away he went in search of somebody else to rub up, while I started on. I hadn't got far afore I see another dickey-dout wuss than the other, he was jist a little the raggedeass human I ever lit on; he mite eenamost as well ha' been in the rale Georgia costume, which is a straw hat, and a peace of rope. He had a broom in his hand, and was a brushin' the mud all over the cross walk when he saw any body comin', and then jist as they wor a goin' a' cross he'd hold eout a cap like a cullinder and beg for coppers. If they didn't give bin one he'd spatter the mud like a polly wog in a ditch. Well, when I seed his game I jist stopped and watched him, and in a minit a tall good lookin' feller in sodger clothes, but a citizens hat on, comed along and sais he, as stiff as a ram-rod, "move on." Lord-ee heow the dirt spatterer left. Well, think sais I, that 'ere feller must be Prince Albert at least, and I was jist a' goin' to go up and speek to him when he turned full front on me, and rub me



JONATHAN SURVEYING THE INSTITUTIONS.



JONATHAN IN THE BALL OF ST. PAULS.

down with a curry comb if he warnt a policeman and nothin' shorter. They're cute critters, they are ; they make love to all the pretty helps on their beet, and if there's any thing to eat or drink areound, they know jist where to find it, and by their looks it aint no two to one that they don't know what to do with it.

Well, I shotted along and bimeby I kin to a meetin' house, with a steeple on it higher than forty seven telegraph poles set up on end, one on top o' 'tother ; and I ax'd a feller, what meetin' house it was, 'that hair' said he is 'Sent Pauls'. Well, the door was open and in I went, and I be chewed up if a feller didn't come up and make me give him tuppence afore he'd let me see any o' the sights. So I gin him the tuppence and I see the clock, well the old mill wheel deown in the creek warnt nothing to the big wheel here. It looked like the daddy of all the clocks in creation. I aint got time to tell you all I se'd, but I'll tell you what I didn't see. An old woman told me I should go up in the ball ; well I didn't no where the ball was, or I'd never a done it, but she pointed the way and I clim and clim, and clim ; I thought I should never be done climing and

arter I'd nearly kirflumuxed two or three times for want of breath I got up inter a grate round hole, from which she, the old woman, sed I should git a splendid vew. I went to the side a holdin' on like a pair o'nippers, and looked eout but I se'd nothin' but a leetle the thickest fog that was ever got up regardless of expense. It was so thick, you could just pick it up in chunks, and I couldn't see one darned inch beyont my nose. I'd hearn tell of London fogs, but I didn't think they was so all fired solid. Well, as I couldn't see nothin' I went deown agin, and baring a slip up, by which I tore my trowserloons behind, I got deown all right side up. I telled the old woman I hadn't seen nothin' for the fog, and she told me I must come some other day when it was clear, but though I waited three weeks it warnt no better, it was fog all the time.

I hain't got time nor room in this screed to tell you all abeout my visit to the Royal Akadamme, where the picturs are, but you kin jist see by looking at the cut's I've whittled eout, that the folks air abeout as great curiosities as the picturs.*

* I feound out since it was a dead suck in, cause there ain't no window into it.



JONATHAN IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A CLEAR DIRECTION.

(SCENE IN FRONT OF A DRINKING SALOON DOWN TOWN.)

ELDERLY GENT, (from the Country).—Can you tell me how to find the Tabernacle?

OLD SOAKER.—The Tabernacle; Let's see! Well you go on till you come to "Stonealls," pass that to "Edgintons," then you turn the corner at the "Lager Bier" cellar and pass the "Live and Let Live," and the "Terrapin." You leave "Windusts," "Earles Hotel," and "Lovejoy's," on the right, and the "Astor Exchange," on the left, and go on till you come to "Sherwoods." Then you go to the "Excelsior," pass the "Irving House," Palmo's old place, and come to the "Gem," to "George Shunagers," then to the "Cave," under the Broadway Theatre, till you come to the "Arbour," pass the "Cooper House," and the Tabernacle is opposite "Shelleys." (Exit old gent, with notion that Jordan is a hard road to travel.

One of the Jurors.

Not long since an eminent commercial lawyer related the ensuing anecdote as an illustration of the "composition" which sometimes entered into the selection of a jury:

"I had a very important case," said he, "involving some eighty or a hundred thousand dollars. It was a protracted case, owing to the complicated interests involved in it, and altogether a very tedious trial. When it was finally given to the jury, the judge remarked to them, as they were about leaving the court-room for private consultation that if, during the progress of the case, any terms of law had been used or any rules stated, that they did not fully understand, the court was prepared beforehand to make all needful explanations.

"Upon this, one of the jurors, a man with a high, bald head, and a calm blue eye, upon whose sense of justice I had greatly relied (for he had paid the strictest attention to the entire proceedings), arose and said:

"I believe I understand all the rules that have been laid down, but there are two terms of law that have been a good deal used during the trial, that I should like to know the meaning of."

"Very well, sir," responded the judge, "what terms of law do you allude to?"

"Well, said our model juror, 'the words I mean, are the words plaintiff and defendant!'"

"Wasn't there a chance for a man to 'come by his own' in a law-suit, where such a juror was the principal member of the 'august body'?"

"Did you mean to settle this bill at all, sir, when you mad it?" said a creditor, in a passionate manner.

"Humph! keep cool, my good friend," said the debtor, puffing a cigar with admirable sang froid. "You want a settlement?"

"To be sure I do, sir."

"Well, my dear sir, I assure you I meant to settle, and when I meant to settle that was clearly a settle-ment! Ha ha, ha!—Good morning, my friend; I will see you in the fall."

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked the school-master of Spiggle's youngest boy.

The juvenile scratched in his unkempt hair, and replied:

"Well, forty rods make one furlong, but fifty rods make further along than forty."

That night Spiggle's youngest boy wore home the medal.

"Father," said a rather fast youth to his paternal parent; "what is the meaning of the French word, 'O-u-i?'"

"It means 'yes,' my son."

"Ah! does it? If it had been 'I. O. U.,' I should have understood it."

"Not the least doubt of it, sir."

A LOVER DUMFOUNDED.—"I'm the youngest of sixteen," said a fine young girl just budding into womanhood to an aspirant for her smiles. "Gracious!" cried he, "your mother must have been quite—quite—a—a—multum in parvo!"



THE late census shows that the number of Irishmen in the United States is less than *one million*; and our Federal, State and Municipal "Blue Books," we believe, will show that a majority of the public offices and places in the United States are filled by Irishmen. So much for being frightened at the political scarecrow that demagogues have set up.

The Jester Condemned to Death.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A royal Jester,
Had in his train an odd buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Foolish pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool—
Which wholesome rule
Occur'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes;
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness:
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the fair household, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows:—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—"The time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd:—presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'at condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel! no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just!"
Replied the wretch and kiss'd the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

Riding alone in a buggy, I overtook an elderly, honest-looking German, a member, as he afterwards informed me, of the Lutheran church. I invited him to take a seat with me and after a little hesitation he did so. On my asking where he was from, he said he was just from Arkansas, that it was a sickly country; he had taken a great deal of calomel and quinine, and had suffered a great deal. Thinking it a favorable time to spiritualize a little, I told him that these things must be expected more or less in this world. But, said I, there is a land where the inhabitants never say 'I am sick.' After thinking a little, he looked up and said, "I tink dat mush't be Wishconsin!"

Beware of the man who uses many hisalutins. He who has to walk on stilts, and harness his tongue with eleven-horse notions from the dictionary, is a dangerous institution. Just look out for him.

A PARODY.

We were crowded in the tavern,
Not a person dared to slumber,
For on each sheet and counterpane
Were insects without number.

"Tis a fearful thing, in winter,
When you jump beneath the spread,
To feel a something crawling
From the pillow to your head

We bore it long, in agony;
The stoutest hearts knocked under,
And Deacon Jones, a pious man,
Cried "Drat the knaves, by thunder.

Then out spoke the Deacon's daughter—
She was scarcely more than two—
"Don't you live on cows and oxen
Just like bedbugs live on you?

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we let the critters bite,
For we knew that morn was coming,
And we didn't care a mite.

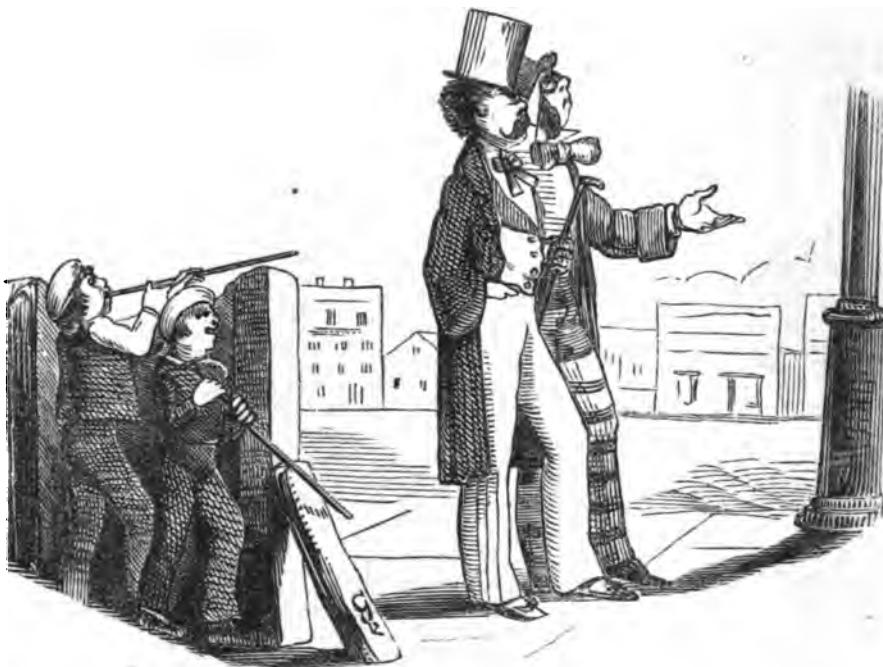
An absent clergyman, started one winter-Sunday for his church, and having nearly reached it, the wind blew his cloak open; upon which he turned about, that it might be blown close around him again—forgetting this fact, however, he continued to travel in the direction which he faced, until he arrived at his own door.—Here he inquired for himself; and being told by a waggish servant that he was *NOT IN*, he departed, with the remark that he should 'call again soon!'

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady, who was present, declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam!" cried Coeles in a rage. "It is *rock the cradle*, sir," replied the lady. Coeles evaporated.



The Credit System.

DICKY DOUT.—Mother's going to have company, and she says she'll take the whole of these 'ere pine apples, and send you the money when she git's it. She want's you send her a sample of rum and sugar, to make sass for 'em.



MISERABLE SNOB, (who feels something strike his hat.)—Thammy, my boy, ithent it wain ing?

Boy (with a "blow-gun").—Don't hit 'em in the head, Jem, it might kill 'em.

Book-Keeping, or the Rich Man in Spite of Himself.

In old times it was the custom of the merchants of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence currency.

About fifty years ago a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of this city, had, by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy, been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence.

His place of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment, whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion, the balance sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the quiet, incredulous merchant.

"It canna' be," said he, "you had better count up agen. I donna' think I ha' had see profitable a beemess as this repre-senta."

The clerk, with his usual patience, re-examined the statement, and declared that it was "a right," and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head in surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. It proved right.

"I didna' think," said he, "that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had tho'. and I'll na' quarrel with mysel' for being worth six thousand instead of four."

At early candle-light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he was gone, the sorely perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-room alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth "six thousand pounds."

Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchases of new furniture, carpets and other elegances, consistent with a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still, however obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more to make a thorough investigation of his accounts.

On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors, with the patient, investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single

error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labors. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it. With the frenzy of a madman he drew his broad brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk in Wall street; reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until his neighbor was roused with the "loud rap."

The unfortunate clerk poked his head out of the window and demanded:



OLD GENT.—So you want to marry my daughter, hey? Well, you newspaper fellows are always complaining of your poverty, now what can you give her?

LITERARY SWELL.—Give her—give her, my dear sir? Why I'll give her—lets see—I'll give her a first rate notice.



VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

SEEDY SENTIMENTAL GENT. (*Singing*).—"Were my bosom
as false as thou dorms't it to be."

WATCHMAN.—Come, none o' that 'ere; you know yo' baint
got no bosom on, nor shirt neither. So stop your howling or
away you go. The neighbors says its vuss than eats.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, you scoundrel!" said the frenzied merchant;
"ye've added up the year of our Laird among the pounds!"

Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord
among the items, had swelled the fortune of the merchant
some two thousand pounds beyond the amount.

THE ADVANTAGES OF "PARLEZ-VOUS."

As this is the season for "trouting," and as I happen to
be too busily engaged to pay my devoirs to the speckled deni-
zens of brook and lake, all I can do, of a moment's leisure,
is to indulge in reminiscences of other days' sport, which
will intrude upon me in the midst of "Uncle Sam's" and my
own business matters. Thus have I been thinking, for the
nonce, of an occasion whereupon a knowledge of the French
language served me most admirably in the prosecution of
several hours of the best fishing I ever performed in the
course of my existence.

It was among the mountains of western Massachusetts.
nearly six years ago. I had nothing particular on my hands
to do, save killing time as well as I possibly could, without
putting an end to my life. I tramped the hills over, making
"short cuts" to every brook within twenty miles: and had
explored, as I supposed, each one of them, when I heard
that in a meadow, some two miles from the village where I
had "pitched my tent," there ran a brook where the tallest
sport was to be had that an angler could wish for this side
of Eden. But the proprietor of the farm was an unamiable
"old codger," who peremptorily ordered people off, if he did
not prosecute them to the utmost rigor of the law.

I had withstood the onslaught of many a mischievous ram
and bull in my jaunts through the pastures. Even a huge
wild cat had not proved terrible enough to drive me from a
fine brook, where it once treated me to a very deliberate
tete-a-tete. So I resolved that "old N." should not "hurry
my time" if I once fairly got at work in his domain.

I sallied, after making a wager with some friends, that I
would not only enter the meadow, but that I should fish in
its brook to my heart's content, without asking N.'s leave,
or exposing myself to a suit for trespass. In due time I was
over the fence, then warily crawled up within a respectful

distance of the brook, and finally all absorbed in the sport.
Up came a noble trout, but just then a "*hallo thar!*" from
the house on the side hill attracted my attention. I paid no
heed to the call; cast my line in once more, and again drew
a beautiful fish. The cry was repeated, with the addition of—
"Clar out, mister—it's forbidden premises."

I politely doffed my "felt" to Mr. M., and held up my prey
for his admiration.

"You've got no right there, stranger," he hallooed. "I'll
take the law on ye."

Again I raised my hat, and dropping in my hook, in a
trice exhibited a real "bust-r," which I allowed to panfile a
few moments in the air to satisfy my interlocutor that I was
doing pretty well.

This was too much for the old chap's patience, and I saw
him soon trudging along toward me. I kept at my work
until he came up, saying:

"See here mister—what d'yer mean; stayin' here when
I order you to be right squar off?"

"Bonjou, monsieur," was my reply, touching my *chapeau*:
"*ce sont de magnifiques poissons. Foyez.*" (How are you,
sir; these are splendid fish,) and I opened the lid of my
basket.

The old gentleman was badly *nonplussed*; but recovering
from his surprise, exclaimed:—"What d'ye say? I say you
mawn't fish here," pointing to the brook.

"Merci, merci," I rejoined, bowing repeatedly. "Vous
ete bien bon." And I threw in my line. "The critter don't understand!", muttered N., "cuss me if he
don't think I tell him to go ahead!"

There was a bite; I pulled; and up came a decent trout.

"No! no!" he cried, more or less exasperated. "Quit I
tell ye!" Then mustering what little French, he could, he
added, "No bone!"

"Ma foi oui." I replied, shrugging my shoulders in true
Gallic style; "Il faut bien prendre les petits comme les gros."
(That's very true; but it can't be helped. We must take
the small with the large ones.)

That was Greek to him, and while he was attempting to
study it out, I caught another fish.



THE B(?)ARING BROTHERS.



GENT.—I see you want some agents to travel. Consider me in.

CLERK.—Yes, sir, we will give you an agency, provided you can give the required references and security.

GENT.—References and security? Consider me out (exit).

"The feller's bound to stay it out," soliloquised Mr. N.—. "Thar's no such thing as drivin' him off. He can't understand, and if I sot 'bout puttin' him off the ground, he might show fight. So, arter all, I guess I'll let him alone."

Before leaving, however, he cried out:—"This ere's your last chance, you consarned French Irish cuss, and foringer from Rhode Island; but if I catch you here again, I'll make yer sweat."

"*Bonjour, bonjour!*" I exclaimed. "*Portez-vous bien, monsieur!*"

Off he started, and I won my bet, besides getting a capital mess out of the old curmudgeon's conservatory.

Sharp but good Natured.

Fuseli, the painter, was a ready wit as well as a distinguished artist. During the exhibition of his Milton pictures, he called at the banking house of Mr. Coutts, saying he was going out of town for a few days, and wished to have some money in his pocket.

"How much?" said one of the firm.

"How much?" said Fuseli, "why, as much as twenty pounds; and as it is a large sum, and I don't wish to take your establishment by surprise, I have called to give you a day's notice of it!"

"I thank you, sir," said the cashier, imitating Fuseli's own tone of irony, "we shall be ready for you—but as the town is thin and money scarce with us, you will oblige me greatly by giving us a few orders to see your Milton Gallery—it will keep cash in our drawers, and hinder your exhibition from being empty."

Fuseli shook him heartily by the hand and cried,

"Blastation! you shall have the tickets with all my heart;

I have had the opinion of the virtuosi, the dilettanti the cognoscenti, and the nobles and gentry on my pictures, and I want now the opinions of the blackguards. I shall send you and your friends a score of tickets, and thank you too for taking them."

Anecdote of Charles Lamb.

The ensuing anecdote of Charles Lamb, has never appeared in any English sketches or anecdotes of his life, but it is pronounced to be entirely authentic:

At a dinner-table one evening, a sea-faring guest was describing a terrific naval engagement, of which he was a spectator, on board a British man-of-war. "While I was watching the effects of the galling fire upon the masts and rigging," said he, "there came a cannon ball, which took off both legs from a poor sailor who was in the shrouds. He fell toward the deck, but at that moment another cannon ball whizzed over us, which, strange to say, took off both his arms which fell upon deck, while the poor fellow's limbless trunk was carried overboard."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lamb; "didn't you save him?"

"No," replied the naval Munchausen; "he couldn't swim of course, and he sank before assistance could be rendered him."

"It was a sad, sad loss!" said Lamb, musingly; "if he could have been picked up, what an ornament to society he might have become!"

An Irish friend of ours complains that he has suffered so much from the prevailing depression, as to have been compelled to part with every article of his once splendid wardrobe with the exception of the arm holes of an old waistcoat!



(SCENE, A COLD DAY IN THE COUNTRY.)

FARMER, (*to boy who is crying with the cold*).—*Why don't you get off and lead him?*—*That's the way to keep warm.*
BOY.—*It's a b-b-rryed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze.*

There must have been some suppressed "snickering" in the "meetin' house" where the following laughable incident occurred:

"Let me tell an anecdote of one of the old settlers in this neighborhood, whom I will name Peter G——, who had resided on his farm near our village for the last forty years, and, by his industry and increased price of lands, was called rich, and lived full fat and plenteously. He was one of those hale, hearty, hard-working, bluff, blunt, open-hearted farmers, who thought more of looking after his stock and farm than of visiting a house of worship on the Sabbath-day. A near neighbor, who was his very opposite, and thought it sacrilege to miss a regular church-meeting, called on Peter one day and asked him to attend on the next Sabbath to hear Parson D—— preach; who, by the way, had built up a large church in the village. So Peter promised that he would be there on the next *Sunday*. Punctual to the time, as Peter thought, but a little late, he arrived at the door, which was closed, and the minister had commenced. Peter knocked at the door. Some one sitting near opened it. In walked Peter, with his ever-blunt "How d' do? ho d' do?" and looking up at the minister, he said, "Sir, how d' do?" and, in walking up the aisle, he spoke to every one, all of whom he knew. When his friend who had invited him, rose up to set him in his pew, he grasped him by his hand, and with his loud voice said, 'How are you? and how are yours?' which made such an unusual commotion that the congregation was in one titter during the whole sermon. This was his first and last visit to Parson D——'s church. He said they were 'the most dry, and unsociable set of people he had ever seen, when they had got on their Sunday-go-to-meeting-saces.'

Clippings.

"The fellow who "picked up a raise," no doubt wore boots.

The man who changed his mind, probably got something more valuable by the operation.

The fellow who got into a dispute with himself subsequently got out again.

People go on "tick" who sleeps on ordinary beds.

Hearty laugh—one that gets down among the ribs.

Makes a good serenade—the music of the spheres.

The easiest court to practice in—the court of a lady.

Fact—a pudding that is wholly done is also half done.

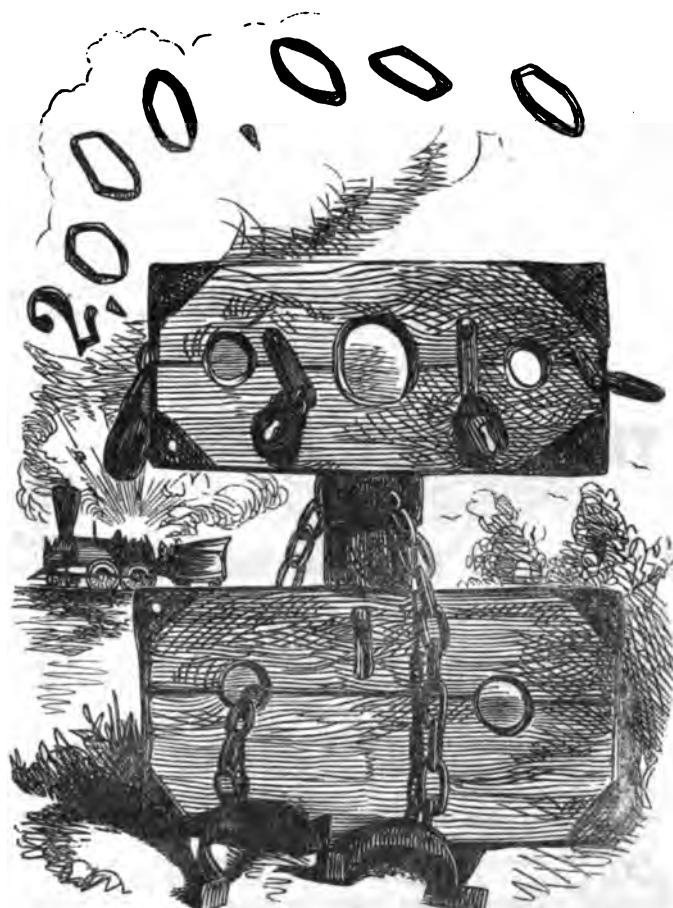
The fellow who went into business, has run out again. Probably didn't like it.

The fellow who picked his way, no doubt had something sharp in his hands.

Not so OLD, NEITHER.—An old chap, residing here, (says a correspondent,) who might be classed as of the genus "Scalawag," who was too lazy to work, but picked up a living by pettifogging, and other means more or less equivocal, was caught by a neighbor with a rail on his back, which he had just appropriated from said neighbor's fence for firewood. "Hallo! you *old scoundrel!*—what are you stealing my fence for?" was the salutation he received from the owner. The old fellow turned round, rested one end of the rail on the ground, and replied, without the least embarrassment, "I ain't such an almighty

sight older than you are, you meddling old fool!" Then deliberately shouldering the rail, he carried it home. Slightly the "wrong tack!"

A correspondent wishes to know when Jacob slept five in a bed? We believe the only period at which he was compelled to do so, was when he slept with *forefathers*.



Monument erected by the New Haven R. R. Co., to "departed worth."



JONATHAN, (log. in August).—Keep kool. Git eout, I'd like to see any body keep kool. Mite as well tell a feller to kool warm on top o' the North Polo, us ask a chap to keep cool in this weather. Why the very ice is warm. I'm obliged to walk around with a bucket on each arm to catch myself if I should happen to melt away like a tallow candle in a bakes oven. Jemima she's a layin' off in the ice chest, the dorz is in the wash-tub, a trying to reduce himself from the bitin' pint, and I have to keep a suckin' juleps all ther time to keep up a supply of presperation. My friends has sent all the things you see in ther pictur to help me rout, 'cause they nosr if I gin up with the heat, away goes the Notions, and then all creation would die of the blues. I wish I'd gone eout in search of Sir John Franklin. Whew! blow gentle breezes; give me another julep.

FUN! FUN!! FUN!!!

Let those now laugh who never laughed before,
And those who always laughed now laugh the more.

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OCTOBER.

Vol. III.



WIDE AWAKE, AND NOTHIN' ELSE!

JONATHN, (*log*).—LET 'EM COME ON, THEY THINK I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN'. KETCH A WEASAL A'SLEEP, I'VE HAD ONE EYE ON 'EM ALL THE TIME, AND WH-N THEY DEW STEP OVER THE LINE JEREW-SALEM! AND OLD SEVENTY SIX! THEY'L FIND I'M WIDE AWAKE, AND FULL OF FLEAS. I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' TILL THE TIME COMES, AND THEN—WELL MAY EE THEY'L FIND EOUT I KNOW A THING OR TWO. BE QUIET DORG; I'LL TIP YOU THE WINK WHEN TO GO IN.



Portrait of Mark Lemon.

The following "emanation" is from the pen of a Missouri poet, whose modesty was unwilling to permit it to have a wider diffusion than that to be obtained by circulating a few privately printed copies among his personal admirers. Our readers no doubt remember the "shooting affair" which forms the subject of the poem.

1. As I was going down Fourth street,
One o'clock or later:
Mr. Hoffman I did meet,
A running from Mrs. Baker.
2. As I was coming up Fourth street,
It was Mrs. Baker I did meet;
She looked at me and turned around,
And shot at Hoffman on the ground.
3. She shot at him upon the street,
And in the store he did retreat;
The excitement raised, the pistol cracked,
And Hoffman was shot in the back.
4. Then in the store she sat amazed,
While at Hoffman she did gaze;
She sent for Baker and when he came,
He said, "My God! Mary, what have you done?"
5. Then a carriage he did provide,
For to take a pleasure ride;
He could get nobody to go her bail,
So they took her 'round to St Louis Jail.
6. The Dutch they did surround the jail,
To get Mrs. Baker out on bail;
The watchman told them to go away,
But all they said was *nix forsta*.
7. There was a Dutchman drove a slop-cart,
Who thought himself so awful smart;
He struck Captain Cozzens on the head,
And the report went 'round that he was dead.
8. About eleven o'clock they raised a riot,
And Mr. Howe told them to keep quiet;
They throwed rocks in all ways,
So he sent for the St Louis greys.
9. The Washington guards were ordered out,
And Captain Frost, Commander;
Says he old Dutch you are lost
If you do raise our dander.

WANTED TO KNOW—The velocity of a "running account?" Multiply the distance between you and the Sheriff's office by the diameter of your imprudence. The quotient will be answer in miles. Suppose the distance fifteen miles and the diameter of your imprudence is equal to 80 dollars per day. These multiplied, show that you are going to the devil with a velocity equal to 450 miles per week.

FOLLOWING THE LORD.—An itinerant preacher recently travelled among the north-western counties in this State. He was mounted on an animal whose appearance betokened very bad keeping, the mere frame-work of what had once been a horse. Riding up to the door of a country inn, he inquired of the landlord the distance to the next town. The host coming out was so forcibly struck with the appearance of the animal upon which the querist sat, that he walked around him twice before giving the required information. He then inquired:

"Who might you be, if it is a fair question?"

"I am a follower of the Lord," he answered.

"Follerin the Lord, eh?" demanded the host. "Well, 'll tell you what it is old feller." [eyeing the horse again] "there's one thing sartain, if you stop often on the road, you'll never ketch him with that horse."

CLERICAL WIT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an "unmarrying" process, so alien to his own vocation, and, so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

"FOR CUTTING ALL CONNECT-IONS FAIRLY FAMED
CONNECT I CUT is fairly named:
I twain CONNECT in one, but you
Cut those whom I CONNECT in two.
Each legislature seems to say,
What you CONNECT I CUT away."

Women are some on wants. Give 'em a silk dress, and they "do so" want a \$50 cashmere. Try that on and they "must have" a \$10 hat. After that bracelets, capes, gloves, and so on. For wanting things all the way from the top of the head till the middle of week after next, you may put down de laine clear up to 124 1-2 in the shade—and very cool at that.



Elevating the Human Race.



Good news to the Afflicted.

MRS BANGS.—*Oh! dear Doctor, my husband has been taken with the cholera, what on earth is good for it?*

DOCTOR SQUINN.—*Mudam, use my Exquinaxicating Anodine, he will die much easier for it.*

A Michigan Bed Bug Story.

The editor of the Grand River *Engl-* has a friend who has been stopping, as he alleges at one of the hotels in Kalamazoo. His story is pretty told, and he possesses talents in the way of spinning "yarn" that would do credit to one who has entailed his mess in the forecastle of a whaler, or relieved the tedium of a watch on deck. "You see I went to bed pretty all fired used up, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calkalin' on a good snooz. Wall, just as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt suthin' tryin' to pull off my shirt and diggin' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wiggled and twisted, doubled and pucker'd—all to no use—and kept goin' it like all sin. Bimeby got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed-bugs scattered around, and more droppin' off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minit. Swept a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered it up for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me like a parcel of rats on a m.al tub—dug a hole in the kiver lid, and crawled through and gave me fits for trying to hide. Got up agin' went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon, brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lav d.wn on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time anyhow. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em. See them get together and have a camp meetin' about it; and they went off in a squad with an old grey headed one at the top, right up on the wall on the ceiling, till they got on the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face. Fact by thunder. Wall, I swept 'em up agin' and made a circle on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul that time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of the bed and build a bridge over it!" Seeing an incredible expression on our visage he clinched the story thus: "It's so whether you believe it or not, and some of them walked across on stil's. Bed-bugs are curious critters, 'specially the Kalamazoo kind."

RUSSIAN POLITENESS: A FACT.—About the close of last July a very loquacious and corpulent German lady, resident in St Petersburg, having quarrelled with her servants (Russia), the latter gave intimation to the Prefecture of Police that the former had spoken of the Russian Government in terms of reproach and disrespect. The lady received a summons to appear before the Prefecture, to whom she repaired accordingly, vowing revenge on the whole tribe of servants. On her arrival at the office, the Prefecture most politely received her, and ushering her into a small box-looking apartment, commenced reading over sundry charges against her, which he had scarcely finished when down sunk the corpulent lady through a trap in the treacherous floor, above which nothing of her portly figure was to be seen but her head, arms, and crumpled habiliments—and, shocking to relate, thirty blows from an unseen hand were administered, where, however they were unlikely to cause permanent injury, except to the feelings of the sufferer. On the completion of the sentence, the stout lady's person reappeared again above ground, almost as suddenly as it had disappeared, and the Prefecture in the most courteous and polite manner bowed her out of the office.

Mrs Partington is about putting up a new residence. She says: "My new house, new 'directing,' is to be sublimated and 'splendiferous.' There is to be a 'Porto Rico' in front, a 'Pizarro' in the rear, and a 'lemonade' all round it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an 'anecdote,' and the lawn is to be 'degraded' and some large trees are to be 'supplanted' in the 'critie' in the rear."

IS A PICKLE—Preserved herrings, and people caught in the act of kissing other people's wives.



The Sportive Lambs.

Mrs. Moodie tells of a camp-meeting in Canada, at which the people were worked up to a very high pitch of excitement. But after the adjournment, before the company broke up, it was forgotten, and they were laughing and chattering about their worldly affairs. The young lads were sparkling the girls, and the girls laughing and flirting with them. It was remarked to an old farmer, who was reckoned a very pious man, "that such conduct in persons who had just been in despair about their sins, was very inconsistent to say the least of it;" but he replied, with a sanctimonious smile—"it is only the Lord's lambs playing with each other."



The Black Drop.

Soliqey of a Leasor.

Let's see, where am I? This is—coal I'm laying on. How'd I get here? (reflects.) Yes, I mind now. Was comin' up street—met a wheel-barrow—was drunk—comin' other way, the wheel-barrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheel-barrow—and one on us fell into the cellar—don't mind which now—guess it must a been me. I'm a nice young man, yes I am—tight! tore! shot! drunk! Well, I can't help it—taint my fault—wonder whose fault 'tis? Is it Jones' fault? no. Is it my wife's fault? well it ain't. Is it the wheel-barrow's fault? no-o-o. It's Whiskey's fault. Who is Whiskey? Has he a large family? Got many relations?—All poor, I reckon. I think I won't own him any more. I'll cut his acquaintance; I've had that notion for about ten years, and always hated to do it for fear of hurtin' his feelings—I'll do it now—I think Liquor's injurin' me it spoili's my temper.

Sometimes I g' t mal wh'n I'm drunk and abuse Betz and the brats; it used to be Lizzie and the children; that's sometime ago I can just mind it; when I come home venin's she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me dear William. When I come home now she takes her pipe out of her mouth and puts her hair out of her eyes and looks at me and says something like—"Bill, you drunken brute! shut the door after you, we're cold enough havin' no fire, 'thout let in the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Betz, and I'm Bill now; I ain't a good bill muther; think I'm con'ferseit—won't pass—a tavern without goin' in an' getti' a drink. Don't know what Bank I'm on! last Sunday I was on the river bank drunk.

I stay out pretty late, no, sometimes I'm out all night; fact is I'm ou' pretty much all over—out of frends, out of pocket, out at the elbows and knee's, and always outrageously dirty, so Betz says—but then she's no judge, for sh's never clean herself. I wonder why she don't wear good clothes; may be sh hasn't got 'em; whose fault's that? taint mine—it must be Whiskey's.

Some times I'm in, however; I'm intoxicated now, and in

somebody's coal cellar. There is one good principle I've got—I won't get in debt, I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone, got tore off I expect when I fell down here—I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow to'd me the other day I'd make a good sign for a paper-mill; if he wasn't so big I'd a licked him. I've had this shirt on for nine days, and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearin'. People ought to respect me more'n they do, for I'm in holey orders—I ain't a dandy, though my clothes is pretty near greaseian style. I guess I tore his window shutter in my pants the other night, when I set down on the wax in Ben Sugg's shop—I'll have to get it mended up, or I will catch cold—I ain't very stout as it is—though I'm full in the face—as the boys say I'm about as fat as a match, and as healthy as the small-pox. My best hat is standing guard f'r a window-pane that went out the other morning at the invitation of a brickbat. It's gettin' cold down here; wonder how I'll get out; I ain't able to climb—if I had a drink I could think bet'er; let's see, I ain't got three cents; wsh I was in a tavern I could sponge one. When anybody treats, and says "come sellers," I always think my name's "sellers," and I've got too good manners to refuse. Well, I must leave this, or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary. I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow it was the wheel-barrow did the harm, not me.

COURAGEOUS DUELLISTS.—The famous Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasions to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused Wes on to send him a challenge.

Being in the gentleman, a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered.

"But now," said the Frenchman, "if we should return without fighting our companions will laugh at us: therefore, let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other."

"With all my heart," says Weston: "come, I'll wound you first."

So, drawing his sword, he whistled it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears into his eyes.

This done and the wound tied up with a handkerchief.

"Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, putting himself in a posture of defiance, replied: "Where you can, sir, where you can."

Doubloons are bad for the eyes. In Wall street, they give such an obliquity to the vision, that people while in search of a palace very often stumble into the State Prison. Queer isn't it?

If you want to feel about right, get into a pond of strawberries and cream, and swim round about a couple of weeks. It is a great invention—cream and strawberries.

"I believe they have been inoculated with stupidity," said a lawyer.

"That may be," said his opponent, "but the bar is of the opinion that they had it in the natural way."



A regular Know Nothing.

The Audience will Rise and be Dismissed.

was himself again. The Elder never played so fiercely; the tyrant never exhibited his deformities so conspicuously, never offered his "kingdom for a horse" so eagerly. The audience were electrified and the curtain went down amid thunders of applause.

Cries of "Adams, Adams! speech, speech!" reverberated through the house. The tragedian meanwhile had retired to his dressing room, stripped his royal robes from off his shoulders, and was busily engaged wiping the perspiration from his heated face. But the cries still continued and the manager, the veteran Dionesford, rushed in the room in a high state of excitement.

"For God's sake, Adams! what are you about? Don't you hear the row in front? Go on, go on! and say something, or they'll stamp the house down!"

Thus impelled, the Elder started, in his shirt sleeves, which were rolled up, his face still dripping with water, and appeared before the curtain.

His appearance was greeted with renewed applause. Adams stepped down to the foot lights, and began a speech with "Men and brethren!" The subject of his speech was the intimate connection between the drama and the preached gospel. At its conclusion he held up the right hand, and said,

"Let us pray."

The audience were hushed in profound silence at the novelty of the scene and the impressiveness and fervor of the Elder's prayer.

He finished the prayer and then with both arms extended, he said,

"The congregation will please rise and be dismissed."

The audience rose, and received the benediction and retired as orderly as a congregation on Sacrament day. It was not until after they had reached the open air, that the supreme ludicrousness of the scene just enacted, struck the people on the head. As soon, however, as it got through their hair, peals and peals of laughter echoed through the streets as group after group sought their own homes. The Elder felt happy that night. He had killed two birds with one stone; had given the people a good play a good scrap of doctrine, a good prayer, and had dismissed them with a blessing.

*It's a curious fact that ladies in bloom,
(Nor is it mere gossiping rumor,) After losing their beauty, and hopes of
a groom,
Often get to be ladies in Bloomer.*

He heard a few years ago, the eccentric Elder Adams, apostle, priest and actor of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," who was playing a star engagement in one of the large towns in Massachusetts. When his benefit night came in, he selected his great character of Richard III, in which to greet his numerous friends. The house was crowded and Richard

A Report.—During the war of 1812, it was the misfortune of many American officers to be prisoners in Canada, and not always to meet with the best of treatment. True, they were physically well attended to, and generally messaged with their captors; but they were subject to jibes and mortifying remarks, which not unfrequently called forth a Roland for an Oliver. On one of these occasions, (it was just after the flight of the President from Washington and before the news of his safety had reached Quebec,) an English officer gave the insulting toast under the circumstances,

"Mr Madison, dead or alive!" Words cannot express the indignation of the American officers, nor their surprise when they saw a prisoner rise from his chair returning *thanks* for this recollection of his country's chief magistrate, and in the blandest voice call on all to fill, as he was about to make a return. There was a peculiar something visible, however, which led his companions to think that they might follow his example, which they did; in a calm unmoved voice he gave the toast.—"His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, drunk or sober." Had a shell exploded on the table, the amazement could not have been greater, and the person who had given the first toast, said, "That, sir is an insult." "No," said the American, "it is a reply to one, that's all." He continued, "If it be an insult, resent it!" The English are in the main a chivalrous race, and the commencer of the wordy dispute was induced to explain, and the party dispersed. This report is sometimes attributed to the late Major General Kearney, and at others to the deceased Major Lomax, of the artillery; both one and the other were capable of it, for they were men of quick wit, and nerve and courage to sustain what they thought circumstances demanded on all occasions.

A good joke is told by Mrs. Stowe in her memoirs of foreign travel. It is told of a French mechanic who was praising Beranger, the poet, of whom he spoke so highly that he said he should like to go to his, the poet's funeral, that he might know what it felt like.

"Could I live to see his funeral!" said he. "Quelle spectacle, quelle grande émotion!"



A Great Monopolist.



A CONGRESSIONAL ROW.

EXCITED POLICEMAN.—*Mr. Perkins, what the duce is all of this rumpus about? ha!*

MR. PERKINS, (very Coolly).—*Wal, Sir, you see Mrs. Perkins has gone to the Musical Congress, and the children and myself are having a Musical Congress of our own.*

Cutting It Fat;

OR, THE PARSON AND THE CHEESES.

Our reverend hero of the hat story was riding home from a visit to Newburyport one afternoon—and being on the road where a friend of his, Mr. T., lived, a staunch old farmer, famous for his fat cheeses and good living, he gave him a call.

In a short time, tea was ready, and the doctor was of course cordially invited to sit down at their bountiful board.

I declare," ejaculated the divine, "I must say that this cheese is the nicest I ever ate; why, it will nearly melt in one's mouth!"

"Sartan," returned the dairyman, "you must know, doctor, that my wife lets no one go ahead of her on cheese; she always gets the first premium at the cattle show; I stamp my initials on all we make, and they bring a cent or two a pound more than any other in the market."

"Excuse me for helping myself to it so bountifully," said the reverent guest, "it is so very nice; besides, it is quite a luxury to me—such extra cheese—we don't have such at home; in fact, to tell you plainly, we haven't had any of any kind lately."

This brought out the good dairywoman.

"Husband," said she, "hadn't we better give the doctor one of our cheeses?"

"Sartan," replied the farmer, "give him a good one—the best you've got in the house."

As soon as the doctor was ready to start, the generous woman selected a nice fat cheese from her storeroom—fit for a king's table—rolled it up nicely in a spick-span clean napkin, and handed it to their hired man to put in the parson's sleigh.

"I'll take care of it, myself," said our doctor of theology, taking the rich cheese from the man, —and after thanking the good people kindly for their nice present, he bade them good night, and started with his prize for his horse and sleigh which was standing by the front gate.

After stowing his cheese, he unlatched the animal, and jumped into the sleigh; but he had scarcely got seated, and the reins adjusted, when the horse, feeling impatient to be off, gave a sudden side-jerk towards the road, expelling the sleigh, spilling out the parson, and after him three cheeses, which he had got at different places that day, besides the one just given him, which verged off in different directions like rays of rich orange light, leaving the doc'r in the centre of the halo for a nucleus!

All this came off before a good audience—the scene was not lost. A picket guard of children stood at the gate—the farmer and his wife were posted at the front door, and the man-servant and the maid-servant stood at the window.

As soon as the doctor's rich cargo was revealed to the astonished eyes of our good dairyman, he sprung forward and seized, with his huge paw, the cheese marked "S. T." clapped it under his arm—then turning to the parson with a satirical smile, said—"Doctor, when you are out of cheese, just come this way and you shall have this!" The parson was never known to call for it, we believe.

One correspondent from Nebraska tells "a story" which is rather hard. He says:

"It seems to be a purpose *prepense* to have it a Slave State. There is a story abroad, that at all the ferries over the Missouri River they have a cow tied, and a committee to watch all immigrants. The Committee ask of each immigrant what animal that is. If he says 'A cow,' all well—he goes over. But if he answers

"A hœw," they turn him back. Is the Union safe?

We rather like Japan. It is a free and easy land. The climate is soft and delicious, the women pretty and polite, the men gallant and lazy. School don't keep one day in a week, they have no preaching in hot weather, and all—good looking fellows four wives each, free taxes, and plenty of servants to take care of his household. For life that isn't surprised by anything common, Japan may be considered a good deal on the gold and sunshiny sort.



An Irish Joke.

HARDWARE MERCHANT.—*Why what on earth are you doing with that old door?*

PAT.—*Faith and I want to sell it. A man told me ye wanted stove doors here.*



A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

LADY.—*Want you take another julep?*
GENT.—*Thank you, I prefer your two lips.*

A young lawyer took for his first fee a Newfoundland pup, whereupon the following correspondence took place between him and another "limb":—

Of a lawyer's first fee, if you'll tell me the name,
Which backwards or forwards spells always the same
And do it correctly, I'll bellow and holla,
"Tu semper eris mihi Magnus Apolo." G.

ANSWER.

Your riddle, received just ere going to bed,
Was a long time in getting thro' my stupid head,
Till weary and worn, and about to give up,
"Parturient montes et nascitur"—pup. B.

The "Courier des Etas Unis," says—"We saw yesterday in Broadway, a young gent complacently promenading the fashionable side, and proud in the possession of the first pair of trousers of a new pattern. The ground tint was grey; from the right boot arose a design representing the heights of Gibaltar, the waistcoat just covering the upper folds of the British flag waving from the summit of a lofty tower. The left boot served as a base for Mount Vesuvius, in a state of eruption; torrents of lava rolled down the face of the mountain. The gentleman was rewarded for this exhibition by the curious attention of a crowd of street boys, who followed in the rear of the moving panorama!"

The "Do Nothings," is the name of one of the latest of the secret associations in which this age is so prolific. It has for its object the total abolition of every species of labor. Like all the rest of them, it is a very ancient order, but its complete organization (on account of the exertion necessary for such a work,) has been postponed to this day of lightning, steam, and other labor saving agents, by the help of which, the task has been very much facilitated. There's excellent material in this place for a branch chapter."

The pass-word of the Order is, "In a hurry"—and the answer, "In a horn."

Prosperity won't do for some folks. There's Jonathan Jops got three and nine-pence the other day, and he's been in a state of ruination ever since. Our friend Miss Brown, ever since she had a new silk dress, hasn't been worth a penny in the useful way. For making people sober and sensible, you must keep them three doors this side of prosperity.

Soon after the Copernican system of astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry:

"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving round the sun?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you think it is according to the scriptures. If it's true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?"

"Umpf?" quoth the doctor, scratching his head, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"

"Yes."

"Well, it stood still, did it not?"

"Yes."

"Very well, did you hear that he set it to going again?"



Honesty of Intention.

GENT.—*Holloa, Dick, what are you doing with my copper keel?*

DICK.—*Why, look a here, mas'r, I'm jus taken um to de pump to get a drink out on um, and den fitch um back, bu' if you dm't like it, take yer old keele and I'l borry a tin cup somewhere else.*



"By Jove! Buckster! if Bobbington Cutler would only bend his knees a little more he'd dance devilish well."

DUTCH TESTIMONY.

A steamboat once was all blown up:
Some passengers were drowned;
An awful lot were "missing," and
A dreadful few were found.

'Twas sometime after that a case
Came up before the Court,
Wherein 'twas asked—"Where last was seen
The Reverend Hans Von Woort?"

The witness who was on the stand,
Was Dutch as "Zour Krouf!"
He and the reverend gentleman
Had been on board the boat.

His answers—being under oath—
Had been both clear and just,
Until he came to that one point
Wherein the boilers burst.

But then they were somewhat confused;
Three times His Honor asked—
"When was the last time saw'st thou him?
Tell us the very last!"

For a long time the witness scratched
His head, as if in thought;
At length his brightning visage told
The date exact he'd caught.

"Te bilers bust—an' every ting
Vob scattered all aroun',
An' ash schinoke-bipe an' I vent up,
Ve met him comin' down!"

The Two Mr. Mathewses.

The following anecdote illustrates the reputation of Mr. Charles Mathews, whose progress through the bankruptcy court has lately attracted attention:—Frank Mathews was in the habit of having every evening a pint of porter from a neighboring "public." On one occasion Charles Mathews met the pot-boy on the stair, and inquired "who was the beer for?" The boy replied, "for Mr. Mathews." On which Charles replied, "I'm going to Mr. Mathews and I'll carry it to him." So, knocking at the door, and imitating the boy's voice, he said, "Here's your beer, sir." Frank, knocking Charles voice, notwithstanding the disguised tone, replied, "Put it down." The rejoinder was, "My master told me not to leave the beer without the money." "Oh, in that case," replied Frank, "it's not for me, but for the other Mr. Mathews."

An English Lady's Appetite.

As a specimen of the want of gallantry which may lurk beneath an eff'ctual mask of politeness, we make the following extract from M. Decompte's description of a visit to the Great Exhibition of London, 1851:—"It soon appeared," said the Frenchman, "that nothing provokes the appetite like long-sustained admiration—for soon a young "Miss" declared that she wanted something to "support" her. We were close to one of those gigantic buffets, where fortunes were made it is said, in "supporting" the blonde ladies of England. I offered to escort the fair islander. English custom permits this liberty with an unmarried lady. "What will the little bird find here to employ its tiny beak upon?" I said to myself, seeing the massive cake, the plum puddings, and other pastry piled in pyramids, all at once so nourishing and indigestible that even a view of the collection sufficed me. Well, the little bird ate six shillings' worth! To this day I often wonder how she contrived to stow all this away!"

We lately spoke of the old lady who triumphantly pointed out the "Epistle to the Romans," and asked where one could be found addressed to the Protestants? The Catholic Mirror happily retorts by telling us of a negro Baptist at the south, who said to his Methodist master: "You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of John the Baptist, hasn't y.u?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about John, the Methodist, did you?" "No." "Well, den you see, dar's Baptist in de Bible, but dere ain't no Methodist; and de Bible's on my side." We have our good brethren of these sects to settle this knotty point among themselves.

The following little colloquy will show fashionable mammas "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child":—Scene—Apartment in the office of the French Consul. Mamma and daughter discovered applying for a passport. Clerk (to mamma.) Will you be kind enough to give me your age? Mamma (trying it on.) Thirty-three last birth-day. Clerk (to daughter.) And your age also, if you please, Miss? Daughter, (who is of a spiteful turn of mind, and wishes to hurt her mamma's feelings.) Oh, I was thirty-five last birth-day. I am two years older than mamma!

"Julius, how do yer fetch der latitud-?"

"How do I fetch der latitude—why, you bring de parroix of der horr' son oppos'e to der node of de hemispher, and from de right angle struck by de converse proportions, you find de quotient in de lunar caustic, subduced from the orbit of de arf!"



Melancholic.



men, passengers, and in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for ei her.

Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of original turn of mind, says to the young lady,

"Jump overboard and marry the man who jumps after you."

The young lady, struck with the idea, and being fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready and manned, in case of accident.

Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and lo king very d votedly at the young lady, she plunged into the s a head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately plunged in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers got out again, she says to the captain,

"What am I t o now, they are so wet?"

"Take the dry one!" says the captain. And the young lady did, and married him.

Cousining.

A country gentleman lately arrived in Bos' on and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him and invited him to their hou-e as his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in that city but a day or two.

The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and a friend of his wif', took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street.

Finally the visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after the lapse of eleven days, found, besides lodg'ng and bo'rding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable.

Accordingly he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him when the gen leman took the horse he would pay the bill.

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "I understand you."

Accordingly in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, "Mr.—my relative will pay this."

"Very well, si," said the stable keeper, "please get an order from Mr.—it will be the same as the money."

SHORT STORY.—D'kenks tells the following story of an American sea captain:

In his last voyage home, the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attraction—a phrase I use as being one entirely new and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentle-

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long wharf where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"A'e you?" said the merchant, "well, good by, sir."

"Well, about the horse, the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that's all right."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not!"

A Philosophical Loafer—with only two Cents.

An evening or two since, as we were passing up Broadway, our attention was arrested by a soliloquizing la'er, who stood leaning against the railing of the Park, and holding forth to himself in the following rather odd, amusing and philosophical manner:—

"I've got two whole cents—I'd give them, and bust myself, if any body'd tell me where I'm going to sleep to night.—Here I am, with only two cents half-past nine, and a severe night! Werrily I am victim of misfort'n! I don't see how 'tis I vegetated so long as I has. Gen. Jackson says every body's born equal—except me; I knows I isn't; and yet I'm just as good as nobody what's better. I don't understand the philosophy of human natur—if I was other folks and other folks was me, I wouldn't let m'self stand here frizzing with only two cents, and no chance for lodg'. There goes a couple of dandies—they aint nobody—I wouldn't be dandy for two shillin's. Them omibus chaps aint nobody neither—if they was, they'd let a seller ride for two cents. Nobody don't take no notice of me, because they knows a man in my sitivation despises all such mean cr tters. Why couldn't I had the good luck to been born a hoss?—if I had, I'spose I'd been a clam hoss, and fed on shavings. If I was an oyster, 'twould be my misfortune to be a first-rate, plump fat seller—the first one to be peppered, salted and swaller'd. My eyes! these is scrutinacious times—only two cents and a lousy look for lodg'ng!"

We gave the unfortunate philosopher a sixpence, for which he took off his hat and thanked us very politely; but sang out as we left him—"Look 'ere, I say, old hoss—couldn't you make this a shilling?"



WATERED SILK.

MRS. PARSON'S little lap dog, "Cupid," while having his toilet made to aroused to anger by the sudden intrusion of a huge black cat, and in making a sudden spring for the purpose of chastising the unwelcome visitor, upsets a bowl of water plump into Mrs. Parson's lap, to the great detriment of her new Brocade Satin, suddenly transforming it to watered silk.



and they used to smoke and tell their tough stories evenin' arter evenin', but that was also my father died.

"My nateral susceptoribilities bein' fine, I felt rayther bad when the old gentleman stepped out. I need to lay awake night arter night, and think on'. One night, in the fust of the evenin', arter I had turned in, I heard a strange knockin' on the winder-sill, and didn't know what on airth to make on it."

"Who's there?" sez I.

"Your father," sez a voice.

"It can't be posseble!" sez I.

"It's nothin' shorter," sez he.

"How do ye like as fur as you've got?"

"I am not over an above pleased," sez he.

"I am sorry to hear it," sez I. "What's the trouble?"

"It's e'nermost impossibl to get any good smokin' terbacker," sez he, in a derelicted voice.

"That's melanchully," sez I. "Can I do anything fur ye?"

"Nuthin to brag on," sez he; "but you'll oblige me by layin' a good piece of pig tail on the winder sill, nights when you go to bed."

"I'll do it," sez I.

"I'll feel obleeged," sez he.

"Not at all," sez I; "but if it's a fair question, I'd like to know how you pass your time up there?"

"It's no offence at all sonny. I set on a sun-beam most o' the time, playin' on the jewsharp."

"It must be very amusing," sez I. "Have you got the old thing wid ye?"

"I ain't got nothin' else," sez he.

"Play us up a tune, then?" I continued.

"With pleasure," sez he; and so he struck up.

"That's rather melanchully," sez I.

"I know it," sez he; "but it's all on account of the terbacker."

"I'll get you some of the raal pigtail," sez I.

"So do, and I'll play ye something livelier next time. Good night sonny," he added, in a more cheerful tone.

"Come agin," sez I.

"You may rely on't" sez he.

"Good night, then," sez I. "Don't hurt yourself doin' the miscellaneous work, and I'd recommend ye to bring a better instrument when ye come agin." And with that the old gentleman hurried away."

"Did you place the pigail on the window-sill?" I asked.

"In course I did—the raal ginewine.

"And did he come after it?"

"As reg'lar as the night came. I never knew him to fail, and an uncommon sight o' the stuff he made way with. If all my relations had come back, and

OMING BACK FOR PIG TAIL.—"Talkin' of sperts reminds me of my experience in that line," said Sutler, gravely, shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"Let us hear it," said I.

"With the greatest pleasure, Cap'en. My father, you see, had been under the turf a great many years. He wasn't a bad man, by no means. A kinder heart never beat nor his; but he was oncommon fond of terbacker. He'd smoke the day out and the day in. He hadn't an equal in that way, except old Sam Flint, our nearest neighbor, and he was just about his match;

used as much o' the weed as he did, I should ha' been dead broke."

"And what kind of tobacco did Sam Flint smoke at that time?" I continued.

"Pigail—nottin' but pigtail, jest like that used by the old gentleman," said Sutler, with a look irresistibly comical.

"How was it about your father's ghost?" said I one day to Sutler, as we were alone.

"The fact o' the case was, he replied, "I found it took off the change like all natur' to keep my father in terbacker; so I told Flint all about it, and axed him if he couldn't supply the old gentleman with a plug or two occasionally, for old acquaintance sake?"

"I couldn't think of it," sez he, "got a large family to support, and I use an awful sprinklin' of the weed myself. But I've got a pound or two I'll sell ye cheap."

"What kind is it I axed?"

"Pigtail," said he.

"Bring it over," sez I.

"With pleasure," sez he. And so the next day he brought it over, and I bought it. Well come to look it over. I found some of the identical plugs which I had laid on the winder-sill for the old gentleman. Upon careful enquiry, I learned that he'd sold several pounds o' the stuff to neighbors, and seemed to have plenty o' the same sort; although, afore that, he used to be hard up on terbacker, for he was poor as Job, and an uncommon smoker. Arter that time I didn't lay any more plugs on the winder-sill, thinkin' it best to let the old gentleman depend on his own exertions for a supply o' pigtail."

"What are you got in that tin cup?"

"It is whiskey. Will you have some?"

"You're the feller. Jist open my teeth and a pour little down, I can't see well, but I think bitters will do me good."

I did as I was direc'cd, and he drank the whole contents of the cup—about half a pint o' raw whiskey, and then said—

"Thankee, old feller. Ye see I was asleep, and when the buet-up took place I was on the biler-deck, and I believe I was bloed through one of the flues—but never mind, I ain't much hurt, and am more used to it than many. I've been bloed up four times afore."

"That man was decidedly the 'hardest caso' I ever met with."

THE RUSSIAN FEATS.—The Emperor of Russia is such a rogue, that, if his sailors are worthy of their sovereign, his navy ought to be spent with a K.

If a man steal a barrel of salt and a galvanic battery, could he be arrested for assault and battery?

Has an eye to business, that eating house keeper down town, who lately put green glass in his windows, and feeds his customers on shavings for lettuce.

The fellow who took offence has not yet returned it.



THE DECLINE OF THE STAGE, through the vagaries of UNCLE TOM.



A SPOILT JOKE.

"I was in company the other night, a number of ladies being present, when a young man proposed a conundrum which he said he read in the papers. It was this: "When is a lady not a lady?" There was a pause—"Give it up," said all round, when to the infinite horror of the whole party the querist exclaimed, "When she's a little sulky." Nobody laughed—some were demure, some indignant, and some no doubt inclined to scratch—the querist's face a little. He was disappointed. Fumbling in his pocket he pulled out a paper which, consulting for a moment, he ejaculated, "O, I beg your pardon, ladies, I made a mistake. The answer is, 'when she's a little SULKY!'" I knew it was some sort of a carriage."

The enforcement of the Maine Law in Connecticut, gives rise to some queer scenes, now and then. We annex one that came off in Hartford last week. Mr. Bluff, opens the case.

"If the court please, the matter to be passed upon is one in relation to the unlawful sale of one lot of imported spirits. We shall prove that Stebbins, the defendant, deals in liquor, that he has sold liquor, and that the money for that liquor is now in his possession. The first and only witness, I shall call, is James Dubious. Kiss the book, Mr. Dubious. Do you know the defendant Stebbins?"

"Yes sir."

"Where does he reside?"

"On the top of Maine street."

"What's his business?"

"I can't say exactly. All I know is that I bought an article of gin, of him yesterday."

"Did you pay for it?"

"Yes sir."

"How much?"

"One hundred and twenty five dollars."

"That's enough, sir. The witness is yours, Mr. Dash."

Dash accordingly cross examines Dubious.

"Mr. Dubious, you say you bought that article of gin of the defendant?"

"Yes sir."

"What kind of gin was it?"

"A Cotton Gin, for my brother's plantation in Georgia."

"That will do, Mr. Dubious."

Trial closed with a verdict for defendant, and a request from Councillor Bluff, that the presiding magistrate, would reprimand, "the witness Dubious," for trifling with the dignity of the court.

Sausages made of red flannel, boot jacks and the hind quarter of a night-mare, are good for those who like 'em; but we never did fancy 'em.

An exchange paper says that the fashionable hats called "wide-awakes" are so called because they never had any nap!

The gentleman who was appointed leader of a hat band, is much elated at the honor.

RECIPIENT FOR HAPPINESS—Go without your dinner, and see if you don't feel happy when it is supper time.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—A writer in alluding to the present high price of provisions of all kinds, states that "the high price of flour causes many to fall back on original principles—corn bread!"

AFTER all California is a good deal of a country. For summer costume, in the "free and-easy" part of the climate, the men folk wears a straw hat, pine wood apron and jack-knife. The women hav'n't settled in that part of the nation yet.

The reason why some people put on airs, is because they have nothing else to put on.

The man who went for southern measures has not returned. It is suggested that he is disputing as to whether they shall be pecks or half bushels.



Mr. Brown (log.)—Hic, well cuss the luck, I never dins with the Turtle club but somebody comes along and steals my key hole.



Raising the Wind on Personal Security.

DOATING MOTHER.—*My dear little Willy, what is the matter with you, where do you feel sick?*

WILLY.—*Mother, I want a sixpence!*

DOATING MOTHER.—*What does Willy want of a sixpence?*

WILLY.—*Why, Mother, Joe Pomeroy says that I owe him a sixpence, and that he'll lick me if I don't pay him; and he's already licked me twice now.*

The Tall Gentleman's Apology.

Upbraid me not, I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six foot three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so low;
That's many a one can tie a knot who cannot fix a bean.

'Tis true the moralists have said that Love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heav'd for one who has no size?
And on our wedding day I'm sure I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of loud alarm,
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to beg,
Your highest efforts, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude,
And though I use a concave lens, by all the gods I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through Herschel's telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one, I ask no parting kiss:
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt so delicate a flower;
The tears that fall from such a height would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't throw yourself in a basin or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six Foot Club.
But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six foot three, the life that's but a span.

Bring in the Bear.

In the middle of dinner, the company was disturbed by the entrance of a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, but who was evidently much flustered with drinking. He thrust his chair in between two gentlemen who sat at the head of the table, and in a loud voice demanded fish.

"Fish, sir?" said the obsequious waiter, a great favorite with all persons who frequented the hotel; "there is no fish sir. There was a fine salmon, sir, had you come sooner; but 'tis all eaten, sir."

"Then fetch me some."

"I'll see what I can do, sir," said the obliging Tim, hurrying out.

Tom Wilson was at the head of the table, carving a roast pig, and was in the act of helping a lady, when the rude fellow thrust his fork into the pig, calling out as he did so,

"Hold, sir! give me some of that pig! You have eaten among you all the fish, and now you are going to appropriate the best parts, of the pig."

Tom raised his eyebrows, and stared at the stranger in his peculiar manner, then very coolly plied the whole of the pig on his plate.

"I have heard," he said, "of dog-eating dog, but I never before saw pig-eating pig."

"Sir! do you mean to insult me?" cried the stranger, his face crimsoning with anger.

"Only to tell you, sir, that you are no gentleman. Here, Tim," turning to the waiter, "go to the table and bring in my bear; we will place him at the table to teach them how to behave himself in the presence of ladies."

A general uproar ensued: the women left the table, while the entrance of the bear threw the gentleman present into convulsions of laughter. It was too much for the human biped; he was forced to leave the room, and succumb to the bear.—*From Roughing it in the Bush.*

A correspondent relates an anecdote illustrating the aptness of the phrase "that icicle," recently applied by Wendell Phillips in his lecture to Senator Everett.

"Good morning Mr. L——," (said one member of the Worcester bar to another) a few years since as they chanced to meet.

"But you seem to have a bad cold."

"Why, yes! ahem—I have a very bad cold indeed—I am so hoarse I can hardly speak."

"And where did you get such a cold," responded the other.

"Easily accounted for—easily accounted for," was the witty reply. "I was down to Boston yesterday, called on Governor Everett, and staid too long."

The man that "Old" for a lodger in some vast wilderness," has finally paid up.

The man who raised his feelings, is supposed to have been a little in the agricultural way.



Impudent.

(Scene, an eating house.) **GENT.**—Say, Waiter, you don't sell this coffee, do you?

WAITER.—We bought it for such, sir.

GENT.—Well tell your master that if he knew beans he wouldn't have bought such stuff as this for coffee.



The Patent Cradle.

COUNTRYMAN.—I say, mis'er, what'l you take for this 'ere sugar hugs head? Jermima's been and gone and got married, and she told me to buy her a cradle as it would be so handy to have one in the house.

Chasing up Business.

An undertaker, a very religious man, who happens to reside in a part of this city where are several others practising the same profession, and who, on that account, has to be on the alert for business, heard, a short time since, that a young man, residing in Greenwich street, was sick and not expected to live. He immediately bethought himself of a mode by which in case of death, he could secure the interment of the body. Although he was unacquainted with any of the family of the young man, yet he immediately called at the house, being admitted to the invalid's chamber, sympathised with him in a very tender manner, after conversing for some time religiously, he asked permission to engage in prayer; which being granted, he knelt by the bedside and offered up an earnest petition in the young man's behalf, holding at the same time *one of his business cards in his hand*. At the close of his prayer he shook the invalid affectionately by the hand, and leaving his card upon the bed to tell how reasonably he would furnish coffin, shroud and hearse, and in what cemetery he could bury dead, very politely departed. Such bunging a artifice could not fail of detection among persons of ordinary discernment. A day or two after, our friendly undertaker called again to inquire after the health of the young man. He was asked by the lady who opened the door:

"Are you the person who left a card here the other day?"

"Yes, ma'm," replied he, his eyes brightning. "Yes, ma'am—the undertak'r."

"Well, sir," said she, with no little indignation, "when we want your services we'll send for you," and the conversation was rather abruptly terminated by the closing of the door.

While upon this subject I would add that there is another class of persons who are in the habit of attending the funeral of individuals with whom they were not acquainted, merely for the sake of the ride.

"Mr. Brown," said one of these characters, to an undertaker, "do you have a funeral to-day?"

"Yes."

"Are they to be any carriages?"

"Why?"

"Because if there are, I'll go with them; I want a ride."

Sometimes the same individuals will attend two or three funerals in the afternoon for this purpose. If they do not

succeed in obtaining a ride at the first one, off they run to the second, and then to the third. They are frequently successful. The temptation to this course arises from the fact that almost all interments are in the principal cemeteries, several miles from the city; a pleasant ride is thereby rendered necessary to reach them.

Wife Lost as soon as Found.

In passing up Ingersoll station, there was a great crowd of people who had escorted a couple who had been joined in the bonds of wedlock. All were smiling as the morning sun. The baggage had been checked for Detroit, where they were destined as their bridal trip. The couple were seated in the cars, which only tarry a few moments, when the bridegroom at her suggestion, stepped out to get some cakes. While making change, the whistle blew and both trains started. He jumped on and passed in, and after very leisurely stowing away the cakes in his pocket, started forward to hunt his bride. He looked all through the train without finding her, and then accosted the conductor as follows, in great excitement.

"I say, captain, some of the passengers are lost."

"Can't help it, sir," replied the conductor.

"But," says the bridegroom, "I was married this morning and my wife was aboard, and I don't see how she got out."

The conductor seeing what a fix he was in, and where the mistake was, asked him where he was going, to which he replied that he was going to Detroit.

"Well, then," says the conductor, "you are the one who got out. You are now going towards Niagara Falls."

"Great God! is that so? Well, stop the cars immediately," says the bridegroom.

"Can't do it," says the conductor. "We never stop for anything."

"But," says the man, "I'm just married this morning, and here I'm going one way and my wife the other. Was ever a man in such a fix, and the captain won't stop the cars!"

"I know it's a bad fix to be in," said the conductor, "but I can't help it. I know how you feel, I've been married myself, but I must obey orders."

By this time, a crowd in the cars had collected around the unfortunate man, all of whom knew the whole affair. A lantern-jawed specimen of a Yankee near, hearing it all, put in a word or two.

"Look a here, old seller, you have got to grin and bear it. I wish I could help you as you've raised all my feelings. But I say," continued he, "I guess she won't take anybody else for you when she gets to Detroit for they don't have any of that kind."

"That kind," said the married man, "what do you mean?"

"Why," says the Yankee, "they don't have any so ugly."

This led to a row, and the excitement being over, I left for my seat, and laughed for ten minutes at least.



A FAST SCHOLAR.

SCHOOL MISTRESS, (pointing to letter G).—What letter is that, my son?

PUPIL.—D n't knno.

MISTRESS.—What would you say to your horse if you were drivin' him?

PUPIL.—Get along, old 2, 40 over the Avenue, heh?



REMORSE.

(Scene, a clothing store in Chashim street. Enter Isaac.)
ISAAC.—*Vy* Moshes vots the matter?

MOSHES.—Matter, I shall be ruined, I am a fool. I need a man dirty dollars for a coat, and he paid it. Father Abraham! why didn't I ax him forty?

REFLECTIONS.

Upon Receiving a Copy of my First Poem Published in the Newspaper.

Ah! here it is! I'm famous now,—
An author and a poet!
It really is in print! Ye Gods!—
How proud I'll be to show it!
And gentle Anna!—what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines, and know
To whom they are addressed!

Why, bless my soul!—tis very strange—
What can the paper mean
By talkin' of the "graceful brooks
That gander o'er the green?"
And here's a *t* instead of *r*,
Which "makes it "tippling rill;"
"We'll seek the *shad*," instead of "shade,"
And "hell" instead of "hill."

"They look so"—what! I recollect,
"Twas "sweet," and then 'twas "kind;"
And now to think the stupid fool
For "bland" has printed "blind!"
Was ever such provoking work!
—Tis curious, by the by,
How anything is rendered *blind*
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears"—the *t*'s left out,
"Hast thou no ears" instead;
"I hope that thou art dear" is put
"I hope that thou art dead."
Who ever saw in such a space
So many blunders crammed?
"Those gentle eyes bedimm'd" is spelt
"Those gentle eyes bedamned."

"The color of the rose" is "nose"
"Affection" is "affliction;"
I wonder if the likeness holds,
In fact as well as fiction!
"Thou art a friend"—the *r* is gone,
Who ever would have deemed
That such a trifling thing could change
A "friend" into a "fiend!"

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame"

It really is too bad!
And here, because an *s* is out,
My "lovely maid" is "mud."
They drove her blind by poking in
An eye—a process new;
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy, too.

"Where are the muses fled, that thou
Shouldst live so long unwary?"
Thus reads my version—here it is,
"Sho-ldst live so long unknewing."
"The fate of woman's love is thine"—
An *h* commences "fate."
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's love to hate!

I'll read no more! What shall I do?
I'll never dare to send it!
The paper's scattered far and wide—
'Tis now too late to mend it.
O Fame! thou cheat of human bliss!
Why did I ever write!
I wish my poem had been burnt,
Before it saw the light.

Let's stop and recapitulate:—
I've damned her eyes, that's plain—
I've told her she's a lunatic,
And blind, and deaf, and lame.
Was ever such a horrid hash,
In poetry or prose!
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose.

I wish I had that editor
About a half a minute—
I'd *bang* him to his heart's content,
And with a *h* begin it;
I'd *jam* his body, eyes, and bones,
And spell it with a *d*,
And send him to that *hill* of his—
He spells it with an *e*.

It was so hot this week, that our friend Seventy-four carried a couple of pails on his arms, so that he might save himself, in case of a melt. Prudent man, that.

A country individual, who was caught in the water-wheel of a country saw-mill, and given a turn *a la* Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck's rival, says he intends to apply for a pension, as he is a "survivor of the Revolution."



A CASE OF DOUBT.

FOND WIFE.—And here my dear is the little pledge of affection that was born soon after you went to California.

HUSBAND.—Hem!! That was four years ago; it seems to me the pledge is rather small of its age.



A BAD MEMORY.

PATER FAMILIAS, (log).—*Mary my love, do you recollect the text this morning?*

MARY.—*No, Pa, I never can rememb'r the texi, I've such a bad memo'y.*

MOTHER.—*By the won Mary, did you no ice Susan Brown.*

MARY.—*Oh, yes. What a fright! she had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown garters, an imitation hiriston collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fan! Oh my!*

PATER FAMILIAS.—*Well, my dear, your memory is certainly very bad.*

A VALUABLE CARGO.

A PLETHORIC, round visaged individual was seated on the steps of the Custom House the other day bathed in tears, and sobbing loudly, having in his hand a copy of the *Abend Zeitung*; and the sight of tears flowing in Wall street, being an unusual circumstance, soon attracted a group of people curious to know what calamity had befallen the mourner.

"Is your father dead? ask'd one.

"No, mine fader is not dead; worse dan dat."

"Is your wife dead?" querried another.

"No mine wife is not dead, too; she shoost sits and smokes a pipo all day long."

"Has your wife eloped with some other feller?" asked a news-boy, with dilapidated corduroys, and a pair of badly kept feet.

"You tink I'd cry fur dat?" was the indignant reply.

"No, indeed; no such ding."

"Howld aisy," suggested an apple-woman, with a sympathetic countenance, through which the perspiration exuded profusely, "howld aisy; may be his wife is dead in the ould country, or the children sick, or may be some of dem was lost in de Say."

"Die Schöne Katrina was lost in de Zuyder Zee, and dat ish what I cries fur;" replied the mourner, unable to say more, in the poignancy of his grief.

"Was she a good ship?" inquired a sailor who had elbow'd his way among the crowd.

"Yaw, it hold all of three hundred passengers."

"And all of them gone to Davy's Locker."

"Yaw, yaw, all gone; but dat is noting," and the poor fellow's tears flowed a-fresh.

"What is the matter, my friend?" asked a good looking broker, with a splendid pair of jetty whiskers; "what are you fretting abou'?"

"Die Schöne Katrina was sinked, (sob) lost in the Zuyder Zee, mit——" (sob).

"Anything of yours on board?"

"No, nothing of mine."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"I tells you what," was the reply, as he wrung his handkerchief, preparatory to a fresh outbreak, "she had more dan twenty barrels of sour kroun on board!"

A MAN LOST.—In the town of N——, some years since there lived a half-witted personage, who flourished under the euphonious name of Zephanish Shurtleef. He followed no particular business, but used to roam around as fancy or caprice dictated. In the Summer, and early in the Autumn, he was in the habit of going out on berrying excursions, sometimes by the roadside, at other times in some more distant locality. On one of the expeditions, either because his faculties were more clouded than usual, or from some other cause, he was unable to find his way home. A neighbor, of whose presence he was not aware, heard him calling out, at the top of his voice, in the following amusing strain:

"I'm lost! I'm lost. My name is Zephanish Shurtleef, and I'm married to Nancy Parker. I'm lost! Come and find me, away down in the huckleberry pasture—close by the great rock—side of the old oak tree. I'm lost! Come and find me!"

It is needless to say that this pathetic appeal received due attention, and the consort of Nancy Parker was restored.

"Labor is honorable," says Mr. Smith. "It may be honorable," replies Mr. Brown, "but it is mighty inconvenient when the thermometer is about ninety degrees in the shade."



The last style of wearing the hair. A LA COW.

JONATHAN ABROAD

CONTINUED.



JONATHAN IS RATHER ASTONISHED AT MANY THINGS HE SEES, BUT DETERMINED NOT TO "BURST IN IGNORANCE" WHILE A CHANCE REMAINS OF POSTING HIMSELF UP IN REGARD TO THE FURR-NERS, VISITS THE CELEBRATE "*Ja din Mobil*," AND WHILE COGITATING AND ENJOYING A WHIFF, EXPERIENCES A SURPRISE AND A DEGREE OF SOCIALITY ON THE PART OF A FAIR PARISIEN, ENTIRELY UNLOOKED FOR, BUT NOT DIFFICULT TO PUT UP WITH.

A Sardine Sell.

"I will take a few of them little fish," said a suburban to a keeper of one o' our saloons, this morning, as he pointed to a box of sardines that lay on the bar.

"Certainly, sir—how many will you have?" asked the landlord.

"Oh, I don't know about that—fetch 'em on! They are peaky small, and I feel as though I could swallow a couple of dozen!"

After eating fifteen, the suburban drew out his wallet, and asked—"How much is them fish?"

"Forty-five cents, sir!"

The bewilderment of that countryman, at that announcement, may be imagined by a person possessing gigantic mental powers—no pen can describe it.

"Forty-five cents for them 're tadpoles!" he exclaimed. "Gosh! I never see the like! Well, after all, what more can you expect of New York?"

A conceited man of the name of Doyley, having said that he wished to be called DeOyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus:—"Mr. DeOyley, will you have some de umpling?"

If you have the ear ache—put an ingan into it—after its well roasted.



He accepts an invitation from his fair friend, to join her in the "Chateau de Fleurs" but becomes rather mystified in regard to the figure, and attracts considerable attention by the singularity of his movements.



THE "BALANCY" RATHER TAKES HIM DOWN; NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE—OR AS HE ADDS—BEHIND.

OLD SOURBY is one of these morose old gentlemen that everybody wishes to annoy. Sourby's unpopularity has been brought by an unamiable disposition. Sourby delights in a quiet neighborhood, and spends a large portion of his time in "taking the law" of old Smith, because he allows his boys to "shoot fire crackers" down his back "aera." On Tuesday night last Sourby was favored with an unexpected visit. A little after midnight a middle aged gentleman was seen to run up the stoop and give a jerk to the door bell, that nearly pulled it out of its socket. Sourby rushed to the door, when the following dialogue took place.

"Is Mr. Sourby in?"

"Yes that's my name."

"I mean your son, James Sourby, is he in?"

"I think he is. It is past his bed time.—But why do you ask? Your manner alarms me."

"Not at all. If it will not be too much trouble would you ascertain for certain whether your son is in the house."

"Certainly sir."

The old gentleman went as desired, and in a few minutes returned, when the conversation was resumed.

"Well sir as I expected, my son is not only in the house but asleep and snoring."

"I'm rejoiced to hear it—be gool enough therefore to go once more to his bed-room and inform him—"

"Of what, sir? Out with it and keep me no longer in suspense!"

"That the shilling he gave Mr. Jones this morning is a bad'un, and unless he promptly redeems it I'll perlice him before to-morrow's breakfast."

Having said this Jones rushes down the steps. Sourby slams to the door and rushes up stairs. In a moment afterwards shutter of the hall bed-room opens—a water jug makes its appearance. A twist of the wrist decants contents not on Jones, but the head of a night policeman.

Policeman in a passion—Next morning has Sourby arrested. Sourby put in a defence—thought it was another man.

Magistrate treats plea with contempt, fines defendant fifteen dollars. Sourby goes home and restores his equanimity by entering a complaint against a "family grocer," for keeping an unruly wheel-barrow on the sidewalk. Grocer fined ten dollars and Sourby "feels like a new man."

A Perplexed Irishman.

A few days since, a gentleman connected with one of our railroad corporations, while taking a ride through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed up, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised but not seriously. His principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off; and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a much worse condition, holding to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers, and his master's wig in his other hand, which he was surveying with most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt is it? Ah, master, dear, do you see the top of my head in my hand?"

Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable head pieces for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as arrived.



THE "HOIST" CAPS THE CLIMAX AND LEAVES JONATHAN LOST IN WONDER, WHILE HIS IMAGINATION VAINLY ENDEAVOURS TO FATHOM WHAT THEY WILL DO NEXT.

To be Continued.



CATS.—A Welsh parson preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so narrow that they could not pass by without thrusting the other off into the river.

"And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah, beloved, let us live like goats!"

A Yankee Sell.

I was quite amused a short time since at the following incident which took place in a downtown shipping office:—The conversation was on betting, each person in the office relating in turn some one operation of the kind that he had sometime been engaged in. Finally it came to Captain Jack, who opened by saying,

"That he never made a bet of any consequence, or did not recollect one just now—but would bet any one in the room five dollars that he would poke that hat (pointing to one) through a ring which he had on his first finger, and not injure the hat."

"That can't be did, nohow! said some one in the room.
"Will you bet?" asked the captain.

"I don't care if I do," said Number two, his eyes glistening in the prospect of making five dollars such a "sure thing," as he termed it.

The money was deposited, and all hands gathered around to see some one "did brown." Captain Jack slowly takes off the ring, and passes it round to show that all is fair. Every one is satisfied. Then he deliberately wipes and polishes the inside, and announces that he is ready. Number two advances to the "pile" to be in readiness. Now the Captain holds the ring between his fore finger and thumb, and marches towards the hat, holding the ring an inch from it; he ran his small finger through the ring, which struck the hat and won him the bet, as he had "poked the hat through the ring!"

All turned to see how Number two enjoyed it, but the tails of a coat disappearing through the doorway, told the story.

THE WRONGS OF MAN.

And so, sir—Mr. Gilliflower,
I "cannot have the shawl;"
You say "it is not in your power;"
Of course, sir, not at all!
But you can buy those vile cigars,
And pay your clubs as well—
Now don't come near me! Oh my stars,
How strong your breath does smell!

Don't tell me, Mr. Gilliflower.
'Twas business made you stay
Last night to such a reckless hour—
I know, sir, 'twas the play;
And after that you supped and quaffed—
"Tis false"—oh bravely said?
Then why require that Seidlitz draught
Before you left your bed?

I tell you, Mr. Gilliflower,
I cannot hear this long;
I am a lily in the shower
Of your earth-beating wrong.
You hate me—nay, I know you do;
You wish that I were dead;
That giggling minx in royal blue
De lame has turned your head.

"I'm raving!" Mr. Gilliflower
I do not rave with wine;
Long cruelties can overpower
A firmer heart than mine.
Ah, whistle, jeer me, make a din!
You "do not wish to jeer"—
Then what portends that ghastly grin
That spreads from ear to ear?

I cannot buy a mantle now,
A ribbon or a bonnet,
But, when the bill comes home, you vow
I've "spent a fortune on it"
This cannot last,—and, as you wish,
On due consideration,
I do not care how fast you push
The bill for separation.

What! "I may have the shawl,"
Now, really, truly, may I?
A thousand wicked things each day
When hot with anger say I;—
Forgive me, dear each foolish word—
Nay, kiss me love—I will—
You are the gentlest, kindest lord
That ever—paid a bill!

A very modest lady sent her very modest daughter, a pretty young damsel, out one morning for some articles. Among the many, she informed a clerk in one of our stores, that her mother wanted to get three yards of, cloth, "for primitive triangular appendages for her baby."

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said:

"Sir, you are no gentleman! here is my card; consider yourself challenged! Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction."

To which the other replied: "Sir, you are a fool! here is my card: consider your nose pulled! and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant, to show you into the street for your impudence."



"Say Pomp, where did you get that new coat of yours?"
"Down be e at Pushes. Sure."
"How at Pushes, you black scoundrel?"
"Why, it said, 'Push' over the door, and I pushed.
And when I got inside I said 'Pull,' and I pulled, and down
come this coat."



THE LAST FIZZLE.—In a college not a thousand miles from—Greenbush, a certain professor, of peculiar temperament, who claimed to be a "strictly moral man, but not particularly religious," was wont to attend chapel exercises, not for the purpose of reading and praying, but of marking those who were absent from their seats, while a pious professor conducted the religious exercises. But one afternoon he found himself, by some mishap, the only professor in the chapel. He saw his situation, and began to record absences most nervously, frequently glancing at the door, hoping to be relieved by the appearance of a christian professor, but none greeted his anxious vision. His part was performed, and his situation began to be peculiarly embarrassing. For once, the students were profoundly quiet. He plainly saw that he must pray, or lose his dignity. He could not do the latter—he must try the former.

Suddenly he rose, and thus began :

"Hem! Oh Lord—hem! Thou art—hem!—very much of a gentleman—hem!—and we thank thee—hem!—for thy gentlemanly conduct towards us—hem—hem!"

He could proceed no further, and with a look of perfect discouragement, turning to the students, he said :

"Gentlemen, I never undertook to pray before, I never will again! You're dismissed!"

We very much fear he left the chapel less a christian than ever, as he says to this day that the only attempt he ever made to be pious was a perfect fizzle."

Apropos of anecdotes of college professors, a very good one is told of a professor of German, in the same college, who was imported from the vicinity of —, in Germany. Being anxious to become familiar with our language as soon as possible, he was very observant, and caught every phrase and word he heard uttered by a student. Hearing one use the expletive "damn," he supposed it to be some very emphatic adverb, and at once laid it up for future use. Shortly after, being invited to the house of a Dr. of Divinity in town, where quite a company was assembled, he had occasion, with the rest, to examine and admire a very fine portrait of the said D. D., which he had just had completed. The company, of course, were lavish of their praise upon the portrait, and our German friend soon brightened up as he thought of his choice adverb, and his exceedingly good opportunity of "showing it off." So, crowding very near, and taking a critical view, he broke forth :

"Dat ish von nice picture. von damn nice picture!"

We will not attempt to describe the consternation of the D. D., nor that of the professor, when he discovered his mistake, but will only add that he finally managed to be instrumental in expelling the student who taught him the unlucky expletive.

We heard a good retort in the cars the other day, from a gay Scotch laborer, who had carried in his hand a bottle of "fire water," with which to keep himself warm and moist. A fellow traveller wishing to poke a little fun at him, asked him what he had got in his bottle.

"Small beer," was the reply.

"Well," said the other, "if it's small beer, I'll share it with you."

"No," answered Sawney, "it's too small for two!"

The laugh was on the man in the good clothes, who retired to his seat "scotched, but not killed."

Jedediah.

Jeddy had just returned from York, "and what did you see there, my boy?" said his anxious mother.

"Why, mother, I only went to the museum, and there I seed a two st^rry sheep with neck a yard and a half long; they call it the giraffe and the cornucopia, that always has a horn at his nose, and two little blackies that have always bin so friendly like and stuck to each other so that they have growed together!"

A PARODY.

The following parody upon the old and popular song of "Ben Bolt," is not only very good as a parody, but it includes a lesson that may reach the heart of some young inebriate, whom more serious, sober counsel might fail to reach :—

"Oh! don't you remember the boys, Ben Bolt,
The boys with noses so red,
Who drank with delight whenever they met,
And always went drunk to bed?
In the old grave yard, in the edge of the town,
In corners obscure and alone,
They have gone to rest and the gay young sprigs
Have dropped off one by one!"

"Oh! dont you remember the JUG, Ben Bolt,
And the spring at the foot of the hill,
Where oft we've lain in the summer hours,
And drank to our utmost fill?
The spring is filled with mud, Ben Bolt,
And the wild hogs root around,
And the good old jug, and its whiskey sweet,
Lies broken and spill'd on the ground."

"Oh! don't you remember the TAVERN, Ben Bolt,
And the bar-keeper kind and true,
And the little nook at the end of the bar,
Where we swallowed the rum he drew?
The tavern is burnt to the ground, Ben Bolt,
The bottles are crack'd and dry,
And of all 'the boys' who 'spree'd it there,
There remains but you and I!"

A BLESSING.—An anecdote is relating of an old lady who entertained travellers. Before her guest commenced a meal it was her custom to ask a blessing in this wise :—

"Oh! Lord, make us truly thankful for the food before us. Nancy, hand round the corn bread first, and the biscuits after. Amen."

"Where's your trunk, Bob?"
"I havn't got any—I use the elephant's."
"With what key do you unlock it?"
"The key to his good nature—an apple core."
Exit Bob, whistling, "Awzy with melancholy."



A Pleasant Meeting.

Mr. Adolphus Tyleup is promenading on the 5th Avenue.

COUNTRY COUSIN, (log).—*Heno d' deir, Dolph! jist deoon, come to stay a week with you, and board eout the money you borryed of me last fall, yew knew.*



Facing the Enemy.

HARD UP SWELL.—*And so my face isn't good for a drink, eh?*

BAR KEEPER.—*No sir'e, your cheek is too hard, your mouth too dry, and your memory so bad that you only remember, not to pay.*

A back-country clerk, in one of our dry goods stores, not long since, let out to one of his co-laborers in the field of calico, that his pronunciation of the last letter in the alphabet was—izard. The city youth awaited his opportunity, and one day when there was a lady occupying one of the cushioned stools, trying on a pair of gaiters, he asked Buck-skin if he could spell the name *Bazaar is!*

"C-rtainly," said Buckskin.

"How?" asked the other.

"B-o-IZZARD-A-B-I-S."

The lady fainted and fell to the floor, as he reached the second "izzard," and the city clerk went into convulsions.

"Yes," snarled Buckskin, "you're all so smart down here, I pose you'd call it zed."

SHERIDAN IN A COAL-CELLAR.—Sheridan is reported to have once fallen into a coal-cellar on his way home after a good supper at Drury Lane; and his abuse of the vender for not keeping a light at the cellar-door was warmly retorted by the wife.

"Hang it," cried Sheridan, who was not much hurt, "do you think I want to pocket your coals?"

"No," retorted the woman, "but your nose might set the coals on fire."

Walter Scott does not appear to have been the boy at school which some have stated. Once, a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech the word *wax* was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there is a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Sampson with withes.'"

"Mr. Swigs, I've just kicked your William out of doors."

"Well, Mr. Swingle, it's the first *BILL* you've footed this many a day."

Horze Crawling through a Post.

A story is told of the Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Dublin, N. H., which sets the remarkable simplicity of the learned parson in a ludicrous light. Paying a visit to one of his parishioners, he threw the bridle of his horse over the post of a rail-fence near the house. During his stay the animal contrived to disengage the bridle from the post and get it under his feet; seeing which, a servant girl drew the reins through one of the mortices and over the top of the post, in form of a noose. The parson, going to unite his horse was undescribably astonished to find the bridle, which he had simply thrown over the post, thus passed through one hole.

"This beats all," ejaculated he to himself; "I never saw the like in all my life before! To be sure, we read of a camel going through the eye of a needle, but this was in days of miracles. No, no, I never saw the like of this before?" He examined it anew; he tried to get the bridle out, but it surpassed his ingenuity. "Yes, it must be," said he. "The horse has actually crawled through the post-hole; there is no other way to account for it. Full of this impression and despairing of making the animal retrace his steps, he whipped out his knife and was about cutting the reins, when the same girl, perceiving the quandary released the horse and explained the mystery. But if the simple parson had been astonished before, he was little less so now, to find his own penetration surprised by that of a servant girl. "Hey, girl," said he, "I believe you are right, but how in the name of wonder should a girl like you know more than a man of my learning. It's astonishing! astonishing!—miraculous! miraculous!"

DONE HIM UP BROWN.—In Portland, Oregon, recently, a President of the Common Council having been elected, that functionary took the stand and made the following speech:

Gentlemen of the Common Council.—All I have to say is, you did me up brown; browner than I expected!"

In publishing this speech, the Oregonian says, "Owing to the great length of the President's address, much interesting matter is necessarily crowded out!"



Past Hope.

BALD HEADED HUSBAND.—Just take a magnifying glass, duckoy, and see if there's any young hair a' sprouting. I've just finished the seventh bottle of the restorative, and worn out three hair brushes rubbing it in.

WIFE.—Goodness gracious, Nicodemus, there ain't no more hair on your head than there is on our old copper tea-kettle!



"Mrs. Jones, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?"

"No, not at all, for if he is killed, I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got \$40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since."

A Specimen of Eloquence.

Fellow-citizens. I join in this argumentation as the lion with his mate. I appear before you as the lightning leaps and pours down in lambent streams from the black, impervious, humid, storm cloud. As the artillery of Jove rattles and clashes about his eternal admantine throne, astonishing the heavens, and as the poets say, desolating the earth. As the cascade leaps from the precipice; yes, fellow-citizens. I appear before you as the avalanche rushes from the hem roost. Bright as the glaciers from the Alpine summit of Popocatapetl, which lean, and twine, and curl, and cling, in smoky fires about its up-lit apex, will I expatiate inordinantly on this all absorbing question pugnibus calabus. I am as strong an anti-bonder, as the rock of Chimborazoian Gibraltar, and will stand to my track though the earthquake should tremble me, or the wild sea strike me broad across. This question is boiling, is fuming in me like the bowels of Etna and Vesuvius, and I will not have it quenched. I come here to-night as the rushing of many waters, as the sweeping torrens of the mighty Mississippi, as it beats and foams and frets at the rock of Gibraltar. I am as firmly planted on this floor as the Peak of Teneriffe begirt by the surgings of a thousand seas. My mind is as lumid as the flashing of fiery volcanoes; and I fancy I can see this bond question in all its bearings, with the unshackled eye with which the eagle meets the sun, from this humble temple of the votaries of justice, to Chimborazo's most superior brow.

The morning sun rises on the eastern hills, is she to go down before the night comes on? No, no, no! this is the most philosophical view of the the question that the human mind can present or the human intellect can comprehend. I am, therefore, teeth and toe-nails opposed to the payment of those Mississippi bonds. Men may talk of this matter as they please; but as long as the Mediterranean lashes her mountain surges at the foot of the Gibraltarian rock, there will be found in Misissippi staunch men.

Gibraltar, Tereriffe, and Chimborazo, may bathe their heads in the ocean's crimson foam, but the broad spread-eagle sons of our state will never cower to their beacons or their talons.

Careless of their beacons and talons, like the whale in the mighty deep, I swallow my own J-nahs, and when my stomach can't bear them, I can throw them up.

Voice in the crowd—“You're a sword-fish.”

Voice.—He's a sucker.

Voice.—A Mississippi cat-fish. Order! Order!

Are the ends of justice to be impeded thus? No, sir-e-e. Let the curs bark. Her course is on the mountain wave; her home is on the deep. Could any spectator gaze on this view without being convinced? No, sir, no. Bonaparte, in all his conquering splendor, might march to Chimborazo, Gibraltar and Teneriffe, with all his opposing armies, and if a repudiator stood on the top, he'd march them down again.

Lightnings may seethe, and the ocean surges beat against me; earthquakes may tumble me from the sunny summit of Mount Sinai. I may be blown to atoms, and I will be still unmoved, unchanged.

As nature, unassisted, created the universe, human nature must take care of it himself. As nature blew the breath of life into the nostrils of man; let man look out to keep it there, and breathe it purely while it is there. As the vast expanse sprung from chaos into form and shape, and symmetry, as the mighty earth rolls it seasons, presenting its rich benefits to man, so do I, with feelings as tranquil as the mighty deep in its rage tempestuous, so do I appear before you, and so I do my leave of you all, my everlasting repudiators, my unquenchable water-horses.

Hand round the liquor, for I'm thunderin' dry.

For hardening the heart, politics are nearly as bad as the law. We saw, the other day, a member of the General Committee, figuring up the effect of the cholera on the autumnal election. He struck up a large balance in favor of the whigs—thus: Out of every hundred who die, eighty-five are Irish; now, eight-tenths of the Irish are democrats—therefore, every time an hundred men die of the cholera, the whig party makes a clear gain of seventy-two voters. Who but a politician could have entered into such a calculation?

We learn from the Minnesota Times, that “the saw-mill at Jordan is now in operation.” It is to be hoped that enough lumber, will be got out to plank the road, which is notoriously a “hard road to travel.”

A heated traveller astonished the clerk of the American House, a day or two since, by giving the following orders:

“Landlord, put my baggage on the ice, and make up a bed for me in the refrigerator.”



Severe and Unappreciated.

SMALL BOY (slog).—My daddie says one scraper at the door is enough, so old boy you'd better leave.

WAR'S YURE HOSS ?



ONE years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerable pretty pile of castings; owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and unyuns, but rite smart of corn. The farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper farther south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his eldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the

needful to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day Jeems started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

"Well, Jeems," said the old man, "how'd you find land in Arkansaw?"

"Tolerable cheap, dad."

"You didn't buy mor'n two hundred acres, did you, Jeems?"

"No, dad, not over tu hundred, I reckon."

"How much money hev yu got left?"

"Nary red, dad; cleaned rite out!"

"Why, I had no idee travelin' was so 'spensive in them parts, Jeems."

"Wal, just you try it worst, and you'll find out I reckon."

"Wal, never mind that, let's hear 'bout the land, and—but war's yure hoss?"

"Whv, yu see, dad, I was goin' along one day—"

"But war's yure hoss?"

"Yu hole on dat, an I'll tell yu all 'bout it. Yu see, I was agoin' along one d'y, an I met a seller as said he was gom' my way tu ——"

"But war's yure hoss?"

"Dod darn mi hide, ef yue don't shut up dad, I'll never git tu the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin' the same way, me an this seller jined cumppeny, and 'bout noon, we hitched our critters, and set down aside uv a branch, and went tu eatin' a snack. Arter we'd got thru, this seller sez tu me, 'Try a drap uv this ere read-eye, stranger?' 'Wal, I don't mind,' sez I—"

"But whar's yure hoss?"

"Kummin tu him bime-by, dad. So me an' this seller set thor, sorter torkin' and drinkin' and then he sez, 'S ranger let's play a leetle game uv Seven-up, a takin' out uv his pocket a greasy, roun'-cornered d-c-k uv kerds. 'Don't keer if I du,' sez I. So we set up sido uv stump, and kummenced tu bet a quar'ler up an' I was a slayin' him orful——"

"But war's yure hoss?"

"Kummin' tu him, dad. Bime-by, luck changed, an' he got tu winnin', an' pretty sure, I hadn't not nary nuther dollar. Then sez he, 'Stranger, I'll gin yu a chance to git even, an' play yu one more game.' Wal, we both plaid rite tite that game, I swear, an' we was both six an' six, an'—"

"But war's yure hoss?"

"Kummin' tu him, dad. We was six an' six, dad an' twan h's deal——"

"Will yu tell me war's yure hoss?" said the old man, gettin' riled.

"Yes, we was six, an' he turned up the jack?"

"War's yure hoss?"

"The stranger won him, a turnin' that jack!"

A correspondent gives it as a strange fact, that in the gold-diggins of California, the major part of the people are miners.

POVERTY.

SEEKING AN OMNIBUS IN A SHOWER.

One more unfortunate,
Wet to the skin,
Very importunate,
Wants to get in.

See the poor fellow
Has got no umbrella,
Whilst the rain patters,
Soaking his jacket,
Hanging in tatters!—
Tin, doth he lack it?

Treat him not scornfully,
He is not corned fully,
He is thy brother:
Open thy door for him,
Show him there's store for him—
Room for another.

Make no deep studying
Into his muddying,
Damp and unhealthy;
Rain is a leveller,—
Treat the poor traveller
Well as if wealthy.

Ahs for the rarity
Of practical charity
Under the sun!
O, it is pitiful,
In a whole city full,
Brel he has none.

Stands on the sidewalk,
After a wide walk,
Money all spent;
His deep pockets feeling,
No cash there revealing,
Not a red cent.

The cold April storms,
Make him tremble like aspen;
No 'bus opes its arms
His form to be clasping;
Mad at the luck of it,
Sad at the duck of it,
Glad to be ta'en
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the rain.

In he steps gloominly,
Dont think contumely,
Dont make a bother,—
He is thy brother,
Sad distress;
Be now his protector,
Then leave the collector
To settle the rest.



PHYSICIAN.—Why dont you set a bound to your drinking, and not exceed it?

PATIENT.—So I do, old fellow, so I do; but then you see it's always so far off that I never reach it!



BARNUM'S LAST ADVERTISING DODGE.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

A citizen of France, who has an inveterate habit of confounding every thing which is said to him, and has been in vain endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of our vernacular, was about leaving his boarding-house for a more comfortable quarter. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last neckerchief and umbrella, had been carefully packed up, when he brought to himself the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him, that of bidding "ze folks" good bye. After shaking his fellow boarders cordially by the hand, and wishing them, with incessant blowing, "zee verree best success in ze virl," and "zee benediction du chief," he retired in search of his "dear landlady," to give her also his blessing. He met her at the foot of the stair-case, and advancing, hat in hand, with a thousand scrapes, commenced his speech:

"Ah! madame, I am goin' to leave you. You have been verree amiable to me madame; I will nevare forget you for zat. If I am in my countree I would ask zer government to give you a penson, madame."

The good lady put down her head and blushed modestly, while our Frenchman proceeded;

"Vell, I must go; you know in zeeze life, madame, it is full of pain an' trouble. If Got adopted ze virl vich Lam-a-tine make in his poesie, zen zare should be no more pain. Adieu madame, adieu perhaps forever."

Thereupon the Frenchman was making his exit, when he was suddenly called back by his landlady, who interestingly inquired,

"Why, Mr C, you have forgotten to leave your dead-latch."

Mr C appeared amazed, apparently not understanding his interrogator.

"Yes," continued Mrs M, "you know it is the rule for all boarders to give me their keys."

"O, madame!" interrupted the Frenchman, with enthusiasm, "I will give you not one—not one, but zoudands!" and applying the action to the word, he sprang towards Mrs M, and embracing her tightly in his arms, kissed her most officially.

The affighted Mrs M, recovering herself, at length cried out—"The key! Mr C, the key!"

Frenchy, looking confused confounded ejaculates, with heavy sighs—

"O, madame! I zot you ax me for one key, an' I give it to you. Vat a fatale mistake!"

The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, says he never drinks brandy except when all the water is required for purposes of navigation.

The Conditional Man.

There are some men who are never known to give an unconditional assent to any proposition, however self-evident. We have in mind a person of this character, to whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall give the name of White.

"A beautiful morning, Mr. White," we remarked on one occasion.

"Yes," said he, doubtfully, "but I shouldn't wonder if it rained before night."

"Your piazza is a great improvement to your house," we continued.

"Yes, sir, but it's a little too narrow. If it was, say, a foot wider, it would be just the thing."

"In that case, you must like Mr. Smith's, for, if I am not mistaken, his is precisely that width."

"Very true, but then it's too high."

"How do you like our new minister? He is generally popular—a good preacher, a good pastor, and a good man."

"Why, yes, I admit all that, but didn't you notice how askew his neck-cloth was last Sunday?"

"No; but admitting that to be the case, it was no objection to him in his official character."

"Why, no, but then we expect a minister to pay as much attention to dress as other folks."

"You have a fine field of potatoes yonder, Mr. White."

"Yes, they look well enough above ground, but there's no knowing but they may be all rotten before they are gathered."

"The new railroad will be a great thing for the town, and do very much to build it up, don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know but it may, but it will be very noisy, so that a body can't have a quiet moment to himself."

"We must be content to submit to a little inconvenience for the sake of obtaining a great good. That is the true philosophy of life."

"Perhaps it is, but then, them railroads are confounded noisy."

Almost despairing of obtaining a straight-forward, unconditional answer to our inquiries, we, as a last resort, pointed out a boy was passing by, and remarked:

"That boy has a very dirty hands."

"Yes," said Mr. White, "yes, but—but—but—" he was evidently seeking some way in which to bring in an objection. At length his face brightened up, and he continued—"but if they were washed they would be cleaner."

We left him to his reflections.

One of our Correspondents gets off the following good one:—

A gentleman in an adjoining town informs us that "there are two parties in town on the Nebraska question. They are composed of the Post-master on one side, and every body else on the other."



"My children, you know it is against my wish for you to fish on the Sabbath, but if you will go, be sure you bring home the fish."

**Social Distinction.**

"I sees Missus Jonsing, dat you's got anudder white gal workin' for you."

"Yes, child, I see had her dese free weeks!"

"What de cause for you; reference ob dese white gals, honey?"

"Why, de fac am, when you gots one ob de colored gals, dey tinks dur's an equality, and makes demselves too familiar like; but dese white gals don't; dey keeps 'um place!"

Arrival of Greasy and Merino.

Under the above caption we find the annexed graphic description of a musical farce, in the New Orleans *True Delta*. It reminds us very forcibly of a "demonstration" recently attempted in this city, of which two celebrated singers were the victims. We should almost be inclined to believe that the "Greasy and Merino" *ridiculus mus* was the same affair as the one we refer to, but for the fact that it is represented to occur in the city of New Orleans. We certainly had no idea that any such quantity of fools existed out of New York city.

At 23 minutes and 18 seconds past 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a lame man came rushing into town with the startling intelligence that the steam oyster boat "Full 'Em" had arrived at the mouth of the New Canal, from thefuneta river, having on board these distinguished artists Greasy and Merino. The news spread like wild-fire, and the emotions of an omnibus driver were of so violent a character that they caused instant death. Several millions of our citizens crowded round the New Basin, and as the steamer approached, the excitement was tremendous. Paixhan guns were fired at intervals of three seconds, and the African flag floated from a prominent board pile. Our special and extraordinary reporter, who had been six weeks preparing himself for the occasion, rushed furiously to the large stone dock where the steamer was to land, and although he had the misfortune to lose one of the appendages of his coat, which was snapped off by the suddenness and velocity with which he turned the corner of the warehouse, he heeded not the accident, but he arrived on the spot nineteen seconds ahead of all contemporaries. He at once boarded the steamer, and through the extreme politeness of Mr. Hawkitt, he obtained the following particulars: Greasy was slightly indisposed on the second day out, she having imprudently partaken too freely of corned beef and cabbage. Brandreth's pills were prescribed by an eminent surgeon. An attempt was made to get up a concert, but the cook's banjo was disabled, and Greasy couldn't sing with any other accompaniment. At eighteen minutes and two seconds past nine o'clock that night, Greasy remarked that she would turn in. This fact was immediately communicated to the other passengers. At eight o'clock and four minutes the following morning, Greasy arose and took some ham and eggs, and a corn dodger, where-

upon a salute was fired. At the landing 7000 members of the Musical Fun Society were waiting, and the distinguished artists having been greeted with a few staves of "Oh, Susannah," were escorted to a cab, which was drawn by a bay horse with a white bind foot. The procession, which was seven miles in length, then moved round the head of the Basin, and the cab halted opposite a grocery, where a solo was performed on a bass drum. Greasy was charmed, and was pleased to signify her approbation by giving the performer a dime, whereupon the crowd gave nineteen cheers. She accidentally dropped a bandanna handkerchief at this crisis, and so intense was the excitement, and so great the rush to get hold of it, that a large number of persons were crushed and borne off insensible. Greasy and Merino were then taken to the Black Bear tavern, opposite the Basin, and shown to a suite of apartments which had been prepared for them, and where a week's board, \$4 cash, had been paid in advance by Mr. Hawkitt. In ascending the stairs Greasy stubbed her toe, and uttered a slight exclamation, which caused great commotion when it was reported to the crowd below. Greasy was neatly attired in a red calico frock, which is reported to have cost twenty-five a yard; and Merino wore a check shirt, fustian breeches and brogans. They both conversed just as ordinary people do, and the lady, with sparkling eyes, and features lighted up, called for a plate of gombo. The rooms occupied by the artists are each thirteen feet and seven inches square. They overlook the Basin, and command a fine view of two charcoal schooners and a pirogue. The furniture is of pine, painted to imitate cherry, and there is an eight-day clock in the hall for the general convenience of the guests. The walls are covered with the latest style of paper, representing in very high colors a series of brilliant military exploits wherein very stiff looking men in blue and red are seen charging through volumes of smoke at other men supposed to be blue and red, behind a hill. A large number of the members of the Musical Fun Society called upon the artists last evening, and there was a general time. At fifty-three minutes and eleven seconds after 9 o'clock, Greasy having engaged a cab for a ride this morning, said she guessed she'd turn in, whereupon the visitors turned out. We understand that Mr. Hawkitt has engaged these distinguished artists for seventeen years, at \$6 per week, besides paying their cab hire.

"Will you take a pinch?" said the gentleman to the fish monger, offering his box. "Thank you, no—I've just had one from a lobster."

**Please.**

MR SMITH.—Well, Mrs. Mahony, I won't my coat and vest to day as I am going out to dine.

MRS MAHONY.—Indade Mr. Smith, I'd be after accomodating yes but didn't I let my boy Mike wear 'em to Tim Flynn's wedding, and he won't be home the night, but depend upon it yer honor you shall have them by tomorrow morn. (Mr. Smith endeavours to be calm while he expresses his views of such a proceeding.)



"It's not her face, but her figure."

An Attack.

The other night, as Mr. Smith—not our worthy mayor, but the other Mr. Smith—was going quietly along, having attended a meeting of the order of good fellows, and made a sacrifice or two to the spirit of good fellowship, he was stopped at the corner of one of our principal thoroughfares by seven strong black men with masks on, who clutched him by the collar, and with sepulchral voices asked—

"T'other or which? for or against?"

He was staggered by the abruptness of the questions and their vagueness, and did not answer, when each of the party drew a revolver of twelve barrels, and as large, each of them, as a large sized spruce beer bottle, and each again demanded,

"For or against? t'other or which?"

Every muzzle was directed towards Mr. Smith, and he trembled with anger not unmixed with fear.

"What do you mean?" cried he, and the reverberate buildings in the deserted street cried,

"What do you mean?"

Again the questions came to him of, "t'other or which? for or against!" and Smith leaned against a building to support himself. His mind became confused, the forms before him grew to be giants, each aiming a twenty-four pounder at his head with one hand, and in the other holding enormous harpoons with which to impale him should he not answer the questions that seemed to thunder on the night air. Madness seized upon him, and he cried,

"T'other and for, and take it hot," while a friend around the corner echoed,

"Take it hot!"

"Then receive your doom," cried his besiegers, and a sharp pain in the region of his 6th rib told him too plainly where the harpoon had entered. He fell lifeless to the earth.

Mr. Smith was somewhat surprised next morning to find himself in bed. The sun was up and he thought he would try and get up himself and partake of a little breakfast.

"Will you help me, my dear," said he to Mrs. Smith, "to a slice of the toast?"

"T'other or which?" asked she smiling.

Smith was confounded. He believed he must have dreamed this scene at the street

corner, and that the "t'other and which" was the result of a heated abolition temper, and a generous moistening of rum punch. The sharp elbow of Mrs. Smith corresponding favorably with the harpoon.

Anecdote.

It was on the morning of the twenty-second, at Buena Vista, writes a Kentucky friend, that our regiment was lying upon a little hill that the men subsequently christened "Mount Dodge," waiting for the ball to open. Santa Anna's morning compliments soon came in the form of a thirteen inch shell, which passed a few yards over our heads, and buried itself in the earth behind us. "Howly mother!" exclaimed old Mike S——, "if the horn devil isn't shootin' his dinner pots at us!" On the 25th after the battle was over, and while Santa Anna was lingering at Agua Fueva, 12 miles distant, with his shattered forces, divers were the rumors of another battle, and many were the discussions of its probability among the men. I happened to overhear one of these debates, in which this same Mike S—— had, as lawyers say, "the conclusion." Some half a dozen of men had expressed their "views" and "wishes;" some were very anxious for another fight; others, and they, too, the men who behaved the best under fire, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with such glimpses of the "elephant" as they had been able to obtain on the twenty-second and twenty-third. At last, Mike spoke:

"Well, sure, boys," said he, "I'll tell you my sentiments about the old wooden-legged devil: if I had but a quart of whisky in the wurruld, and no more in the country to boil, sure I'd give him half of it if he'd stay!"

Mrs. Jenkins says there is a mighty difference between warm arms and cold shoulders, though singularly enough they always go together. Mrs. J. speaks from experience in both departments of practice.

A cotemporary says that "autumn has set in." Unfortunately, the editor don't tell what into, whether a chair, hip-bath, or the middle of next week. Folks with pens in their hands should be more particular.



A MELANCHOLY CASE.

MELANCHOLY PARTY.—Then you reject me? my hat and heart are equally crushed.

An Irish Widder.



AT week two medical officers were called upon to view the condition of some Irish habitations. One of the medical men asked the mistress of one of the houses,—

"Why don't you keep it cleaner?"

The reply made by the woman was, that she was a "poor widow, and couldn't afford it."

"How long have you been a widow?" quoth the doctor.

"Sure enough, yer honor, for three years."

"Of what complaint did your husband die," said the man of physic.

"Och, he never died at all; he's run with another woman."

CONVERTING A JEW.

MICKEY MALONEY was rather a bad boy. He was much given to night brawling, and other gregarious pastimes. In one of these shindys, Micky got injured in the head with an axe-helve, and that so dangerously that his life was despaired of.

At the suggestion of Widdy Donelly, Mickey sent for a priest to prepare for the "long journey."

"Mickey, you have been a very wicked man," said Father O'Toole, after listening to a detail of Mr Maloney's exploits—"so very wicked that it is almost a sin to grant you absolution. Have you never done a single good action?"

"Never, your reverence—hold I did—I converted a Jew, the mu-thrin' hathen."

"Converted a Jew—satisfy me that you did this and the church will no longer hesitate about discharging your enormities. How was it done, my son?"

"L'at'n and I will tell you. Well, you see, I and Larry Blake went a fishing once in the Mississippi, opposite New Orleans, and while we were seated in the boat a Jew makes his appearance in a skiff against us. We invited him to cast anchor and he did so. He then got out bait and line and threw out for a bite, and by japers he got one. A cat-fish seized his line, and with such force as to jerk the ha'pen overboard. To save his life I plunged in after, and for a while it was pull cat-fish and pull Maloney. At last I got up to the ould sinner and sazed him by the hair, just as he was going down for the third time."

"And what then did you do?"

"I asked him, says I, do you believe in the Virgin, and he said, 'Moshe's forbid, I do not.' At that I poked him under the wa'er again for the matter of a minute or two, when I riz him up again and ask'd him, says I do you believe in the Virgin, and he said again, 'Moshe's forbid, I dash not,' and I nipped him under wance more, and kept him there till he was as blue about the gills as an oyster when I gave him another hit and asked him 'do you believe in the Virgin?' and he said, 'Moshe's is wrong—I does.'"

"And what did you say then?"

"I replied, die penitent, you ould thase, and save your soul, while the luck is on you; and cuting the action to the word, I just let go my hand to spit on my hand, and he went to the bottom like a stone."

Whether this sort of conversion secured Mickey absolution we can't say until we see Bob Holmes, to whom we are indebted for Mickey's history.

It won't do to conclude that man is always happy when he is "smiling," or that he is a house-builder, because you always find him with "a brick in his hat."

In China, if a young man is not married by the time he is twenty, he is drummed out of town. No place for bachelors among the sun-suns.

"Is that the Telegraph, Arrived?"

A rather green countryman from the Far West, who had resided all his lifetime at a distance from the modern innovations of railroads and telegraphs, lately resolved to visit the city of New York, and see all the wonders that he had heard or read of as daily occurrences there. He resolved to do the thing in style, and being told that the St. Nicholas was the hotel he put up there. At a late hour in the evening, and having taken a little refreshment, he retired to rest. The first gong sounded in the morning, and the unsophisticated traveller sprang from his bed in alarm, fancying that some accident had happened; but he soon recollects himself and putting his head out of the door, inquired of a passer-by, whether that was the telegraph which had just arrived? "Yes," said the person addressed, who was a bit of a wag; and, perfectly satisfied, the traveller proceeded to dress and perform his ablution. Presently there was another clatter resounding through the hotel, just as the countryman had reached the barber's shop, and placed himself under the hands of the tonsorial operator. "How did you sleep last night?" said the polite barber, observing that his customer was a stranger. "Oh, I slept very well till morning," was the reply; "but the confounded telegraph awoke me." "Indeed, sir! did you hear any bad news from home?" "No, but I heard an infernal noise, and I ain't got used to it."

The barber shaved, and so did sundry gentlemen who had been under the tonsor's hands, and were then arranging their collars and cravats. They could not understand what the stranger meant. Just at the moment the stranger was about to rise from his seat, the gong again sounded for the third time, the last call to breakfast.

Up he started, coming in contact with the razor, and cutting his chin severely.

"Tarnation seize that ere confounded telegraph!" said he. "How long does it take a fellow to get used to it?"

A general explosion of laughter followed, and resounded along the passages, as the guests rushed to the breakfast room; whither the stranger, after having the wound on his chin plastered, speedily followed them, having learnt at last that the gong was only a telegraph to meals—and not a bearer of news from the North, East, South or West.



VILLANOUS.

SMOKING GENT. (log).—Madame, shall I assist you to alight?

WITTY YOUNG LADY.—Thank you sir, but I don't smoke.



A crooked hat after Campaigne, (Champagne.)

BETTING WITH A LADY.

A correspondent relates the following amusing anecdote : "Last Sunday's steeple chase has contributed greatly to the hilarity of the week, by an adventure of one of the ladies of the financial world, with a wealthy old gentleman, quite as notorious for his avarice as the late Marquis d' Aligre.

He had taken his place by this lady, and had overwhelmed her with his roccoco compliment, to her great annoyance. As she feared these embarrassing civilities would be frequently renewed during the coming racing season, she resolved to end them with that.

The attendants were raising the flags and making the other preparation antecedents to the start, when she abruptly ended one of his compliments with a "You must bet with me."

Concealing his annoyance at this proposal as adroitly as the lady did disguised her weariness of him, for he could not decline it, and the greater his sang froid the cheaper he thought he could extricate himself from the wager.

"Done!" he said bowing very graceful, "what shall we bet?"
"Ah! anything. A camelia."

A tributing to her honeyed voice the insignificance of the bet, he wet so far as to rely here on the smallness of the stake, and assuming a virtue that he never possessed he urged her to venture two camelias on the horse.

The bet was chronicled in due form; the horses chosen; the signal of departure given and in a few minutes the master bowed again and assured Madame—that his bet should be paid early next day.

"Ah! I intend selecting the flowers myself," replied the lady; "we'll go together to the florist's." The old gentleman was forced to consent.

The next day at an early fashionable hour, the unfortunate better escorted Madame and several of her friends to the fashionable florist's—Lemichez, in the Rue du Temple, when the niggardly Croesus at once ordered a bouquet for Madame.

She gave a scream—a bouquet! Monsieur had forgotten his bet! The bet was a camelin, two camelins, such as those, pointing to two large trees filled with camelias.

Admirably trained as he was in the school of the world, the old gentleman could not prevent his countenance from becoming deadly pale; he felt assured those large trees would cost twenty dollars; he felt he was "in for it," and submission was all he could do.

"Take those camelias to my house," said Madame —, speaking to the gardener, "and send the bill to Monsieur."

"No, I'll pay at once; how much are they?"

"A hundred dollars."

"What?" exclaimed the old gentleman, completely stupefied.

"A hundred dollars a-piece, two hundred dollars for the pair."

"How reasonable Lemichez always is in his prices!" exclaimed the lady, while her debtor was still confounded with surprise.

He reluctantly drew his pocket-book paid the money, and

has secretly vowed he will not again venture in the ladies' tribune of race courses!

I may chronicle the rumor that the wife of one of our well known bankers won \$4,000 at the race by judicious betting; hasn't she proved a jewel of a wife?"

Patent Leather Boots.

While standing in the office of one of our first-class hotels, the other day, we noticed a gentleman who came with his baggage, entered his name on the book, and secured a room. As soon as he had written his name, the clerk looked at it with astonishment. He called all the other clerks to look, and then he called one of the proprietors, who, on seeing it, appeared amazed.

We thought from the fuss that was being made over the name that the man must be some celebrated person. The idea struck us that it might be Prince Albert, or some of England's noblemen; but, as his features were truly American, we concluded it must be some great man, whom we did not know, belonging to our own country. While thus contemplating the man and his position, the head clerk leaned forward, and called—

"Mr. Johnson, one moment, if you please?"

The gentleman stepped up to the desk.

"Will you," continued the clerk, "please explain one thing? We have all tried to decipher, but cannot make it out."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, with a quiet smile playing on his face.

"Why, sir, at the end of your name on the book, you have placed three letters, P. L. B., and we are anxious to know the meaning of them, having never before met them in that position."

"P. L. B.," said the gentleman, "simply means—Patent Leather Boots. The last time I was here, I wore none other, but I was charged in my bill, at leaving, two dollars for blacking boots and as I have no time to dispute at leaving, I concluded this time to make you understand that I wore such boots as needed no blacking."

Why is living at a Grahamite Hotel, like travelling on the morning steamboat, to Albany?

"Do you give it up."

"Because you breakfast on board."



Our fat Artist in his Studio during the warm weather.



An Unfortunate Attachment.

THE BALLAD OF THE BEARD.

In masculine beauty, or else I am wrong,
Perfection consists in a beard that is long;
By man it is cherished, by woman revered—
Hence every good fellow is known by his beard.

Barbarossa, and Blackbeard, and Bluebeard we know,
Let the hair on their chins most abundantly grow;
So did Francis the first, and old Harry the bluf,
And the great Bajazet had beard more than enough.

Now the faces of these bearded worthies compare
With the faces of others divested of hair;
And you'll very soon see—if you've got any eyes—
On which side the superiority lies.

Then take to the Beard, and have done with the razor!
Don't disfigure yourself any longer, I pray, sir!
Wear a Beard. You will find it becoming and pleasant,
And your wife will admire you much more than at present.

Of cuts we've the Spanish, Italian, and Dutch,
The old and the new, and the common o'er much;
You may have your beard trimm'd any way that you please
Curled, twisted, or stuck out like chevaux-de-frise.

You may wear, if you please, a beard pick-a-devant,
A beard like a hammer, of jagg'd like a saw—
A beard call'd "cathedral," and shaped like a tile,
Which the widow in Hudibras served to beguile.

A beard like a dagger—nay, don't be afraid—
A beard like a bodkin, a beard like a spade;
A beard like a sugar-loaf, beard like a fork,
A beard like a Hebrew, a beard like a Turk.

Any one of these beards may be yours if you list—
According to fancy you trim it or twist,
As to color, that matters, I ween, not a pin—
But a bushy black beard is the surest to win.

So take to the Beard, and abandon the razor!
Have done with the soaping and shaving, I say, sir!
By a scrub of a barber he never more sheared, sir;
But adorn cheek and chin with a handsome long beard, sir!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—There are some things that make us laugh outright, without our knowing exactly why. We admire pleasant wit, and smile at funny incidents; but we couldn't help smiling audibly at the following:

A boy while spreading hay in the meadow, was stung by a yellow-jacket bumble-bee. Grasping a wisp of hay, and giving chase to his tormentor, he succeeded in knocking him into the grass; then, holding the wretch down with a stick by one hand, and taking a pin from his shirt collar with the other, he commenced partaking of the sweet morsels of revenge. "I'll let you know, old feller," said he giving his victim a thrust through the body, "I'll let you know" [another jab] "that there is a God in Israel yet!"

Hans Von Scra-chin, in a letter to a friend, gives the following narrative of his first courting scene with his "Katerine."

"Vonce, ven I vas coufn mine Katerine, I vas go on mine batators. Vell, den I zees mine Katerine coming der road, so I dinks I gives her a boo, so I climb up a tree, and ebout as I was going to boo her I walls on to der demlock vence and shticks a bine knot hole in mine bantaleons, and Katerine vas buff and make me more shaame dan a sheep mit one tief on to his pack—true as pork."

A genius in Brooklyn has invented an India Rubber ladder. The only objection to the arrangement is, that you climb all day without getting up any. But what of that. The same objection will apply to a thousand other things. About half the men in this city climb all day without getting up any, and do this for weeks and months together. Speckles is a hard working, saving fellow, and yet he is just where he was ten years ago. He is always climbing, but he don't get up any. He works with a India Rubber ladder—a wife, who spends twenty shillings every time he earns a pound. Old Squeezem is another gentleman just like Speckles. He climbs, but he don't go up. He works in company with the old fashioned India Rubber ladder—A disposition to save at the spigget, and lose at the bung-hole. Squeezem pays eight thousand dollars a year rent, and yet thinks "it would not be wis" to invest ten dollars a month in advertising. But why continue our remarks? Every body knows somebody who is doing just what Speckles and Squeezem have been doing for half a life time—climbing up an India Rubber ladder, and that to, without advancing one ascenitive inch from June to January. Funny people at human being. Well he is.

"MR. VAN NEPPS, you say you belong to Mr. Picolo's choir. Does the court understand from that remark that you officiate at the organ?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"I pumps the wind for the gentleman wat figgers away at the keys."

"That will do, sir; erier, call John Smith."

FIGHTING ODOS.—An Irishman, who was near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the latter did to him, and they were both to fire at the tame time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked upon the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside of the line, it was to go for nothing.



Fashion's Freaks.

YOUNG LADY, (who ought to have more taste).—Now join in the chorus. Ah, oh, I, O, Squashee. Du du daddle dum. Squasher amabrid.

A Rich One.

The term Yankee was, in past times, a very distinctive appellation in the old Southern States; but the salicities for travelling are rapidly obliterating all local ideas, and merging the citizens of every section into one and the same people.

Judge Bullard, who many years ago moved to Louisiana from Massachusetts, and in his adopted State received the highest honors it could bestow upon a citizen, was somewhat peculiar, in spite of his southern associations, in always retaining much of his New England individuality.

On one occasion, he with several distinguished gentlemen, found himself for a single night, the guest of a hospitable cabin "way down in Georgia."

"After supper, the gentlemen were conversing sociably together about some disputed point, when some one turning to the Judge remarked,

"Come now, Bullard, you are a Yankee, perhaps you can solve our difficulty."

The good lady of the house, who had been listening with respectful silence, started up upon hearing the word Yankee, and eyeing the Judge a moment, she asked,

"Are you really a Yankee?"

"I am," said the Judge with commendable pride.

"I am right glad to hear it," said the old lady, with a beaming face: "for you see I have had for many years a clock that won't go, and I thought if a Yankee came along I could have it mended;" and, to the astonishment of all present, she placed the invalid time-piece before the distinguished ornament of the Supreme Court.

Punch also says, Nicholas rules the serfs, but Britannia the waves.

The Knew Nothing.

"Where have you been?" ask'd Mrs. Snob,
As Mr. Snob reel'd in the door,
"A pretty time to seek your home;
I'm sure it's twelve o'clock—and more;
These midnight revels will not do;
Shame on you Snob—for acting so!
Where have you been?—I ask again;"
Says he, "dear wife—I do not know."

"A pretty plight your hat is in!
And see, your coat is muddied e'er;
Your nose is like a to-ma-to,
And you can scarcely reach the door.
How came you so—you naughty man;
Say, Mr. Snob—how came you so?"
My dearest—wife don't bother me,
You've heard me say that I don't know."

"I don't know how I met the boys,
And how I made my maiden speech,
I don't know what 'twas all about,
Or whether 'twas a growl or screech.
I don't know if 'twas pop we drank.
Or whiskey, lager beer, or rum;
I don't know how I broke my nose,
Or how I navigated hum."

"I see it all—you cruel man!"
Cried Mrs. Snob excited quite;
"You've joined the men who nothing know,
And you've been meeting them to-night
Well, I'll forgive you, if you'll tell,
Why do they meet in secret so?
Sap Mr. Snob—what do you do?"
"Why, Mrs. Snob—I do not know!"

MEAN—"I am afraid Frederick," said Mrs. Smith to her husband. "I hat Betsey is dishonest!"

"Ah! what makes you think so?"

"Why, I gave her seven apples to prepare for a pudding, and will you believe it, I counted over the quarters, and only found twenty-seven!"

"Are you sure you counted right?"

"Yes, for I counted them over three times carefully. The world is full of iniquity!"
Betsey was discharged without a character.

"Julius, did yer dispose of yer wheel-barrow?"

"No; I sold it."

"Where's der money?"

"I didn't get any. I got a check."

"A check!"

"Yes! I und-rtook to run away wid der change and the gentleman reached out his arm and give me a check payable at the tombs."

"And that ended yer wheel-barrow?"

"No der end was thirty days on der Island—since which I've retired from business and live on der proceeds."

A young man residing at the South End, died Saturday morning from disappointed ambition. He had a pair of "stand up" trousers made so tight that they stopped the circulation of the blood, and mortification set in, resulting in a speedy death. A coroner's inquisition exonerated the tailor from all blame. Shocking!



A Gambler's Paradise, (Pair of dice.)



The young man who was arrested for being without any visible means of support.

Give Him the Mitten.

"Ah, mon dieu! mon dieu!" said Monsier Melemots to his friend Sniffing, "my sweetheart have give me de mitten."

"Indeed—how did that happen?"

"Well, I thought I must go to make her von viseet before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room, dare I behold her beautiful pairson stretch out on von Lucy."

"A lounge, you mean."

"Ah, yes—von lounge. And den I make von ver polite branch and—"

"You mean a polite bow."

"Ah, yes—von bow-huh. And den I say I was ver sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You said what?"

"I said she would be rotten, if—"

"That's enough. You have 'put your foot in it,' to be sure."

"No, sare. I put my foot out of it, for she says she would call her sare's big brother, and *krek* me out, *be gar*. I had intended to say *mortified*, but I could not think of de word, and *mortify* and *rot* is all de same as *von*, in my *dictionaire*."

Anecdote of Two Parrots.—A curious old story is told in Captain Brown's book, without any clue to its date; its lud crow tendency being the temptation to copy it here:—A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, a green and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door; the grey whenever the bell rang; but they only knew two short phrases of English. The house in which they lived had an old-fashioned, projecting front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and, on one occasion, they were left outside the window by themselves, when some one knocked at the street door.

"Who's there?" said the green parrot.

"The man with the leather," was the reply; to which the bird answered—

"Oh! oh!"

The door not being opened, the stranger knocked a second time.

"Who's there?" said green poll.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the man. "Why don't you come down?"

"Oh! oh!" repeated the parrot.

This so enraged the stranger, that he rang the bell furiously.

"Go to the gate," said a new voice, which belonged to the grey barrot.

"To the gate?" repeated the man, who saw no such entrance, and who thought the servants were banter-

ing him. "What gate?" he asked, stepping back to view the premises.

"New-gate?" responded the grey, just as the angry applicant discovered who had been answering his summons.

Wouldn't Stay Killed.

My friend "Doctor Tal,"—as we dub familiarly hereabouts as capital a fellow as ever flourished a knife and "meat-saw,"—was recently stirred up at night to attend a daughter of the "ould countrry" who had been making an effort at surgery at the expense of her "gullet." It seems that the lady, after indulging in the "crather" for a few days, found herself confronted by "the man with the poker," and attempted to close this disagreeable tête-à-tête by sticking a pen-knife within an ace of her "jugular." When the Doctor appeared she was to all intents and purposes, "as dead as a herring." The by-standers considered her to be irretrievably "gone," but our friend soon discovered that she hadn't "slit ped her wind." He pronounced her still "of earth," and attempted to rouse her up. His efforts failed, although he ascertained that she was not only "alive and kicking," but quite conscious, and yet wilfully bound on being "kilt." He altered his treatment accordingly.

"She's dead," he exclaimed. "Who's got a couple of cents to put on her eyes?"

The "reds" were forthcoming; but as he was about to apply them, a slight wink of the would-be "departed sister's" organ was observed; she undoubtedly having concluded to take a last look at things earthly and perishable.

"Now," continued Tal, after "adjusting the currency," "I must see how far she cut into her throat. I can do so by enlarging the wound and dissecting the neck.—Hold the candle, some one, while I take out my knife."

The words had barely escaped the Doctor's lips, when the supposed dead woman sprang to her elbow, exclaiming,

"Bad manners to yez, that would be after maiming a decent woman for life! Away wid yez!"

The stratagem having succeeded "to a demonstration," the Doctor plastered up the cut, and retired, leaving the lady to do well.

Why have bulls an aversion to crimson? Because their frenzy is a species of Hate-red.

The tree is known by its fruits." The only exception to this is the dogwood, which is known by its bark.

"A dreadful little far a shilling," said a penurious fellow to a physician, who dealt out an emetic; "can't you give more."



Female Diplomacy.

Young LADY.—I'll tell you Emma dear, how we'll get to the Springs. You shall get up a bad cough, and I a general debility, and then pa must take us you know.



Drawing a check, and producing the money.

Peter Periwinkle to Tabitha Towzer.

My Tabitha Towzer is fair,
No guinea pig ever was neater ;
Like a hockmatack slender and fair,
And sweet as a muskrat, or sweeter.

My Tabitha Towzer is sleek,
When dressed in her pretty new tucker,
Like an otter that paddles the crook,
In quest of a pout or a sucker.

Her forehead is smooth as a tray,—
Nay, smoother than that, on my soul ;
And turn'd as a body may say,
Like a delicate neat wooden bowl.

To what shall I liken her hair,
So pretty, so flowing and fine,
For similes sure must be rare,
When we speak of a nymph so divine.

The hair of a Nazarite seer,
That never was shaven or shorn ;
Scarce equals the locks of my dear,
Like the silk of an ear of green corn.

My love she has two pretty eyes,
Glass buttons shone never so bright ;
Their lustre pellucid outvies
The bug that oft twinkles by night.

My dear has a beautiful nose,
With a sled runner crook in the middle ;
Which one would be led to suppose,
Was meant for the head of a fiddle.

The lips of my charmer are sweet
As a hoghead of maple molasses ;
The ruby red tint of her cheek,
The gill of a salmon surpasses.

Description must fail in her chin,
At least till our language is richer ;
'Tis fairer than dipper of tin,
Or beautiful china cream pitcher.

So pretty a neck I'll be bound,
Never joined head and body together,
Like a crooked neck'd squash on the ground,
Long whitened by winter-like weather.

Should I mention her gait or her air,
You might think I intended to banter ;
She moves with more grace, you would swear
Than a foundered horse forced to a canter.

Should I speak of the rest of her charms,
I might by some phrase that's improper
Give modesty's bosom alarms,
Which I would not do for a copper.

I felt t'other day very droll,
As by her I chanced to be marching ;
My heart waxed hot as a coal,
And hopped like a pea that was parching.

I'll trudge away one of these nights,
To see my delectable creature ;
I'll tell her 'tis hard she slighted
Her pining poetical Peter.

But then I'll be surly and sad,
Should she cruelly send me a jogging ;
Like a bully when some spunky lad,
Gives the quarrelsome devil a flogging.

The Ruling Passion.

One of our Correspondents relates an anecdote of "the ruling passion strong in death."

I was told of a noted gambler living in the city of New-Orleans. Betting was a mania with him, and the argument which he adopted to settle any controversy. Whatever might be the character of the debate, his strongest reply to an antagonist was, "I'll bet you." That scourge of New-Orleans, the yellow fever, made its appearance. While it was raging most fiercely and carrying off hundreds daily, the gambler was attacked. Medical attendance was secured, and everything that skill could do was done to save his life. But the fever was stronger than the doctor, and at last he was told—"Sir, you must die, and if you have any arrangements to make, attend to them speedily."

"Doctor," said the sick man, "how long will I live?"

"Not more than three hours," was the reply.

"Doctor, are you perfectly certain that I cannot live more than three hours?" queried the patient.

"I am, sir; you may live that long, but the probabilities are that your end will come in a shorter space."

"Well, but you are mistaken, doctor, and I'll bet you my funeral expenses that I will live six hours, just double what you assign me."

The physician was astonished at such coolness and hardihood, but remembering with whom he had to do, accepted the bet, and waited the result. The fellow lived through the six hours, secured the amount of his stake, and, while chuckling over his triumph, was seized with a spasm and died.

The man who "moved an amendment," injured his spine by the operation.



Looking ahead.

Miss MARY.—Charlie, I don't know how I can meet my expenses, if mother does not increase my allowance.

CHARLIE.—I told the governor that he must do the handsome thing, now Regalias are so high.

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NOVEMBER.

Vol. III.



WAITING FOR A BITE.

JONATHAN—(seeing fisherman, who having approached a trout stream cautiously, has cast his line—he don't know where—and is anxiously waiting for a bite)—WAL, HE'S A NICE FISHERMAN, HE IS. WONDER WHO IN THUNDER IT IS WAY UP HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS; MAY BE ITS OLD IZAAK WALTON, OR MAY BE ITS OLD RIP VAN WINKLE TAKIN ANOTHER LONG SNOOZE. GET OUT, I KNOW WHO TIS; THAT 'ERE FILLER'S THE HEAD MAN OF THE KNOW NOTHINS.

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A Drop too much.

Old Times in Virginia.

How we love to listen to stories about the good old times of Virginia from the mouth of old Capt. B., who seems no less than ourselves to enjoy "fighting his battles o'er ag'in," in the days when the supremacy of the Turf was contended for by such noble horses as Kate Kearney, Arich, Bonnets o' Blue, Flirtilla, Trifle, and a host of others no less distinguished. Alas! we fear we "ne'er shall look upon such times again,"—and with them, too, have gone the glorious militia musters,

"Where friend met friend,
And sociality went round."

All the noble hearted men who frequen'ed Tree Hill, and Broad Rock, and Fairfield, in those days, have, with a few exceptions, passed away, and the great four mile days, when five or six fine horses started, have dwindled down to one day in the year, and scarcely ever more than two horses.

In those days lived old Ned Carey. Every one living here then recollects old Ned—a rollicking old free darkey, who never let a muster, a cock fight, or a race, take place, without being on hand, if possible. Joined to old Ned's inordinate love of such sports, was what is now-a-days termed, by the business part of mankind, a great deal of cuteness, but what was in fact something less creditable.

On a certain day a great muster was to come off at some tavern in the county of Henrico, and of course a cock fight or two. At the appointed time a great many persons were present, and among them Mr. M., a gentleman of the real old stripe, who had made a few ten dollar bets on the cock fights, and lost every one. He was commenting on his bad luck, when old Ned was seen approaching with a large bag thrown over his shoulder.

"Halloa Ned, what have you there?"

"Fust rate cock, Massa M."

"Game, Ned?"

"Oh, yea, *game as a panter*, Massa M."

"Out with him, Ned, out with him."

And Ned drew forth a large speckled cock, which to judge by his size, was a perfect bruiser.

"What's the price, Ned?"

"Five dollars, Massa, an' cheap at dat, an' if any cock on dis ground *kill* dis cock, I gim you back de money."

The bargain was accordingly struck, and the match made for a fight right away. M. bet about the amount he had already lost, and the cocks were put in the ring.

At the first touch of the steel old Ned's cock gave a most awful squall, and took a strong wing for the woods. M. was furious, while the crowd laughed—fairly screamed, with the enjoyment of the fun. Old Ned was accordingly hauled up, with the application of some pretty hard epithets.

"Didn't I tell you, Massa M." says Ned, "if any cock here *kill* dat cock I give you back de five dollars? But dey got to catch him fus; an' I never saw any cock outrun ole Skewball in my life. Yat ya!"

M. wanted to be very angry, but it was no go; his anger was choked down by the uproarious laughter of the crowd that met him on every side, and he was forced to enjoy it as a capital joke. Old Ned continued to frequent the race courses till his death.

A capital fellow, and one universally known in those days, was Colonel Wm. M., known throughout the country as Billy M. There were no conventions then to nominate this Whig or that Democrat for legislative honors, but every man who thought his country needed his services "pitched in" to what was considered a free fight. An election was about to be held, and there were five candidates in the field, among them Billy M., one of the queerest geniuses, and, as I have said, the finest fellows, in the county. On the Sunday preceding the election there was a large Baptist meeting to take place, and some dozen persons to be immersed. Of course the candidates for the county were expected to be present. The minister was a good easy sort of old divine, and after the conclusion of the discourse, said he hoped and expected that all the candidates were present (the candidates for baptism), when Col. Billy M. started up, with such an air of consequence as a candidate for the county ought to have and looking round, replied, "All here, I believe, but Reuben." Col. Billy had mistaken the candidates for Baptism for the candidates for the county; he saw his mistake just as it was too late. At every public meeting thereafter, the continual "All here but Reuben" killed up Col. Billy, and lost him his election, as he averred.

Another capital election joke was told on Col. Billy, and, like the first, is as true as preaching. Elections were held under the property qualification, and as it was likely to be "who shall and who shan't," or in other words, a pretty tight fit, Col. Billy had persuaded a very seedy individual, named Jack Purdy, that he had a good vote, and on this assurance Purdy had promised to vote for the Col.

Election day came, and with it Jack Purdy, dressed up in his best Sunday clothes. Col. Billy occupied a seat above the voters, and so soon as his eye rested on Purdy, he beckoned him up.

"A. r. Sheriff, please cry Mr. Purdy's vote." (It was always Jack Purdy before.)

The Sheriff accordingly cried—"Mr Purdy votes for Major B.!"



A Slight Fever.

GENT, (to lady who has been standing during a long performance at the theatre.)—I say Miss, will you mind my seat while I step out and get a drink?



The lapse (laps) of Ages vary from 16 to 25 years.

This was more than Col. Billy could stand, so springing to his feet, he cried out—"That fellow has not the shadow of a vote!"

Purdy shook his head, and muttered, loud enough for every one to hear, "I don't like that way Col. Billy's got."

"What said you, Mr. Purdy?" asked the Sheriff.

And Purdy told the whole story, how the Col. had pronounced his vote a good one, when he expected to get it. The Col. sloped, and at the dinner that day, some wag gave as a toast, "I don't like that way Col. Billy's got!" when the Col remarked—"D—n that fellow! I didn't think he was such a cussed fool as to tell all about it!"

Col. Billy, too, has been long ago gathered to his fathers, but a nobler fell—w never liv'd. I remember well sitting on his knee the day 'rifle won the great four mile day at Tree Hill.

A Theatrical Gay.

We find it stated in an old number of the Dublin University Magazine, that a certain quasi theatrical genius, named Joe Gould, who was once proprietor of the Albemarle Hotel, London, was one of the greatest wits and practical jokers of his time. Cooper, the actor, once bet him a trifling wager that nothing could disturb his equanimity on the stage. Joe, hearing that Cooper was about to take his benefit at Dover, instantly hurried down there, and entered the theatre about the second act of the drama in which Cooper was playing the principal part, to the great delight of the sea-port people, who were much struck with his splendid mouthing and to pot-like attitudes. The upper range of boxes were empty, and up to them Gould ascended, and pulling out a long telescope, fixed its focus directly on Cooper, who was in the middle of a long tragic speech. As he concluded it, Gould for an instant dropped his glass, and exclaimed, in a patronising voice—"Bravo, Cooper!" This drew the attention of the whole house to the strange gentleman in the slips, who again coolly taking up his long telescope began once more to follow every movement of the actor, who naturally fell horrified and confused at finding an observer of the kind, whose weapon reached half across the theatre. Cooper fidgeted, and forgot his part, hemmed, hawed, and looked foolish; but whenever he faltered, the green-eyed monster in the upper tier affected to console him with cries of "Bravo, Cooper!" "Try again, Cooper!" and other equally annoying epithets. At last the tormented performer could stand it no longer. Every line of his part fled from his memory, he advanced to the foot lights to appeal to the audience; but before he could open his mouth, his tormentor exclaimed, shutting up his telescope—"Well done, Jack; well done!" This was too much; Cooper rushed off the stage, while the audience, turning to visit the offender with their indignation, found that he had already left the house. In his dressing-room the irritated actor found the following laconic note;—"Sup with me to-night, and pay me the bet in the morning, and I'll lend you my telescope.—Yours, Joe Gould."

A new way to "Collect an Old Debt."

A good story is told of the manner in which a coachman, down at Kennebunk, managed to "get around" a hard customer. The man had owed him a dollar and a half since last Spring, and could not be prevailed upon to come to a settlement.—A few days ago the coachman drove up to the door of the man whom we will call Mr. Brown, and cried out—

"Hallo, Brown, here I've got a box for you."

"Have you?" said Brown approaching. "where did it come from?"

"From Boston," was the reply, "just brought it by express." And he lifted from the top of his coach a stoutly built box, about ten inches square, and rather heavy, upon which was inscribed in a proper manner, the directions.

"Mr. Thomas Brown, Kennebunk, Me. By _____'s Express.

"What is the freight?" inquired Brown, as he received the box and ascertained its weight.

"Only nine shillings," said the knight of the whip, and the money being duly paid, he drove rapidly away.

Mr. Brown carried the box into the house, and obtained a hammer and chisel, broke it open, and to his annoyance found nothing inside but some rocks, carefully packed in hay—the whole having been prepared by some wags at the depot who were willing to pay a good joke, and at the same time help an honest man to his money.

An exchange tells of an eccentric customer, who, dining at a first-rate hotel, ordered a "knot-hole fried," and a "half dozen pigs' feet in the shell."



Domestic Economy.

"Now my dear, we never can afford to buy flour at that awful high price, so you'd better tell the Grocer to send up only half the usual quantity, and make up the rest with Potato of Paris, and such like—it will do just as well."

BOARDER, (who has overheard—from top of the stairs.) "Mrs. Jones! I'd like to have my bill made out this morning."



Comparative Anatomy.

Our natural philosp' er having purchased Gliddon's new work on the "Races of Mankind," sees its truth by comparing the facial organs of a nigger, a baboon, and a raw Irishman. He is surprised to see how much alike they are.

The first Piano at Northern Illinois.

During the summer following the termination of the Black-Hawk war—being among the first of the “Down-East” emigrants to the country they had recently evacuated by the “red men of the forest”—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become a small town near the Illinois river, by the name of P——. The Doctor’s family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all four of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them possessor of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly-settled places when a “new comer” makes his first appearance, the “neighbors” (that were there) had collected together for the purpose of seeing the Doctor’s “plunder” unpacked, and making the acquaintance of its possessor.

“Dr. A.’s ‘househol’’ was stowed away in seven large wagons—being first packed in pine boxes, on which were painted in large black letters the contents, address, &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers on, except an occasional examination similar to the following from those who had never seen the like before:—

“Glass—This side up with care!” Why, I thought this ere fellow was a Doctor! What on earth is he going to do with that box full of wind-srs?”

“This side up with care!” exclaimed one. “He’s got his parlor and library fixin’ in that. Won’t he fizic the angular le’ows down on the r’r’r’?”

In the last wagon on the e was but one large box, and on it were painted the words—“Piano Forte—Keep dry and handle carefully.” In required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload this box and the curiosity excited in the crowd upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sound emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gathered by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

“Piano Forte!” said a tall, yellow-haired, fever-and-ague-looking youth. “Wonders if he’s afraid of the Inguns? He can’t scare them with a pine fort.”

“K-e-e-p D-r-e.” was spelled by a large raw-boned looking man, who was evidently a liberal patron of “old bald face.”

who broke off at the letter *y* with, “D——your temperance characters; you needn’t come round here wit’ tracts!”

He was interrupted at this point by a stout-built personage, who cried out—

“He’s got his skeletons in thar, and he’s afurd to giv them liker, for they’ll break out if he does! Poor felers! they must suffer powerfully!”

“Handle carefully!” said a man, with a red hunting-shirt, and the size of whose fist as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man. “There’s some live cittern in thar. Don’t you hear him groan?” This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbors—all of whom were determined to know what were its contents and what was the meaning of the words, “Piano Forte.” On his telling that it was a musical instrument, some reckoned that it would take a “farn sight of wind to blow!” others, “that it would take a lot of men to make it go!” &c. &c.

The Doctor exhibited its operations as well as he could, but still his description was anything but satisfactory; and he cou’d only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors by promising “a sight” at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons before mentioned—elapsed before the promises of Dr. A. were arranged for the reception of visitors; and various and curious were the surprises among the “settlers” during this time. Dr. A. and his “plunder” were the only topics of conversation for miles around. The Doctor’s house had but one lower room, but this was one of double ordinary size, and the carpets were all too small to cover the entire floor; hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to and facing the door was placed the “Piano Forte.” All was ready for the admission of “vizters,” and Miss E. was to act as the first visitor. The Doctor had to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter. Miss E. took her seat, and at the first sounding of the instrument, the whole party present rushed in. Some went directly up to the “crittur,” as it had been called on account of its having four legs—some more shy remained close to the door, where, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape, while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the strip of bare floor, lest by treading on the “handsome kahker,” they might “spile” it!

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in ecstasies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to



Drink Proof.

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner).—Are you not drunk?

PRISONER.—Drunk your honor? Oh no, not at all. I’ve only drank two pints of gin, and four gallons of beer—I never drink much so early in the morning.



THE BABY WHICH TOOK THE PREMIUM AT THE BABY CONVENTION.

Temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal," as he called Miss E., should drink. Another of the company laid down a dime, and wanted "that's worth" more out of the "forty pains," as the name of the instrument had come to him after traveling through some five or six pronunciations. Another with a broad grin on his face, declared that he would give his "claim" and all the "truck" on it, if his "darter" could have such a "cupboard!" The "pine fort" man suggested that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk war, "they would have skeered the Indians like all hell r'!"

It is needless to say, that it was late at night before Miss E. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearts that they were all "tired ou." The whole country for twenty miles round rang with the praises of Dr. A.'s "conarium" and their "musical cupboard." The Doctor immediately had any quantity of patients—all of whom, however, would call in person for advice, or for a few "agur pills," but none of whom would leave without hearing the "forty pains."

With any easy way and a good-natured disposition, Dr. A. soon formed an extensive acquaintance, a good practice, and became a popular man. He was elevated in some of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people—one of which he held at the time of his death. So much for the charms of a Piano Forte!

Diamond Cut Diamond.

We have recently come into possession of facts in regard to a very peculiar real estate transaction in this city, the details of which are interesting, as illustrative of character, as well as of the method of doing business which is considered sharp by a certain class of business men.

Some time since, a gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A., purchased a piece of ground in Murray street, on which was an old building, which he proceeded to tear down intending to erect in its place a building more suitable for the transaction of his business. About the same time, another gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. B., purchased the adjoining lot and proceeded in the same manner to take down the old building standing upon it, so that the work of demolition proceeded upon both at the same time. After this had been concluded, Mr. A. being ready to build himself and supposed quite naturally, that his neighbor would prefer building at the same time, paid him a visit in relation to the matter, when he was horribly informed by Mr. B., that he should "build when he pleased." Of course, as Mr. A., could not gainsay his right in this respect, the only method left for him was to go on by himself. This he accordingly did, and had progressed so far as to have his building "covered in," when he was surprised one day by a visit from his irate neighbor.

"Sir," says Mr. B., "you are an inch on my ground?"

Mr. A. rejoined that he thought it must be a mistake.

"No, sir, it is no mistake—you are an inch on my ground."

"Well," returned, Mr. A., "all I can say is, if it is so, I am very sorry, and it is altogether unintentional; but I am willing to pay you whatever you say the land is worth."

"I want no pay, sir," answered Mr. B.; "I want my land!"

"Sir," says Mr. A., "I see it is hopeless to compromise this matter with you, but I will give you double what ever you say the land is worth, rather than take down my wall."

"I want no money—I want my land," persisted the stubborn Mr. B.

Argument and entreaty were alike unavailing, and Mr. A. accordingly proceeded to take down and rebuild his wall. He was permitted to finish his building now without further interruption.

Shortly afterward Mr. B. concluded to build on his lot, and masons and carpenters were set to work to accomplish the object.

The work progressed finely—story after story went up as if by magic; and our friend Mr. B. watched the operations day by day with increasing interest, with confident anticipation of being able to occupy the premises by a certain period. At length the building was entirely finished, from foundation to cap-stone—the workmen had departed with their tools—the rubbish had been cleared away—and Mr. B. was complacently congratulating himself on its successful accomplishment, when he was astonished by a visit from his neighbor Mr. A.

"Sir," said he, "I am sorry to inform you that you are an inch on my ground!"

"Pooh, nonsense!" returned Mr. B.

"It's no nonsense at all," said Mr. A.; "I tell you, you are an inch on my ground."

"Why, how can that be?" blustered Mr. B., "when I have only built up to your wall?"

"Ah, that's it!" in the dryest possible manner answered Mr. A.

Our friend Mr. B. was somewhat dumbfounded.

"Send for a surveyor, sir," at length he exploded, "and we'll see about this."

The surveyor was accordingly sent for, who after a careful measurement of the respective premises, reported to the crest-fallen Mr. B. that it was indeed true—he was occupying an inch more land than he was entitled to. A proposition to buy that inch—coming, it must be confessed, with bad grace from him—was now advanced by Mr. B.

"No, sir," returned Mr. A., "I shall not sell; you cannot offer me money enough to buy that inch of land. Take down your wall, sir—down with it to the foundations; I want my land!"

Mr. B. came to the conclusion that the game was decidedly against him, and yielded with the best grace he cou'd. The wall was taken down and re-erected, and so very careful was our particular friend this time not to trespass, that he built an inch short of where he had a right to go. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to explain to the reader, that Mr. A. had done the same thing in the first instance.

What kind of a doctor would a duck make? A quack doctor.



THE BABY WHICH DID NOT TAKE THE PREMIUM AT THE BABY CONVENTION.



The practical workings of the Main Law.

GENT.—*Mr. Smith, I am expecting a few friends to see me to night. Can you send me a dozen of Champagne?*

MR. GROCER SMITH.—*No Sir, Mains Law, you know. But I have some splendid Vinegar, which looks and tastes very much like the article you wish.*

GENT.—*Well, send it up.*

THE NEW GUDGEONS.—The following dialogue which actually took place some years since, between an old lady, who had much confidence in professionals, and a learned but eccentric clergyman, goes to strengthen a conviction already strong in many minds, viz: that human nature is gallable:

"Now, parson, as you are a man of much learning, I want to ask you what became of the eleven days, when old style was altered to new?"

"Well, well, madam, you know how this world is hung on two great gudgeons—"

"Indeed, sir! well, what then?"

"Well, it had been turn ing round on the two gudgeons a great whil , and they got worn out, and broke down."

"Do tell me if i did!"

"Yes, marm. Well, after the world broke down, all the people turned to and put in new gudgeons, and set it going again; and it took 'em just eleven days."

The old lady was abundantly satisfied, and would have given to the learned gentleman the degree of Bachelor of Science without further examination.

TURNING INTO MUTTON.—A correspondent of Charleston (S. C.) Stanford complains terrible of the vast quantities of mutton which the pleasure seekers at one of our Sulphur Springs are compell d to consume, and which ought to give to that locality the name of Mutton Springs. An old French gentleman had been sed so incessantly on this stable commodity of the table, that he had serious fears of turning into sheep. Complain ing of the want of that decided improvement in his health, which he had fondly anticipated, an acquaintance remarked to the disappointed Gaul, that she ought to saturate himself with the sulphur drink until his skin should give olfacto y ev dence of the effect.

"Yes sare," replied Monsieur, "dey te'l dat long ago, and I drink and den rub my hand and smell him, but he no smell of mutton; I fear I be about to become one sheep."

The daily Papers all record the fact that the stone cutters have struck. Wide Awake inquires how can they cut stones without striking?

"What's this, aunt," said Ike, reading an odd law volume that had been left in the house by the previous occupant, who was a lawyer.

Partington vs. Wyat. Where a rule for judgment as in case of a non-suit is discharged upon a peremptory undertaking, costs incurred at the settings in consequence of notice of trial are not allowed unless mentioned in the rule. 6 Bing ham, 171—T. T. 1829."

"What is it—I'd like to know.

She raisnd her fingers solemnly. "That, Isaac," said see, is one of the mysteries of the law, because its so foggy. It isn't for anybody to understand but the lawyers, and they can't digest it—heaven help the poor creatures' stomachs! How would you feel dear, with such a portion as that into you?"

"Ain't that what the doctors of law are for, then," said Ike, "to cure a seller when his digest re get out of order?"

He paused for a reply, but kept on chunking the flour into little squares that should, afterward, to the imperfect vision of Mrs. Partington, appear paper scraps, resisting all her efforts to remove them with the broom.

She answered "yes," but her mind was revolving the problem of what Partington it could be that embarked in law with Mr. Wyatt, and Ike sat helping himself to the mellow peaches that the kind neighbor had sent in, and threw the stones all unrebuked, upon the snow white cloth on the little round table.

What a queer thing a blue-fire melo-drama is, to be sure! So full of starts, jerks, and sudden appearances! "Is that —no, it's not: yes, yes—it is—my long lost, my misguided sister!" Staggers forward, with weakened knee joints, and falls paralyzed at her feet. The "long-lost sister" concludes the scene by turning upon her heels and exclaiming—"Cursed on ye!" "Curses" is drawn out about a yard and a half or two yards; "ye" dwelt upon until she disappears down a trap in centre. As we said before, funny chaps, those melo-dramatic people.

Now Don't.—An editor who never thinks twice before he speaks, says that the first dress worn by our primitive ancestors in the Garden of Eden, was bare (bear) skins.



The morning after the Party.

MASTER BROWN.—*Hang m', Miss Wilkins, if you don't begin to make me think you are in love with that horrid Geo. Wilkins, you did nothing but flirt with him.*

MISS SMITH.—*And what if I did, he's my oldest friend, and was the best dancer there.*

MASTER BROWN.—*No dance! and such a figure, as for his crowd, well there you must excuse me, you won't find many gentlemen who care a cravat like me!*



SAUCY NEWSBOY.—Say, old covey, you'd better give that gal's bonnet a piece of your coat tail.

Dick Trot and his Yankee Clock.

"Well, sir," said Dick to me one day, "about five years or better ago, I bought a wooden clock from a Yankee pedlar, named Tom Jones, who used to travel through this country, dropin' one at almost every house: 'twas the last one he had, and I paid him fifteen dollars for it. She was a perfect goer of a clock, and then such a beauty! Her little, squatly, pumpy, figur, dressed out in her painted case, just filled my eyes exactly to a goat's beef. I set her on this shelf so I might allers see her. Her little penjum would swing back'rds and for'ds tickin' at a proper rate. There she'd roll it, day after day, week after week, deep bent on keepin' up with the sun, and determined that marry a time-piece in the settlement should get ahead of her. She'd dig at the hours, never stoppin' to catch breath, but just fire away in admirable style. I'd wind her up o' nights and then go to bed, puttin' every confidence in her perfectly satisfied that she'd do her duty faithfully, although I wasn't watchin' her; wouldn't allow the sun to be up before she'd put her hand to the hour of sunrise. And then sir, when I'd be restless and couldn't sleep, or when I was sick, then what company she was to me! To be sure, she couldn't talk to me—just call me by name—that's all. Though sometimes she'd say, 'Dick' so plain, I'd look up at her, and almost expect her to lead off in a regular built chat. Well, sir, she continued to do so for five years, and was my heart's delight. In fact, I may say that she hilt on longer than that, but 'twas about that time she began monstrously to resemble old Dave Wilson's wife—you know how she was?"

"Can't say I do exactly."

"Why, sir, I thought you know'd. Old Dave used to say that his wife was a charmin' creature; one of the best of women, that he didn't believe from old mother Eve down to the present generation, a better woman ever throwed a petticoat over her head. To be sure, he said, she had her ways. (Here Dick snuffed in imitation of old Dave, whom I knew very well.) She would have her ways, and such ways she did have! Well, sir, my clock got in the same way. Some of her works got out of fix, and for spite she done just as she blamed pleased. Strike! yes, sir, she did, like all dignation! She'd take a notion to bulge off sometimes, and she'd ring in on them wires one hundred and fifty times. At first I was tickled at it, and would set and laugh at her for bein' such a fool as to be cuttin' up such extrays, what didn't hurt nobody but herself. But at last I began to get tired of such foolery. It seemed to me, whenever I had a tough job before me, and wanted to studv it out, or whenever I was right sleepy, then she'd pick her chance to come them big likes. I put up with it a long time I did nothin' to her—and

short by lettin' her have her fun out, she might get tired of it herself after awhile. But she didn't; she still held on stouter than ever. On last Saturday, I went up here to muster, and as I allers have done on such occasions, took rather too much of the tech-me-lightly. When I got hum, I thert the best place for me was in bed; so to sleep off the boozy. I pulls off and gets in bed; but no sooner did my head tech the pillow than up starts the clock—ch-r-ing! determined to put a stop to any such capers that night; I got up, loaded my old musket, took a cheer, and sat down, right afore her:

"Now, old lady," sez I, "yer arter the old spite game again, are you? Just go on ef ye like it; but dar to strike a hundred this time, and ding me ef yer don't ketch it! My threats didn't skeer her one bit; she struck away, 'like livelier than ever. She went so pearty, she soon got up to ninety-nine—two—three—four—five—six. 'I see yer gwyin' it,' sez I, and I cocked the old musket—ch-r-ing—I takes my sight—ch-r-ing—I lays my finger on the trigger—ch-r-ing, sez she, stouter than ever, and was starting with another ch-r-r—when I flames away, in half a seckin' finds myself flat on my back, in the middle of the floor.

"As I picked myself up, I heard the old lady still goin' it; and darn me if she didn't strike fifty times more, although twenty-five buck-soot took effect among her countenance, and both her hands smooth off. I hain't wound her up since, for with the pluck she's got there's no knowin' what she might do if she had a chance. She's, without exception, the best game I ever seen."

"Its offence is rank, and smells to heaven."—Shakspeare.

"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always the buttered side down?"

"I don't know. It hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this yere is the strongest butter I ever seed!"

"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? The great lazy thing!"

"What, your aunt?"

"No; this yere butter! To make that poor old woman churn it, when it is strong enough to churn itself!"

"Be still, Ziba! It only wants workin' over."

"Well, marm, fies you, when I did it, I'd put in lots o' molasses!"

"You good-for-nothin'! I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses!"

"Well, people o' rank ought to eat it!"

"Why people o' rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint you! What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter's taken the skin off my tongue mother!"

"Ziba, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I tell you what I'd do with it, marm. I'd keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies heel over, and die, as soon as they touch it!"

"Ziba, don't exaggerate; but here's twenty five cents, go to the store, and buy a pound of fresh."



A Tee-matter, (A Tomato.)



"Sonny, what does your father do for a living?"
 "He swears for it."
 "He swears for it! Why, what do you mean?"
 "He bails men out of the Tombs by swearing he owns all the corner lots on Broadway."

A Vegetarian Eating House.

The immense success of the late Vegetarian Banquet at Leeds has induced an enterprising enthusiast to start an Eating House, conducted entirely without the assistance of the butcher. But not only is the butcher renounced, but also the fishmonger, on the principle that it is wrong to catch fish; for vegetarianism professes to be an improvement on that doc'r no, the first pronulgators whor of were fisherman. The Poulterer is excluded likewise; for not even eggs are tolerated; it being considered cruel to rend the tie which exists between them and hens, if not cocks also; and although this objection may not apply in the case of ducks, by reason of the indifference of those birds to their eggs, yet it is thought that to eat duck's eggs would be to take a shameful advantage o' the ducks' neglect of their eggs. Reconso is not even had to the dairyman; to dr nk cow's milk is to rob calves, and if the cow has no calf, to milk her is to weaken her, by creating an artificial drain upon her constitution. Milk quite sufficient for the composition of puddings and pies is obtained from various plants, and the requirements of the tea and breakfast-table are completely met by the milk of the coco-nut.

In short, the baker, the greengrocer, and the grocery in ordinary, purvey all the materials which form the bill of fare provided at these novel refreshment rooms; the staple of the kitchen is derived entirely from the kitchen garden. The beverages—for the establishment is total as well as vegetarian—sensitively consists of the unfermented juice of the pum.

We have honored the Vegetarian Eating House with a visit, and on inquiring what there was ready, were informed by the waiter that there was "some very nice grass just up."

"Do you think," we cried, "that we are going to be such geese as to eat that?"

"Nice young grass, sir," repeated; "new cut."

This idea of grass made us ruminate a little. "Any hay?" said we.

"No 'ay, sir," answered the waiter, blandly. "No 'ay, sir; but beautiful grass—parow grass."

"Peas, sir?" suggested the waiter. We ordered peas. "Two peas—the ought done?" shouted the man down a pipe.

"What will you take to drink sir?" he asked, returning to the table. "There's tot-and-water—there's apple-water, lime-water, and ginger-beer."

"Any ale?"

"Hudson's ale, sir; very old; first liquor as ever was drunk."

"Bring us a pot of Adam's ale apiece; we prefer it mild."

"Ye sir."

So saying the waiter disappeared; and presently returned with our dinner; for which, however, we found two peas insufficient, so we demanded what else there was.

"Kidneys, sir—fine kidneys. Marrow."

"Marrow."

"Come," we said. "This is better than we thought. Kidneys and marrow. Bring a couple of marrow-bones."

"No bone, sir. Vegetable marrow."

"Two kidneys then."

"Two kidneys, sir, ye sir."

"Let them be devilled."

"Very sorry, sir; d n't devil our kidneys. Rod-nosed kidneys, or kidney beans, sir?"

"Rod-nosed kidneys!" we cried in astonishment.

"Yes sir.—Tatars, sir."

"Potatoes with red noses!" we again exclaimed. "In this bode of temperance! Well, never mind; bring us some of our debauched potatoes."

"Ow will you have them, sir. Plain?"

"H—y!—no. A la mai/re d'hotel—that is with Parsley and butter."

"Please, sir, we've; but no butter. Butter a hanmard subsanc, sir; we use no hanmard substance. No sir!"

"One want's smethin' else with potatoes," we observed.

"You can have" replied the waiter. "in need turnip, or 'ashed carrot, cabbage, art-stuff'd, sc lloped hartshrike, curried brocol, frass-wed cucum' er, roast on on, stewed endive, truffl an' mushroom pie, beet steaks pumpkin chopas."

We chose a slice of roast onion; and when we had eaten it, the waiter inquired whether we would take pastry or cheese.

"How is it you have cheese," we demanded, "and no butter?"

"Damsen chorse, sir," was his reply.

We had some bread and damson cheese; and then asked what was to pay.

"Yes sir. Two peas is eight; and kidneys is five—that's thirteen—and two roast onions is one shilling, two and a penny; and bread and cheeses four; and two waters a penny each, is two and five-pence 'appen."

We settled this little account without any demur; and under the excitement of the generous fare we had been partaking of, gave the waiter half-a-crown, telling him to keep the change, which amounted to a half penny, for 'mself.

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring it "turns over a new leaf."



A Case of real Distress.

Agony of a gentleman on discovering that he has lost his pocket book, containing his ticket and reserved seat to hear Mario and Grisi

**The Way in which Mercy tempers Justice.**

PRISONER, in charge of an Irish Policeman.—*Fuit Jemmy my boy, but I'm sore afraid it will go hard with me, d'ye know?*

POLICEMAN.—*Divil a fear. I'll tip his honor the wink, that you're the lad at 'lection time, and then you put on a long face, and be pinitint, and he'll let you off with three weeks.*

The Frenchman's Disease.

Webster's Dictionary has at least one advantage over others; there is more overcoming of the difference between sight to the reader—a great advantage to any person, but in especial relief to foreigners learning our language. Surely there are enough words in our language that can not be changed in pronunciation, without perpetuating the number of those that can be changed, and change for the better.

At a collegiate exhibition, some years ago, the following story was told, in illustration of the difficulty which a foreigner experiences in learning to pronounce the English language, whose orthography is so much at variance with its elementary sounds:

"The gentleman said, that the first time he ever visited Boston, he caught cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French University, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to the words as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue, with nothing but a dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and something he didn't know; no thing he knew, however, and that was, that he needed a physician to cure his cold."

Accordingly he sent for a physician; and willing to show Dr. John Bill how well he could talk English he, took a dictionary, and found that "toux" was "cough" in the latter tongue.

"O-o-a-g-h!" spelled the Frenchman: "how they say that?—ah! O, I have him! 'P-l-o-u-g-h' is plew, and o-e-a-g-h i: cow: ah, I have a cow!"

"The Doctor entered, and began to feel his pulse, and said that all was right.

"I aves no troubles dere," said the Frenchman, "I aves got de cow!"

"Well, I am not a cow-doctor," said the surgeon, indignant; "why do you send to me to visit your cow?"

"But you shall not understand me!" said the disconcerted Frenchman: here is my cow—here!" and he thumped his breast in desperation that he could not be comprehended.

"The doctor shook his head, as though he thought him do-nated.

The Frenchman again had recourse to his dictionary; thinking that if he could get the precise locality of his

"cow," the Doctor cou'd not fail to understand him. Accordingly he looked for the "chee," and found the definition to be "a box;" then shouting as loud as a Frenchman always does when excited, he exclaimed:

"Now you under-tands?—eh? I got a cow in my box!"

The Doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin.

"When the Frenchman told the story, the audience were perfectly convulsed: and they roared again," when he added:

"If you can do any thing for my 'cow,' it will be great thing!"

Warrum Weather and Warrum Love.

Translated from ne jerman.

the wether groze qui' warrum. And the swet roles tricklen f--- my head and neck and arums and body clear down to my feet and wet is every st--- of cloze, which spiles my charruma.

I sez to Jane, Jane the wethers mighty hot and she sez, Reuben thots a sartin fact, and Jane side like a bilin cosy pot and her sole seemed in hard pane ract,

sez i Jane spoze a mad K 9 broot beast shood run at you and ope his mouth and put His pizen teeth upon you savedgely at least 6 inches just abuv yer little foot!

Jane sez, you would beat him Reuber that i no sez i, i wood whip him if i had to sol or him clean to the rio grand in mexico ide beat him with a club and make him holler.

Jane lookt at me so swete, i lookt at Jane, and we both felt considerably nonplussed we was both happy 'nough to go insane and we sat theron and for a short time bussed!

The following is told of a wag, who for the amusement of a crowd, was holding a scriptural confab with a colored divine.

"Why, Charley, you cannot even tell who made the monkey."

"O, yes I can mas-sa."

"W. H., who made the monkey?"

"Why, mas-sa, the same one dat made the monkey, made you."

"Ah, sir," said an u-her at E'en as he flourished the cane over a boy who struggled greatly, "you may shuffle, but I'll cut."

A New-York editor, finding a cabbage seed in a letter received from a brother quill, wants to know if his correspondent is in the habit of scratching his head while writing.



Portrait of Gen. Grant.



A Convivial Hern.

A STORY OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

"Hospitality is a fine thing,—very! you'll think with me when I tell you what a hospitable fellow I was of old, boys.

When I was in Puebla, acting as clerk at Brigade Head Quarters, I got hold of a Spanish Grammar and Dictionary, and worked away to learn enough of the language to carry on a conversation, and when I didn't know the right word for anything; I endeavored to supply its place by the analogy of sounds. It was a pretty good plan; only I didn't always come out right, as the sequel will show.

We'd been paid off, some \$15 per man as an installment of six or eight months arrears of pay, and feeling pretty flush I thought I might indulge in the luxury of a clean shave; said operation in Spanish fashion being veritably luxurious. The barber I went to, was a merry faced, rotund Sancho Panza looking fellow, with no small share of garruity, and two pretty daughters who, seated at the back of the shop, kept up a fire of raillery, on my bad Spanish, during the whole of their fathers tonsorial operations. When he got through, I threw down a quarter, and desired him to take his pay—but no—the barber had apparently conceived a friendship for me; and poured forth a volley of most bewildering Spanish, the gist of which seemed to be, "that I didn't take pay from a friend, and that his house and all within it were mine." I cast such a look on the pretty daughters, as Senator Douglas may be imagined directing on the next Presidency, and feeling such liberality should be met in a similar spirit, I proposed that we should go and take a drink. The barber's eyes twinkled brighter than ever at this proposal, and with an "Adios, Señoritas, beso las pies de Vind's, we departed.

It was a wonderful street for Mexico as we walked full three blocks without seeing a liquor store. At length we arrived opposite a grocery, behind whose counter, in cosy nooks; stood an array of square, squat, jolly looking bottles.

"Entremos, come let's go in," said I—"Pero, aquí hay nubes, but there's nothing here," replied my friend.

"Oh! si hay; mucho, oh yes! there's plenty was my joinder.—

"'Sta Aceite, that's aceite" quoth the barber "Aceite,—aceite—thought I, what's that? Ah! pooh—it's only a villainous way he's got of clipping anisette, aniseed oil, how these Mexicans murder the Spanish—"Aceite, yo te gusta mucho, Aceite I like that; and taking the barber by the arm I led him into the store.—

"Dame dos basos de Aceite, give me two glasses of aceite, I said.—

Senor! faltered the store keeper with a bewildered look.

"Dame dos basos," cried I imperatively. The man stared, but took down a bottle and filled two glasses from it.

"'Sta buono, that's well said I, and turning to the barber,

I motioned him to a glass.

"Pero Senor, no quiero; but Sir, I don't wish any" replied the barber. "Es tontesia, todos los Mexicanos beben aceite, that's nonsense, all Mexicans drink aceite," I rejoined.

The poor barber poured forth a flood of protestations, "that I was mistaken," "that Mexicans didn't drink Aceite," —and that he, individually, would rather not take any."

I got impatient at finding so many obstacles to the fruition of my hospitable design, so seizing a glass, half in jest, half in earnest, I struck the hilt of a big Sabre to which I was buckled, and angrily exclaimed, "Bebe; espreciso," Drink! you must."

The barber cast one appealing glance upwards, ruefully raised the glass to his lips,—a look of agony—a spasmotic gulp,—and shudderingly he set down the glass.

"'Sta bueno, that's well;" said I, patting him on the shoulder; and turning to the counter, I took the remaining glass, and,—the first mouthful explained the secret of the store keeper's wonder, and the injured barber's reluctance.

It was Castor Oil.

I threw a medis, (sixpence) on the counter, seized the barber's arm, and sputtering forth a curious mixture of apologies and Castor Oil, I led the victim of my unhappy mistake to the Plaza, where a horn of genuine Otard, partially



The New Boarder.

"Housemaid (who has been sent to call a gentleman to dinner, and found him engaged in using a tooth brush.)

LANDLADY.—"Well, is he coming?"

HOUSEMAID.—"Yes, ma'am, directly," he's just sharpening his teeth."

restored my ruffled equanimity, and with protestations of undying friendship, we parted.

I called on my friend a couple of days after, and though conscious of the delicacy of subject, ventured a gentle query as to whether he had experienced any unpleasant effects from his potion. The poor barber pressed his hands on his abdomen, and with an accent of anguish I can never forget, replied,—Ah Señor, *Mucho, mucho*.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

A Profound Speculation.

The following dialogue is said to have occurred a few days ago, on the Neutral Ground, where a couple of "colored pussons" were, like Lear with poor Tom in the play, discussing on the causes of thunder:-

"Dick, Ise like for you to indicate a pint dat's been lubricatin' in dis 'chile's cranium for dose sebral days—eber since I sweep dat physicum's shop up town, an' heard dem culloquisiz' on the subjec' of tallegrafts."

"Wall, Mr. Sneeze, profound de question."

"Well, Mr. Dick, Ise want you, to conform your hon'able sarbent what am de pollyspherical reason ob de pernicious quantity ob de 'lectricum fluid bein' so consmialized dis year?"

"Wh-wh-what's dat—I don't understand all dem are big words you's larned from dem ar lawyers and pol'tician-ers."

"Well, sah, does ye understand dis don?—Where has all de lightnin' what has been so perfuse heretofore, gone to dis year?"

"I gibz dat complexed question up, Mr. Sneeze."

"You gibz it up?"

"Yes, yes, you's too larned for dis chile."

"Whv, it's all done gone into de tallegraft wires. Ya! ya!"

The Fiend of the Wreck.

Chapter I.—Estiphan Don Raffelino de Rustibloati was a corsair, with a high, pale brow, curly hair, and a compact, well-knit form; and he paced the deck of the vessel—the Kord High Chief of Barnegat. He was the scourge of the seas, and so was his noble craft.

Chap. II.—A storm arose. The ocean from her deep caverns threw to the sky her rolling waves; the thunder flashed, the lightning roared, and the wind whistled Yankee Doodle through the vessel's cordage.

Chap. III.—Yet Don Raffelino was not afraid, for his brandy bottle was full. With a loud voice he cried, "Man at the top of the big mast, ahoy!"

Chap. IV.—The man at the top of the mast, a huge, burly seaman, answered, "Hello! what's up?"

Chap. V.—"Anything in sight?" said Don Raffelino.

Chap. VI.—"Ye, sir-ee!" yelled the burly sailor.

Chap. VII.—Runs into the eighth.

Chap. VIII.—"What is it—Spanish or English?"

Chap. IX.—"Neither; it's a spermacity whale, hard on the lee bow."

Chap. X.—A feeling of compassion thrilled through the terrible bosom of the hardened pirate, and, with a subdued voice, he spoke to the pilot, "Pilot, ahoy!"

"Ahoy, yourself!" cried the bluff pilot.

"Which way are you steering?"

"Nor' by nor'-sou'-west, a little easterly by west."

"Good! keep her close to that tack, but don't run over that spermacity whale."

The command came too late. A tremendous shock threw the ill-fated pirate off his feet, and shattered the vessel into seventeen hundred and ninety-seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-two pieces, besides injuring the bow-sprit, and demolishing the neck of a Cologne bottle.

Chap. XI.—The Barnegat pirate was no more, but his boats were afterwards found upon a flight of cellar steps, which was floating in the Polar Seas.

It is supposed that the fellow who left the house was not able to carry it.



Casting Pearls before Swine.

Mrs. BEGAINS, (log.)—Oh! Dear Mrs. Spinks, where on earth will I find the Swill Man! that great awkward Servant Girl, Biddy of mine, has gone and emptied the Tumbler containing my two hundred dollar set of Teeth, water and all, into the Swill Bucket and the Swill Man has carried them off! (General panic).



Portrait of Gen. Grum.

Newspaper Mysteries.

A travelling letter-writer to the *New York Times* says: "I consider it rather fortunate that Lake Champlain has been considerably 'done,' because as I passed through it by night I could give only an imaginative description of it. This, however, is not difficult. I may tell you in confidence that I once wrote an account of travels in Turkey for the *North American Review*, although my experience of Orientals was confined to the wooden Turks that stand opposite the doors of Libaconists' stores and I am now the Eastern correspondent for an important but disreputable daily paper in New York. You may have seen in its columns the other day an elaborate statement of the vast expense about to be entered into for Eastern correspondence. It will, no doubt, astonish you, Sir, when I inform you that *I am that expense*. I have no doubt but that I shall be able, from my attic in the Bowery, to supply most important news from the seat of war."

"Dad, you always act so strange."

"Why Billy?"

"Because whenever mam g'st sick, you always have to fetch a baby here to squall round and make sich a noise."

The fight that was to come off between a hydraulic ram, and the last bull sent over by the Pope, will take place as soon Bishop Hughes can obtain the necessary enclosure.

He Wouldn't "Serve"

Several years ago, says the Lynn News, at a town meeting in a neighbouring town, an old fellow whom we shall call Mr. Perkins (because that was his name,) was informed by the moderator, "in open town meeting," that he had been elected a surveyor of highways. He arose and said:

"Mr. Moderator, I shall incline."

The moderator expressed great satisfaction, and hoped that he would immediately enter upon the duties of the office, as some of the roads were in a bad condition.

"I tell ye" responded our hero, "that I incline."

"Very glad," continued the moderator, "and I think I can assure you that the town will be very grateful for your services."

Perkins became exasperated, and jumping up, yelled at the top of his voice--

"Mr. Moderator, I told ye twice that I inclined, and I swear I won't serve!"

By motion of a wag present, the town proceeded to elect a surveyor, in place of Mr. Perkins, inclined.

THERE is something very grotesque in the annexed "Invitation to Mount Blanc," by a Yankee traveller in Italy :

"How de do Mount Blanc? I vow I'm glad to meet ye; A tund'r'n grist o' miles I've come to greet ye; I'm from America, where we've got a fountain, Niagara it's called, where you might have Your mighty phiz; then you could shirt and shave In old Kentucky—in the Mammoth Cave, Or take a snooze when you're in want of rest, On our big prairies in the far, far West; Or, when you're dry, might cool your heated liver, By sipping up the Mississippi River, As for companions, should you wish for any, Why we've the Cattkill and the Alleghany; You may accept them with impunity; They both stand high in our community. Give us a call. You'd almost step from hence; Our folks all long to see your Eminence Come over, Blanc, !—don't make the least ado; Bring Madam Jura with you, and the little glaciers too!"

A rash and somewhat dilated young man has threatened to apply the Maine law to his sweatheart—she intimated him so.



A Bumper for Everybody.

One of the peculiar characteristics of Philadelphia on Saturday morning.



playing upon each other. The combatants withheld the cool application manifestly for about ten minutes; when Mr. Dudley, thinking discretion the better part of valor caved in.

Tim Scruggs and his Dog.

Tim was a man remarkable for his simplicity of character, and equally remarkable for his affection for his dog "Seize," as they had both been eng'd in many bloody contests in the swamps of the Mississippi, where abounded in its early history, great numbers of bears, wolves, and other wild "varmints." It happened that on the completion of the railroad to E. B.'s depot, that a barbecue and brindance was given, and as Tim had never seen the "steam-wagon," after consulting Betsey, he concluded to take a ride on it to the place of operations. As he was going on board, he was accosted by the conductor, and informed that "Seize" could not travel on that arrangement without ticket for half price. Tim being a little short of funds, told him to tie him to the back part of the wagon, and he could lead, which was accordingly done. On arriving on the ground where the celebration was to come off Tim walked leisurely to the back part of the car to untie "Seize," when lo and behold! nothing remained of the poor dog but his head and one fore leg dragging along by the rope, when, bursting into tears at the melancholy spectacle, he exclaimed in the agony of woe— "Poor Seize! I've known him these fifteen years and he never refused to lead before." From that day to this, Tim has been death on railroads.

New Works by N. P. Willis.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the popular author of "People I have met" and who has consequently crept over to the other side of the water, "Worry-graphic" "Letters from under a Pump," etc., encouraged by the flattering success of his latest production, "Fun Blottings; or Laughs I have put a stop to" in endeavoring the public with a few more volumes in the same style. Amongst the number we are at liberty to name the following:

*Boo-KICKING; or, Because I have put a Plaster to
EAVES DROPPIN'; or, Key-hole I have put an end to.
TOAD EATING; or, Snake Liver Board the Knees to.
PAVEMENT-BUMPING; or, When I have broken Pitchel out of.
NOSE PULLING; or, Fingers and Thumbs I know the Feel of,
etc.*

Mrs. Brown keeps her hotel. She's a capital institution that Mrs. B. Likes to economise. Puts salt in the white sugar—says it goes farther. Mr. Pollikins thinks so too—the sugar-bowl went out the window last evening. Mixes sawdust in her tapioca puddings—says it's more healthy. Has two meals on Sunday—thinks a noble feel better for not eating "so much." Thinks hologna a negeon very fine—because it keeps the boarders sick half the time. Somewhat, that Mrs. Brown. Front room \$3, rear \$1.50 per week.

THROPATHIC DUEL.—A friendly duel, says a San Joaquin Correspondent, took place on Monday afternoon, at McQuilcene Hill, between Mr. L'Forge, County Clerk of Calaveras, and a Mr. Dudley. They chose the unique manner of squirting water at each other, to cool their wounded honor. One combatant supplied himself with the hose of the Union Water Company, the other with that of the Massachusetts Company. Marking the distance, which was about twenty feet, they commenced

One of the Witnesses.

The following colloquy took place not a hundred miles from Fitchburg, the other day, between the Commonwealth counsel and a reluctant witness in a liquor case;

Counsel.—Have you, prior to July 10th last, purchased any intoxicating liquor of defendant?

Witness.—Not that I remember.

Counsel.—Have you obtained any at his store?

Witness.—Not that I remember.

Counsel.—Will you try to recollect—bear in mind that you are under oath.

Witness.—I am trying.

(A pause.)

Counsel.—Well, witness, what do you say now?

Witness.—I haven't made any discoveries yet.

Counsel.—Have you not told persons within a week that you bought liquor of defendant?

Witness.—Not that I remember.

Counsel.—Did you not tell me yesterday that you had bought spirits of defendant?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—You did—aha! Well, sir, when you told me that, did you lie or tell the truth?

Witness.—I told the truth.

Counsel.—Well, sir, then you have bought spirits of defendant?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—What did you mean by swearing you could not remember?

Witness.—I meant that I could not.

Counsel.—Did you pay defendant for the spirits?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—How much?

Witness.—Twelve and one-half cents.

Counsel.—What kind of spirits did you buy?

Witness.—Why, Spirits of Turpentine, to be sure!

DIRECT PRAYER.—A Maine correspondent of the Green Mountain Herald, gives the following as the form of prayer by a class of people called "New Lights," and who believe both in direct preaching and direct praying:

"Lord, have mercy on sister Kelly, who gets up, cuffs the cat, and kicks the dog, scolds her husband all the morning, and then goes to meeting, and gets up and talks, right on top of it."

The man who stuck to a point has got loose.



"Who is a gentleman at work on the Fifth Avenue, on the first of May, very general?"

"Because he moves in the best Society."



ANXIOUS MOTHER.—"Why, Jimmy dear, what's the matter, what are you crying for now?"

MORE ANXIOUS SONNY.—"Why ma, that great big man with the whiskers is eating up all the sweet sass, and there won't be a bit left for me."

Mistaking the Letters.

Peregrine Pedant, A. M. was wont to turn up his nose at every man who had not been through college. For the purpose of acquainting people generally that he had shared in its privileges, he invariably appended an A. M. to his name, whenever he was called upon to register it.

Being on a short excursion during the summer, he indited his name in this fashion on the books of a way-side inn at which he was intending to make a sojourn.

A rather illiterate man, with a bluff, good humored expression, came up directly afterwards, and seeing the A. M., puzzled over it awhile, and finally concluded that it was meant to designate his occupation; for example—a minister.

"Ho, ho, that's a good idea! I guess I'll do the same thing. Let me see, mine will be A. M., too."

Without further ado, he scratched down on the book Peleg Smith, A. M.

Mr. Pedant, a while afterwards, led by curiosity to learn the new arrivals, glanced his eye over the book.

The name A. M. met his gaze.

"Ah!" said he, "a college graduate; I must get an introduction."

"At his request Mr. Smith was pointed out.

"He doesn't look very much like a scholar," thought he. "However, I'll speak."

"It gives me great pleasure, Mr. Smith, to meet a brother scholar here."

"Glad to see yer. How are yer?" was the reply.

"May I ask," continued Mr. Pedant a little astonished at Mr. Smith's broad Yankee dialect, "at what college you graduated?"

"Me! I hain't never been to no college," and Mr. Smith, opening his eyes.

"Then what do you mean by putting A. M., at the end of your name?"

"Cause I'm a mason, A. M. stands for a mason, I reckon don't it?"

Mr. Pedant withdrew in disgust, and forthwith scratched out his own A. M., resolved to have nothing in common with the illiterate stranger.

A TOBACCO BOX.—To be slapped on the check with a plug of Cavendish.

A MUSICAL BOX.—A tea chest with eight hungry pigs in it.

Pay if you Bet.

"C. L. E." relates an inimitable story, which illustrates one kind of human nature. It is the following effect. The scene is a cock-pit, which is a good way ahead of any personal experience of our own. There is a "high comb cock" and "low-comb cock" representing the "high" and "low" of the game, and the warfare has begun. A few bats, and a few sharp "digs" and the sport is at its height.

"Hoorah!" says a confident better, leaning on the railing of the pit with both elbows, and peering intently at the feathered combatants, "hoorah for the high-comb cock! Hoorah for the high-comb cock! A dollar on the high-comb cock!"

"A negro, "his next friend," accepted the challenge, and took the stake.

"Hoorah!" continued the better, "hoorah for the high-comb cock! hoorah—for—the—high—hoorah! hoorah! hoorah!"

Here the "high-comb cock" apparently began to get the worst of it; and the better continued more cautiously:

"Hoorah for the—for the—hoorah for the high"—here a severe "dig" laid "high comb" for a moment on his back, and this was the turning point.

"Hoorah," continued our hedger, "hoorah for the low-comb cock! hoorah for the low-comb cock! give it to him, little fellow! go it! that's right! put it in to him! Hoorah for the low-comb cock."

And well did the "low comb" deserve the applause, for he "straightened out" his antagonist in the next round; and as "high comb" couldn't "come to time," victory was declared in his favor.

"Well, give me the stakes," said the hedger to the negro. "E'yah! guess not!" replied Cuffee, "you bet on dat high-comb cock," and now de money is m'n'e!"

"No, no; didn't I hoorah loud for the low-comb cock?"

"Yes, e'yah! you did so," answered the negro, "but you bet on the high-comb cock, so'elp me Bob!"

"Well," said the artful dodger, scratching his head. "I ain't goin' to get into a dispute with you, and I don't want to quarrel; but I'll tell you what I'll do; you give me my dollar, and you keep your'n; and d—n me if I'll ever bet with a nigger ag'in!"

And in this way a "settlement" was effected.

Why is a person knocking at the door like an over-coat? Because he's a wrapper.



The Naughty Boy that cried for the Moon.



The Policeman's Politeness,

No. 1.

"Allow me Miss to see you safely across the street."

Very Sharp Trading.

There lived, few years since, among the Piney Woods, not far from here, a fellow whom we will call C—, who thought he knew something about making a bargain, and other people had good reason to think so, too. By his "cuteness," C— had accumulated a considerable estate, and among other things owned a large stock of cattle. There being a sudden demand for cattle in a town not very far off, a sharp fellow of a butcher, named A—, rode post from the city to buy some of C—'s cattle and C—, ignorant of the rise in cattle, soon agreed to sell A— an hundred head at nine dollars round. The bargain had not been made a couple of hours, before another butcher rode up to buy C—'s cattle, also, and C—, discovering the rise, felt he was "sold," but at the same time, that he wasn't delivered.

A— soon after learned that C— had a sister, who also had cattle for sale, and C—, bargaining for his sister, sold A— whatever cattle she might have, at twelve dollars, round. The next day, at daylight, off went the parties to drive up the cattle, but nearly every cow and steer they found belonged to C—'s sister. Over and over again C— would say,

"Ah! yonder is some. Them must be mine. No! sister's agin."

And, strange to say, though the neighbors had thought before that C— had a great many cattle, and "sister" very few, yet a hundred head were found belonging to C—'s sister, and the day's search could produce only five or six that belonged to C—. And A— paid twelve dollars a head for sister's cattle, and nine dollars a head for C—'s, and drove away to his slaughter pen.

But A— himself has a reputation at a trade, and five or six months after the "sale" of cattle, rode up into C—'s neighborhood on a very showy horse, and met C— by accident.

"G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g, S-i-r," said C—, "how are you?" The butcher returned the compliments and very soon C—, who had been eyeing the horse,

even before his very hearty salutation of the rider, asked, carelessly, if the horse was gentle.

"As a lamb," said A—.

"Draws, eh?" said C—.

"Well, he does," replied A—, "family horse. Want to buy?"

"Don't care if I do," said C—, "what will you take for him?"

"Two seventy-five," said A—, "cheat at that."

After considerable bargaining, C— found that A— would not fall a dollar, and as the horse was a dead match for one he owned, and he wanted a horse immediately for steady work; C— told A— he would take him, if A— would drive him in a buggy. A— is a bold man, and believes in luck, so he put the horse in a buggy, and that time the horse did draw gently. The two seventy-five and the horse changed hands, and the first time C— put the horse to his steady work, the wagon went to pieces, the horse got killed, and the late purchase went through the woods at the rate of —, with bits of harness on him.

Shortly after, this, C— and A— met at a camp meeting.

"Mr. A—," said C—, with virtuous indignation, "how could you sell me your infernal horse?"

"My infernal horse!" said A—, "Twaen't mine—twaen't my sister's."

—A very steady old farmer was once found betting against a roulette table. Upon expressing a very natural surprise at this sight, the old gentleman assured us "upon his honor he didn't want a cent of their money."

"Why are you playing, then?"
"Because they have got *about fifty dollars of mine*."

Russia continues the game upon the same principle.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is four cent sugar like a man that never surrendered? Because its "clear grit!" and nothing else.



The Policeman's Politeness,

No. 2.

"Now old woman, now's your chance, make your LEGS save your neck."



The Anti Know Nothing Meeting at Washington.

INDEPENDENCE OF MR. RATCLIFFE.

MR. RATCLIFFE.—*Folks, my citizens—(Take your hat off)—Who is it that asks me to take my hat off? If it is a gentleman, I will; but if it's a blackguard Know Nothing, I'll be damned if I do. (Explosive laughter.)*

The Editor's Song.

The editor sits at his table,
Writing as well as he's able,
Paragraphs, leader, and puff;
His scissors beside him lying,
While he is in agony trying,
Of copy to furnish enough.

Toil, toil, toil!
What a weary life is mine!
Wasting the precious midnight oil
In leader, and column, and line;
Working from morn till night,
Working from night till morn.
Oh! why was the steam-press ever made,
Or why was the editor born?

Toil, toil, toil!
And whose is the gain when won?
Who are the trophies we achieve,
And for whom are the laurels won?
To stand in the foremost rank
Of every party fray:
To share the toil, and only to get
Abuse and neglect for pay!

Toil, toil, toil!
What a thankless task is ours!
To bake the bread and press the cheese
That Senator Jones devours!
To sit on a three legged stool,
While others have hair-stuffed seats;
To prepare the hash, and cook up the stew,
But never to taste the meats!

Toil, toil, toil!
As the constant drop on a stone,
So this ceaseless, endless work
Wears away body and bone!

Though the poet splutter and write,
Though the orator bally and brawl,
If it were not for the editor's pen
What were the use of it all?

Toil, toil, toil!
Christians, Mormons, and Jews;
Is there a man on this weary earth,
But grows richer by reading the news?
Richer, richer, richer,
As they read it by the sunlight and taper;
And yet, there isn't a soul of them all,
But grudges to pay for his paper!

Toil, toil, toil!
There's a row in the very next street!
Somebody's going to murder his wife,
And I must be off to suite.
Yesterday, just at this time,
Two policemen got choked in a riot;
And so it goes on from morning till night.
And an editor never knows quiet.

[Gets up, knocks his hat over his eyes, and rushes out in a state of distraction, "to pick up an item."]

When you want a warm bath, and can't pay for one, just pull your neighbor's nos', and you'll soon be in hot water.

The first "flying mach'no" is supposed to be that daring individual, who first made s'mes at the baby of a red-headed woman.

The "lips of year" is driving two old ladies in a chaise, and sitting in their laps, for want of room.

Master Smith is a very smart boy. On Tuesday last he spelled Constantinople with one hand tied behind his back. There is no dissasent on that boy.

JONATHAN ABROAD.
CONTINUED.



A FEW SPECIMENS OF THE MATERIAL COMPOSING THE "GRAND ARMY" OF FRANCE, WHICH STRUCK JONATHAN AS BEING NEITHER USEFUL NOR ORNAMENTAL.

"Did the guard present arms to you, M^r. P. ring-ton?" asked the commissary as he met her at the opening of the marquee.

"You mean the *canary*?" said she smil'n^t. "You see a soldier's relic should know all a soldier's terminations. I have heard so much about the tainted field that I believe I would deplore an attachment into me myself and manure them as well as an officer. You ask me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him we could both of us smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau, and left me."

The commissary presented a hard wood stool, upon which she repos'd herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objective to! and I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account."

There was solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the governor who had just arrived upon the field.

"Dear m^r's id she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble; he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected with the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium and to counteract the dust of the "tainted field."

Above entertainment was hers, and as she reviewed the troops many a sword gleamed its tribute, many a banner bore in salute, many a white plume nodded to the relief of the great corporal. The governor thought it was all for him. *Perhaps it was.*

A sporting gentleman in Mobile has offered five hundred dollars to any man who will drive six cars together in harness. To keep up the fun we offer another five hundred to that man who will drive two so rel-

A SHORT NAP.—Lord North, the Prime Minister of England, during the Revolution, was apt to go to sleep, when prosy speeches were in process of delivery. But he was at least as witty as he was sleepy-headed, as the following story will show:

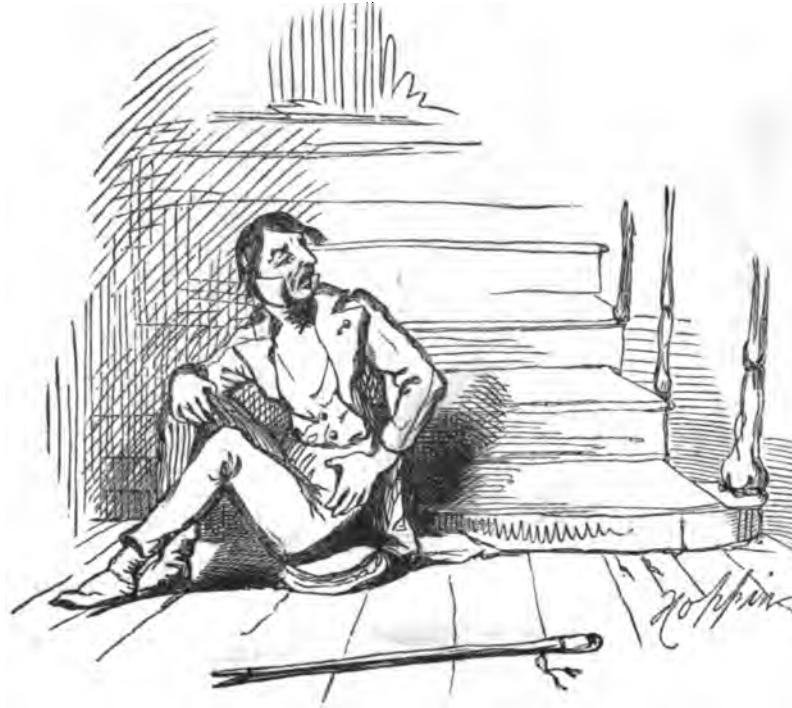
"A prosing old sailor, well known for his lengthy orations, having risen to speak on an Admiralty question, Lord North said to one of his supporters: "Now, —will give us a history of all the naval battles from that of Salamis to that of last year: I shall take a nap—wake me when he gets near our own time." After an hour's infliction the friend nudged Lord North. "My Lord, my Lord, wake up, he has got 'o the tale of Van Tromp." "Oh dear!" (said the sleepy minister,) "you've waked me a hundred years too soon!"

The only unpopular article on board of certain Eng'ish ships lately arriv'd at Malta was the pudding; and to the unjudged mind it did appear that there was some reason in the remark of an "old salt:"

"Well, I'm blowed if them plums is within hail of uno another!"



HAVING RESOLVED TO SEE THE SIGHTS, JONATHAN INDULGES IN THE LUXURY OF A BRIGHT UNDERSTANDING, AND A FRENCH NEWSPAPER, RIPS UP AN ALLEY WITHOUT USING CANE OR BLASPHEMING, WHICH HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND AT ALL.



HAVING RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL, TO "FIX HIMSELF UP," HE MENTS WITH A KNIGHT ACCIDENT, AND SWEARS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, WHEN HE FALLS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF A FLIGHT OF FRENCH STAIRS, WELL WAXED AND POLISHED.

Making Faces.

A correspondent of ours, writing us the other day from Lowndes county, relates the following anecdote of Judge P——:

The Judge was holding Lowndes Circuit Court, and suddenly caught the eye of a witness in a trial which was progressing. This man, the Judge thought, was making the most demoniac grimaces at him, and without a moment's hesitation he ordered the Clerk to enter up "a fine of ten dollars against that man, for contempt of court"—pointing to the gentleman who carried the expressive physiognomy.

"Why, what's that for, Judge?" exclaimed the unfortunate man.

"You're making faces at the court sir! There you are again sir! Mr. Clerk, enter up another fine of the same amount against this man!"

Here our friend, Tom J——, interferred, and explained that the person, fined habitually looked as he did now—was a worthy citizen—and never was "in contempt" in his life.

"Very good, very good, Mr. J——," said the Judge, "Let the fines be remitted; but this court has a general power to abate nuisances which interfere with its administration of the law. Mr. Sheriff, carry this man at least showering favors, instead of curses upon the unfortunate individual."

two hundred yards from the court house, and see that he doesn't enter it again!"

The poor fellow, we should say, had it very badly!

"Bill, did you ever go to sea."

"I guess I did. Last year for instance I went to see a red head gal. But I only called once."

"Why so?"

"'Cause her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing boot-jacks at people."

"Perhaps he was crazy."

"No doubt of it—he asked me to take oysters once and then left me to foot the bill. Now, no man in his right mind, you know, would do anything so absurd as that."

"Of course not."

Exit Bob, whistling "Green grow the rushes O"

"I wish I owned an interest in that dog of yours," said a neighbor in our hearing the other day, to another neighbor, whose dog would dart toward the leg of any one with whom he might be talking, and "back up again," and look up in his master's face, as much as to say, "shall I give him a nip on the leg?" "As interest in my dog!" said his master; what could you do with it?"—"Why replied the other, "I'd shoot my half within the next five minutes."

A jailor had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged to KICK THE OTHER OUT OF DOOM,



HE BECOMES FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE FRENCH ARE A POLITE PEOPLE, WHEN, AFTER EXHAUSTING HIS BREATH IN IMPREGNATIONS ON A PERSEVERING PARISIAN BEGGAR, HE NOTICES THE SAME GRACEFUL INCLINATION OF THE BODY AND THE SAME "merci monsieur" AS IF HE HAD BEEN Sheriff, carry this man at least showering favors, instead of curses upon the unfortunate individual.



HE PROCEEDS TO THE "PALAIS ROYALE" TO "ENJOY HIMSELF" IN A REAL "GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY," OVER A GLASS OF BRANDY AND WATER, AND A CIGAR, IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES. HIS FREEDOM OF MANNER AND ECCENTRICITY OF POSITION STRIKE THE WAITER DUMB WITH ASTONISHMENT, AND PRODUCE A VAST NUMBER OF SHRUGS AND "*mon dieus*" FROM THE "NATIVES" BY WHOM HE IS SURROUNDED.

Triumph of a Travelling Mesmerist.

The author of "Sam Slick" observes in the course of a work he has just published, that the trials to which travelling mesmerists are put in America are at times humiliating enough, albeit they afford infinite sport to the unbeliever.

One poor fellow, on arriving at a town near Detroit to lecture, was surrounded by several citizens, who told him there was a rheumatic patient up stairs who must be cured, or he himself would be escorted out of town astride of a rail, without the accompanying ceremonies. We had best give the rest of the story as it was related by the disciple of Mesmer himself;

"Up stairs I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you, first at being thought a humbug, and next that my individual share of the American eagle should be compelled into a measure, by thunder! —I'd gin them fight, if it had not been for the science, which would have suffered anyhow, so I jest said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could have mesmerized a horse, and I determined, whatever the case might be, I'd make it speual by thounder!

"Here he is," said they, and in we all bundled into a room, gathering around a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie knife at the same time. "That's your man" said he. Well, there lay a miserable looking critter, with his eyes set and mouth open, and his jaws got widder and widder as he saw the crowd and bowie knife, I tell you! "That's the idea," said old Big Inglin.

"Rise up in that bed," said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadful, for he jumped on ends, as if he'd just got a streak of galvania. "Get out on this floor," said I with a wus look, and I wish I may be shot if out he didn't come, lookin' wild I tell ye!

"Now out dirt, drot you!" screamed I, and Jehu General Jackson! if he didn't make straight for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they cum and perhaps there wasn't the orfulles stampede down three pair of stairs that ever occurred in Michigan!

Down cum old rheumatiz through the bar room, out I cut after him; over went the stove in the rush after both of us. I chased him round two squares in the

snow, then headed him off, and chased him back to the hotel agin, where he landed in a fine sweat, begged for his life, and said he'd give up the property!

Well, I wish I may be shot if he wasn't a feiler they were offerin' a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself, cured of his rheumatiz, run it right out of him; delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and established the science, by thunder!

Not long since, Mrs. B., smelling smoke ran up stairs to see from whence it came, and on going into a front room, discovered her little hopeful, standing on the hearth, watching a bag of shavings in the fireplace.

"Did you do this, Eddy?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Come with me, air," said she sternly.

She taking him out of the room, brought the strap with her. He commenced to say—

"Mother, please whip me quick? I want to see the fire. Whip me quick, ma, whip me quick!"



He goes to the theatre in the evening, but labors under considerable disadvantage, from the fact that he does not understand a single word of what is going on. He bears it as long as he can, and at last, finding his numerous calls for the "Star Spangled Banner," unattended to, leaves in disgust and comes to the conclusion that the French are "a cursed set of fools."



A Hard Chase.

PIOUS PARTY.—*Can I get to stay at this tavern all night?*
LANDLORD, (eying horse and traveller suspiciously.)—*What might you be, friend?"*

PIOUS PARTY.—*I'm a follower of the Lord.*
LANDLORD.—*Follerin the Lord eh? Well, I tell you what, old felier, if you stop on the road you'll never catch him with that hoss.*

A Horse Speculation.

Sam S. is a horse dealer of some note in Albany County. Last month he visited this city. In passing up Broadway, he discovered a half drunken man, riding on a bay horse that rather struck his fancy. He thus soliloquised.

"That's a fine beast, and how much she looks like my 'Bess'. Had she one white foot, I would certainly swear it was her. I wonder what sort of a 'diker' I could strike up with the owner! As he is about half swapped I should not wonder if he were kindly disposed. For softening the heart, a small quantity of gin works wonders."

"I say old fellow, what do you ask for that horse?"

"Not half what she is worth. She cost 400 dollars—I'll sell her, however, for \$250."

"Too much—I will give you \$125. I want her for a match, or I'd offer twenty-five less."

"Can't take any such sum. Say \$150 and the critter is yours."

After half an hour's chafing, a bargain was finally agreed to; they "split the difference." Sam paid \$137 1/2 dollars, and the seller to shed his money and retreat to enjoy himself.

The next evening Sam started for Albany, with "a match for Bess," that he wouldn't not take "three hundred dollars for." On stepping ashore, the first man Sam met was his master, who "opened up as follows."

"Where did you get the mare?"

"In New York."

"Well, how curious—I thought she was gone for good and all."

"Thought what was gone?"

"Who, Bess the mare. She was stolen from the stable on Thursday night, and we all thought she had been run off to Canada."

"You don't say that mare is Bess?"

"I do, indeed."

"Where's her white foot?"

"Under a little black paint I should think, from the way th' hair stuck out. Beside, there's a very head-stall I made las Sunday, with my own blessed hands. It's Bess and no mistak."

After a little examination, Sam had to admit that "Gin and Sugar" had done him brown—that the mare was Bess and that he was out \$125, and all brought about by a desire to take advantage of "old-dadgo" "who couldn't see through a forty foot ladder." Whether this will reform Sam's tactics remains to be seen.

An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in that state would occasionally curse breathing, and life being apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, "An how'll we know, Jemmy, when ye're dead? ye're af her waking up every time." "Bring me a glass of grog, and say to me 'here's til ye, Jemmy,' and if I don't rise and drink then bury me."

"Bob, did you ever go to the gold mines?"

"Yes."

"What did you dig?"

"I dug 'out,' as quick as the Lord would let me!"

If some other people had followed Bob's example, we might have had less gold; but we are quite sure we would not have had half so much rheumatism.

MIDNIGHT TRADERS.—About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm-house. In the wet in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran to see what was wanted, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Have you any hay, M—?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"Have you plenty of corn?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of meat and breadstuff?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're glad to hear it, for they are very useful articles in a family!"

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

"How are you this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooka.

"Not at all myself," said the tragedian.

"Then I congratulate you," replied Fawcett, "for be what ever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

An editor out West has married a girl named Church; he says he has enjoyed himself much better since he joined the Church than he ever did in his life before.

An editor speaking of a woman's rights' convention, says—

"Persevere ladies—petticoats will rise by and by."



LANDLADY.—Mr. TORYSWALLOW, how can you drink down a whole quart of that hard Cider.

MR. TORYSWALLOW.—Why my dear madame, you see the Cider was so very hard I couldn't bite it off.



Domestic Misery.

1ST INDIGNANT FEMALE—I'm sure Mary loves me, I don't know what I shall do. Charles acts so strangely lately. He is not nearly every night, and when I ask him where he has been, he looks so mysterious. Do you know, I almost begin to think that he's gone and joined the Know Nothing's.

2ND DO. Well, I am sure I sympathise with you, but my Fred is almost as bad, or worse. He stays at home all the time, and is so dreadfully WIDE AWAKE, that I can go nowhere, nor do anything.

The Military Execution.

The Mobile "boys" are bad wags when they have a mind to be so. The last story of their "saws" runs something after this fashion:

Everybody knows that a large party from Mobile including the military, went out to Winchester by the railroad, to celebrate the Fourth and to rejoice over the progress of the road to that point. These were met by hundreds and thousands of people—men, women, and children—from the adjacent counties of Alabama and Mississippi, and the whole party had a grand barbecue and jollification.

The fun of eating and drinking, singing, speechifying, and boasting being over, some of the "boys" of the military conceived a plan for a grand "saw" for the benefit of their country friends, and a drum-head court-martial and execution was resolved on. The plan was ingebrate and at once adopted. Everything was conducted with theutmost solemnity, and the "green ones" looked on in silence and amazement. Two prisoners (well up to the fun) were led out before the court, and the charge of desertion and disobedience of orders was read to them. They made a lame defence, and the evidence against them was conclusive. They were found guilty and ordered to be shot.

Arrangements for the execution were at once completed, and the victim, with their eyes bandaged, were led out in the woods. Here the whole military were mustered in a hollow-square around the prisoners, and a file of six men were detailed to carry the orders of the court into execution.

The excitement became intense. Men and boys filled the trees far and near to witness the tragic scene. Women were dodging and peeping about wherever there was an opportunity.

nity to get a sight at the shooting. "Knowing ones" while laughing in their sleeves, assumed the most serious and elongated visages, and everything betokened the near approach of the fatal word "fire."

Just at this stage of the affair, an old woman from one of the Mississippi counties, who had "taken on" terribly about the matter, not being longer able to control her feelings, rushed up to the commanding officer, Col. T—and earnestly exclaimed:

"Dear Mr. Officer, I never did see a man shot; can't you get me a place inside of the ring? Do, good Mr. Officer! please do."

The gallant Colonel, who never allows a woman to plead to him in vain, gave orders to admit her into the square; and there she stood and gazed with all the intensity of woman's curiosity at the preparation for the execution.

In a moment the word was given. The file of soldiers fired, and the unfortunate victims tumbled over "as natural as life." A couple of table-cloths, well stained with claret wine, were brought into which the bodies were rolled, and then carried into a tent.

The old lady was satisfied: she had seen two men shot, as she supposed, and as she still thinks, and will the balance of her natural life. The old lady was not the only "green one" at Winchester who was "sold" by the Mobile jokers. Of course, great care was taken that the muskets were charged with blank cartridges and the file placed at a safe distance from the two "victims."



A Yankee Courtship,

FROM MRS. ANN S. STEVENS' "FASHION AND FAMINE."

"Come—come," said Mrs. Gray, "you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting manners and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them round, for when I once get settled in this easy-chair"—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowed the chair at every point, leaving all but a ridge of the back and the curving arms quite invisible—"it isn't a very easy thing to get up again." Now bustle about, and while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia, there, can try your luck with the apple-seeds.

"I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me, was once when we were at an apple-cutting together down in Maine. Somehow Mr. Gray got into my neighborhood when we ranged round the great basket of apples. I felt my cheeks burn the minute he drew his seat so close to mine, and took out his jack-knife to begin work. He pared and I quartered. I never looked up but once—then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly uns'eady. By-and-bye he got a noble, great apple, yellow as gold, and smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hands sidewise from under my lashes, and saw that he was paring it carefully, as if every round of the skin was a strip of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end, and the soft rings fell down over his wrist as I took the apple from his fingers.

"Now," says he, in a whisper, bending his head a little and raising the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, "I'm just as sure this will be the first letter of a name that I love, as I am that we are alive." He began softly whirling the apple-peel round his head; the company was all busy with one another, and I was the only one who saw the yellow links quivering around his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment, and sat looking right into my eyes. I held my breath, and so did he.

"Now," says he, and his breath came out with a quiver, "what if it should be your name?"

"I did not answer, and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough it was a letter S. No pen ever made one more beautifully. "Just as I expected," says he, and his eyes grew bright as diamonds—"just as I expected." That was all he said."

"And what answer did you make, aunt?" asked Robert Otis, who had been listening with a flushed face. "What did you say?"

"I didn't speak a word, but quivered on just as fast as I could. As for Mr. Gray, he kept paring, and paring, like all possessed. I thought he would never stop paring, or speak a word more. By-and-bye he struck the point of his knife into an apple, and unwinding the skin from around it,

he handed it over to me. It was a red skin, I remember, and cut as smooth as a ribbon.

"I shouldn't a bit wonder if that dropped into a letter G," says Mr. Gray. "Supposing you try it."

"Well, I took the red apple-skin, and whirled it three times round my head, and down it went on to the floor, curled up into the nicest capital G that you ever sat eyes on.

"Mr. Gray, he looked at the letter, and then sort of sideways into my face. 'S. G.,' says he, taking up the apple-skin, and eating it, as if it had been the first mouthful of a Thanksgiving dinner. 'How would you like to see them two letters on a new set of silver teaspoons?'

"I really believe you could have lit a candle at my face, it burned so; but I couldn't speak more than if I'd been born tongue-tied."

"But did you never answer about the spoons?" asked Julia.

"Well, I believe that was settled the next Sunday evening, said the old lady, demurely, smoothing her apron.

PREDESTINATION.—"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of the Mississippi steamer, to a clergyman who happened to be travelling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead, in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine-knots and loading safety-valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

Here the Divine began putting on his hat and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said:

"I thought you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be?"

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

The late Rowland Hill once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella!"

A WESTERN Editor says that the scarcity of cattle is caused by the immense quantity of bullocks blood consumed by Forest in Mcbeth.

It is so dry up in Iowa that the steamboat people have to sprinkle the rivers to keep the dust from choking the water wheel. Some drought that:



A Nigardly Transaction.



The fall of Greatness.

No. 1.

Poem.—*None can pass here except they stop over my body.*

Death of old Grimes' Hen.

At last the speckled hen has gone—
That hen of hens the best;
She died without a sigh or groan,
While in her downy nest.

Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow,
For ten long years she lay,
At noon and eve old Grimes an egg,
But none the sabbath day.

She had a nest behind the door,
All neatly lined with bay,
Her back was brown and sprinkled o'er
With spots inclined to grey.

Though almost fourteen years of age,
She still looked young and hale—
And like Job's turkey, she could boast,
One feather in her tail.

The neighbors' fowls did all agree
She was a good old soul;
Sometimes she roosted on a tree,
And sometimes on a pole.

When e'er the rain came patter down,
And thunder's dreadful roar,
She hid herself in, Grimes's hat,
Until the storm was o'er.

She lived a plain and honest life—
No higher wished to rise;
She flew at neighbor Sampson's wife,
And scratched out both her eyes.

She never deigned the barnyard beast
His face to look upon,
And loved but one, whose long shrill cry
Was heard at early dawn.

An aged cock, who oft had told
His lineage with a sigh
From one that crow'd when he of old,
His master did deny.

When poor old speckle closed her eye,
He jumped the fence and cried;
He bid the poultry all good bye,
And then laid down and died.

Kind reader, now we'll drop a tear
To Grimes' speckled hen;
It is too true, we ne'er shall look
Upon her like again.

Curiosity Reproved.

The Persian Ambassador found himself so annoyed when in France, by the insatiable curiosity of the fair Parisians, who came in crowds to his residence, avowedly "to look at him," that, at last, he resolved to revenge himself by the following little scheme.

On returning one day from a ride, and finding, as usual, his apartments crowded by ladies, he affected to be charmed with the sight of them, successively pointing to each with his finger, and speaking with earnestness to his interpreter, who he well knew would be afterwards closely questioned as to the purport of his remarks. Accordingly, the eldest of the ladies, who, in spite of age, probably thought herself the most striking of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after his excellency had passed through the suit of rooms, coolly inquired what might have been the object of his examination.

"Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you."

"But I wish particularly to know, sir."

"Indeed, madam, it is impossible."

"Nay, sir, this reserve is vexatious—I desire to know."

"O, since you insist, madam—know then, that his excellency has been valuing you."

"Valuing us! how, sir?"

"Yes, ladies—his excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price upon each of you."

"Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?"

"A thousand crowns."

"And the other?"

"Five hundred crowns."

"And that young lady with fair hair?"

"Three hundred crowns."

"And that brunette?"

"The same price."

"And that lady who is painted?"

"Fifty crowns."

"And pray, sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his excellency's good graces?"

"O madam, you really must excuse me; I beg—

"Come, come, no concealments."

"The prince rarely said, as he passed you—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said, madam, that he did not know the small coin of the country."

"Why Sarah," remarked a school-master to a young girl, who had failed to give a satisfactory answer to a question in arithmetic, "when I was of your age, I could answer any question in arithmetic that was asked me." If you please, sir, I can give you a question I don't think you can answer." "What is it, Sarah?" "Why sir, suppose one apple caused the ruin of the whole human race, how many such apples would it take to make a barrel of cider?" Schoolmaster fainted.



The fall of Greatness.

No. 2.

Poem.—*Down wid ye, then, and let this child step o'er.*



Jonathan's Triumph.

One more number will complete the THIRD VOLUME of the YANKEE NOTIONS, and Jonathan feels as proud as a dog with a basswood tail, at the unexampled success which has attended his efforts, to cater to the amusement of the Universal Yankee Nation.

In every city, town, village and hamlet, from Maine to California, JONATHAN and his NOTIONS, is a welcome guest. The day of its arrival is looked forward to as an era in the month, and old men and maidens, young men and children, and all denominations of people hail the mail, which brings it, as the mail.

The YANKEE NOTIONS is the most popular comic publication ever issued from the American press, not with one class of people, but with all.

The ploughman leaves his furrow unfinished to guffaw over its pages, the workman leaves his bench to enjoy its whimsicalities, the merchant drops his yard-stick to take it up, the lawyer forgets his pleas and quirks, to remember its fun; the judge thinks of it on the bench, and its genial good humor tempers his administration of justice; in fact wherever it goes—and it goes everywhere—a universal smile pervades.

It is a complete repertoir of all the Current Fun of the day, and those who possess the Three Volumes now nearly completed may rest assured of being completely posted up in all the wit and humor there is going.

Under these circumstances Jonathan cannot do a kinder thing than advise everybody to send on at once, the price of the FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES, and thus secure a library of Fun. They will be furnished bound in paper at One Dollar per Volume, and in cloth beautifully bound at only One Dollar and Fifty cents.

Hoping that all will benefit by this disinterested advice, Jonathan makes his politest bow, and respectfully calls attention to

VOLUME IV.

which will commence with the JANUARY NUMBER, 1855.

Can't stand the Competition.

The London *Drapery* is for Sale, price £5000. The London *ILLUSTRATED News* is also in the market, price £100,000. We cannot account for the anxiety of the proprietors of these sheets to sell, except by the fact that the *Notions* has already attained a large and increasing circulation in England, and our friend *Drapery* and the "Illustrated," are afraid that Jonathan will put out their lights for them, and they desire to dispose of their property before it becomes worthless.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on oath, swear that this is not your hand-writing?"

"I reckon not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your writing?"

"Yes, I think it don't."

"Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?"

"I do."

"You take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Y-e-s, sir!"

"Now, how do you know?"

"Cause I can't write!"

"Bridget, where is Mr. Ludlow's boot jack?"

"Please marm—little William has got it in the mud-gutter playing ship with it."

"Tell him to bring it in instantly."

"He says he won't, marm—cause why it has just started for J——ray with a load of clam shells and a broken brick."

Exit Ludlow—swearing that he will go and get married; this being the only way in his opinion, of getting out of a boarding house—whose leading nuisance is a dirty-nosed boy with a precious talent for mercantile life.

A WESTERN editor, in speaking of a concert singer who has just been out his way, said her voice is delicious: pure as moonlight, and as tender as a three shilling shirt. If that is not complimentary, we should like to know what is.



Portrait of the next Candidate for President.—No. 1.

"The pernicious of indigation was finely exemplified in my presence," says a correspondent, "the other day." Two of my children have the whooping-cough, and a lady present said that a friend of hers had enervated her children by administering to them in powder the common wool-bug reas ed in sugar. A young man standing by execrated, with a shudder, "Well if my mother had served me so when I was a child, and had told me of it afterward, though I was one-and twenty years old, I would have thrown them up on the spot. A hearty laugh followed, and from the energetic character of the young man" says our correspondent, "I have no doubt but he would!"

"**MR. JONES,** have you got a match?"

"Yes sir—a match for the devil—he's mixing dough."

Jones pointed at Mr. Jones, and then put for the front yard. The last we saw of him, he was putting down the road closely pursued by a red headed lady and a cigar pole.

The following, from one of our correspondents, should be a caution to Mrs. Ruth Partington to look to her laurels. Hear Mrs. Bubb go on organs and organists: "Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bubbbag; as she returned from church last Sunday, "dear me! this is an age of conventions. When I was a girl organs were in their infancy. A forerunner used to turn the crank, and a little monk y take the pipes. But now an organizer preaches over the estimate, while the organist takes up a collection. Oh, you should hear the fellow peer from one of his closing epithetaries, when he pulls out all the stops, and plays on the pedal boxes, loud as to jar the confederation as they pass out of their respective places of abode."

THE RETORT LIE.—Perhaps the best retort up on a lie is to twit it, as Galba did, when a courtier told him that he had bought eels in Sicily five feet long. "This," replied the Emperor, "is no wonder; for they're so long that the fishermen use them for ropes."

A Snake in the St. Louis "Herald."

The St. Louis *Herald* relates a Snake Story, in which a new light is thrown upon the habits and manners of the snake, while some interesting information is at the same time given about the sympathy in favor of the girl of thirteen.

It appears that the young lady of thirteen was not in the habit of eating, which is extraordinary; and that in consequence of not eating she became very thin, which does not so much surprise us.

The dear child was, it appears, in the habit of carrying out of the house large pieces of bread and meat, which she refused to eat at the dinner table. A malicious girl of fourteen, who had not had a new frock given to her for a year, suggested that the girl of thirteen (who had two during the last three months) was in the habit of carrying the victuals to a member of the St. Louis police force; and one of the inhabitants of the town (he was celebrated for his ready wit) at last vented to hint that if the parents followed their child, they would probably find out where she went. Upon this hint they followed her, and saw her proceed, armed with a piece of bread and butter, to the shores of a neighboring creek.

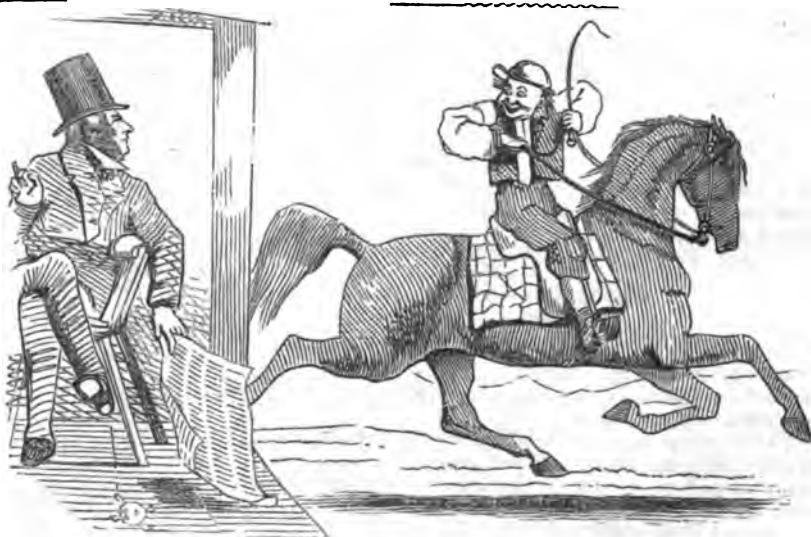
"As soon as the child was seated," says the *St. Louis Herald*, "the father saw a huge black snake raise its head into her lap, and receive the bread and butter from her hand."

"The father, who," says the journal, "entertained, like most Irishmen, a horror of venomous snakes," took liberty of shooting the reptile, and in doing so, hit the girl of thirteen at the same time,—at least, we presume that such was the case, for the young lady and her snake are said to have expired at the same moment.

The *St. Louis Herald* pretends that the Irishman hit the snake, and that the girl of thirteen died from sympathy with the reptile; but would it not be just as reasonable to suppose that he hit the young lad, and that the reptile died from sympathy with the girl of thirteen?

The *St. Louis Herald* thinks that because the Irishman had a "horror of venomous snakes" (by the bye, they have also a dislike for the bite of a mad dog, and are not fond of dying of typhus fever) he must have necessarily have fired at it. In this case, true to his national peculiarities, he would have hit the girl of thirteen. We cannot believe that he aimed at his own daughter, but even so, he did so, is it likely that he would have hit the snake?

However, the tale is altogether enveloped in mystery, and "as it all took place a long way off," we believe that it is a long way off from being true.



Gentleman at fashionable watering place, smoking on Piazza, sees his blooded horse running by at a surprising speed.

GENT.—Hello, young man, where are you going with my horse at that gait?
SCABLE BOY.—I'm taking the devil out of him, 'cause he's going to ride with the ladies, and we allers has to take the devil out of the gentle horses first, 'cause if we don't they ain't safe.

(Gent don't see the Philosophy of the thing.)



"Cut Loose Again Mister."

A friend of ours, who is a most accomplished salesman, and is kept very busy in one of the up-town dry goods houses, was complimented, not long since, in manner and form as follows:

He had a countryman in the store, and was showing him a very handsome piece of ladies' dress goods, not with any great hope of selling it; still there was some slight chance, and besides, it is necessary—so our friend avers—to keep constantly in practice. So he dashed ahead in fine style, praised the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light, avouched for its ultra fashionableness; and in short let loose a torrent of eloquence, in which it was difficult to distinguish which was more flattered, the taste of the admiring rustic or the quality of the magnificent *mousse-line*.

Bumpkin's eye flashed with gratified pride at the complimentary allusions to himself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods and fluency in the salesman. Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed.—“Stop right here one minute!” and dashed out of the store with two or three rapid bounds. Grodenap stood, a little bothered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had “frozen” in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentlemen. Meantime this last mentioned individual whisked two bouncing girls out of a carryall which stood in front of the store, and half pulling, half pushing them, brought them up in front of him of the fluent tongue:

“Gals! stand there—right there, Sally—and now *Mister cut loose again!* I just want the gals to hear you!”

It is almost needless to say, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstances, that our friend was overwhelmed with his emotions, and for once in his utterance—to the great disappointment of the father and both daughters.

Hunting Woodchucks;
OR, JOE PETER'S MISTAKE.

“Come Jo, get the dog, and let's see if we can't catch a woodchuck,” said Harry Sheldon, one fine afternoon in July, as he and Joe Peters lay upon the grass thinking in what way they should pass away time.

“I know where there's a hole, big enough for a bulldog and newly dug, and I'll bet my hat against a pumpkin that there is a smashing woodchuck in it, and if you are a mind to hop up, and go down with me to Smith's woods, I guess we can catch him,” continued Harry.

“What kind of a critter are they?” said Joe as he rose from the ground. “Will they bite?”

“Oh no,” answered Harry, “they are the prettiest little fellers you ever see, and as harmless as a little kitten.”

What Harry meant by lying so, we cannot say, perhaps the sequel will tell.

“Well,” continued Jo, “I'll go in the house and get eat, 'cause it doubles the dishes.”

“Guess, (the dog), and we'll catch him if he's anywhere round,” and going into the house, he soon returned with the gun and dog. The latter individual was a fine large dog, of the spaniel breed, and famous for woodchuck hunting.

Handing the gun to Harry, Jo exclaimed,—

“I never saw a woodchuck in all my born days, and I'd give a small sized farm to catch one, and chain him; now what's the reason we can't, Harry?”

“We can, just as slick as grease,” answered Harry, if you are only a mind to catch him by the tail and fetch him up to the house.”

“I can do that just as slick as a mice,” said Jo.

“Well then, let's be off,” exclaimed Harry, and whistling for the dog, then started off.

After a walk of about half a mile, they came to a small thick piece of woods which greatly abounded in game. Harry stopped, and drawing the ramrod he measured the charge, (Harry had a mortal dislike to a kicking gun), he then returned the ramrod, and walked on.

They walked silently on, when Harry, giving Guess his marching orders which were simply to “keep behind,” exclaimed in a low voice,

“By thunder, Jo, I saw one then.”

“Did yer, well give him beans, I'll wait here.”

“So do,” exclaimed Harry, and cocking the gun, he crept forward.

“I see him,” and quick as thought he raised the gun to his shoulder and fired.

“I fetched him,” exclaimed Harry, and disappearing in the bushes, he soon returned, fetching by the tail a small animal about the size of a small kitten, and throwing him on the ground proceeded to load, while Jo examined the “chuck” very attentively.

Harry loaded the gun about eight fingers! but for what reason we cannot imagine.—Handing the gun to Joe, he said, “Take him by the tail, and come along, we shan't see any more in here, when I fired, I scart 'um all, so you can carry the gun.”

Joe picked up the woodchuck, and shouldering the gun proceeded onward. After a walk of 10 minutes they came to the edge of the woods; “there it's somewhere round here,” said Harry as he looked around.

“Hullo, I see it,” exclaimed Jo, and walking forward a few steps, they came to a hole newly dug.

“Yer, here it is,” said Harry, as he threw himself upon the grass; “smell him Guess, take hold of him, dig him out.”

Guess did smell him, and then giving a loud and musical howl proceeded to dig.



The Results of Reflection.

HUNGRY YOUNG MAN.—Bring me a plate of fried bacon, and a mirror.

WAITRESS.—A mirror Sir, why, what for?

HUNGRY PARTY.—Why I always put one before me when I eat, 'cause it doubles the dishes.



Portrait of the nice young man who has often been accused of washing his own shirts, and mending his own stockings, and whose kids always smell strongly of turpentine.

"He's in there," said Harry, "and Jo, you must watch the hole, for the moment Guess sees him, he'll make chicken pie of him."

"I'll look out," answered Joe, as he sat watching Guess.

Guess kept on digging. Suddenly Harry sprang up and ran off to a safe distance, exclaiming,

"Jewhittaker, Jo, I saw him then, catch him by the tail, or Guess will save you the trouble..."

Jo rose up and looking into the hole, put his arm in, and immediately drew it ut with an animal of white and black color, by the tail. The moment the Woodchuck / saw the air he * * * * *

Henry laid down upon the grass, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks like rain. Jo rolled in the grass crying.

"Oh murder, my eyes! By thunder, Harry She don. I'll pay you for this. Gracious mighty! how my eyes smart. Where's a brook?" he sprung to his feet and run to a brook, and plunging in, washed himself over and over again. He soon returned, and as he approached Harry, he shook his fist saying,

"If you ain't the all-fledest, meanest fool that ever lived. to tell a feller to catch a SKUNK by the tail."

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh dear, how my sides ache," said Harry, as he rolled in the grass, "don't come near me, you skunk catcher. Ha, ha, ha!" and springing to his feet he ran for home.

J. shook his fist af er him, and muttered some thing about "punched head" and "broken nose." Happening to turn round, he espied his skunk running for dear life, upon a stone wall that lay near by.

Seizing the gun he fetched it to his shoulder, and fired. The skunk was torn all to pieces by the shot, and Jo had a very lame shoulder for a fortnight after the SKUNK HUNT.

When J. arrived home, he immed ately changed his clothes and then proceed'd to hunt up Harry, but that worthy individual had made himself scarce, fearing Jo's anger. He did not make his appearance until Jo had cooled down.

Jo has since sworn eternal enmity to Woodchucks or Skunks!!

Danger of Ice Cream.

A 'Down-East' editor has had a vi-it from a Vermonter, who bears the name of Ethan Spike. This genius has been experimenting upon the luxury known to Gotham as Ice Cream, and the following is given as the result of his first experiment:

"One day, towards sundown, I was goin' by a shop in Middle street that looked wonderful slick; there was all manner of candy an' jessamints, and' whatnots at the winder;

an' there was signs with gold letters to 'em hangin' round the door, tellin' h-ow they sold soda, mead, an' ice cream there. I sez to myself—I've hear'n a good deal 'bout this ice cream an' now blow me, if I won't see what they are made of. So I put my hands intew my pockets, and walked in kinder careles, and sez to a chap standin' behind the counter—

'Do you keep any ice creams here? "

'Yes, sir,' says he, 'how much will you have?'

'I consider a minnit on't, and sez I,

'A pint sir.'

'The young seller's face swelled out, an' he liked to larfed right out; but after a while he asked:

'Did you say a pint, sir?'

'Sartin,' sez I, 'but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind a takin' a quart.'

'Wal,' don't you believe the faller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel sorter pis'en, and I gin him a look that made him look sober in about a minnit; an' when I clinched my fist an' look't at him, (here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression of his countenance) he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a quart of it as polite as could be. Wal, I tasted a mouthful of it, an' found it as cool as the North Side of Hethel Hill, in Jennewary. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but jest then I see the confectionary chap grinnin' behind the door, which ris my spunk, smash it all, thinks I. I'll not let that white livered monkey think I'm afraid; I'll eat the darned stuff, if it freezes my in'ards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinn'd a bear, or whipped a wild-cat, but I went it, I eat the hull in about a minnit. Wal, in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel rather gripy about here,' continued Ethan, pointing to the lower part of his stomach, 'and kept on gettin' ne better fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd a steam engine a-sawin' shingles in me. I sat down in a cheer, an' bent myself up like a nut cracker, thinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't set still, I twisted and squirmed about like a fish-worm on a hook, till at last the chap that gin me the cream, and who had been looking an' snickering, sez to me—

'M'ste', what 'ils you?'

'Ails me?' sez I, 'that sare darned stuff of yours is freezin' up my daylight's!'

Ethan required a great deal of 'doctoring' before he was 'set to rights,' after the quart of ice cream."



Cheap and Nasty.

In view of the unprecedented high price of Provisions, Jonathan suggests to "the proper authorities" that the immigrant paupers be dozed with mullasses and brimstone every morning. This will most effectually destroy their appetites and reduce the municipal expences.

N. B. Jonathan charges nothing for the hint.



A Dead Set.

MR GREEN, (a nice young man from the Rural Districts,) *visits the city for the first time, and is met by a large delegation of immigrants, from the Canal Street immigrant receptacle. He is very much impressed with the evidences of wealth and prosperity which at once surround him, and comes to the conclusion, that, if he answers all the demands made upon his pockets, the landlord of the Astor Tavern will stand a slim chance of getting the bill, which it is likely he will run up.*

Patent Medicines.

Certainly no go was ever more distinguished for its "helps to live," in the way of patent medicines, than our own. In sober truth, if we may trust all that we hear and read, it is quite inexcusable for any body to die at all—a piece of arrant foolishness, which can find no better or more appropriate name than suicide. Of all the disease that flesh is heir to, there is not one which has not its remedy, while some medicines have the remarkable property of curing everything what ver. Formerly, it was rather a serious matter to be sick, but now, if we may believe the advertisement of the apothecary round the corner, it only necessitates the expenditure of a dollar or two for Prof. Highfalutin's Wonderful Elixir, which is warranted in every case to perform a cure, provided the directions are observed.

By the way, we cannot avoid subjoining a very satisfactory testimonial to the merits of this medicine, in what our readers will not hesitate to call a remarkable case.

"PROF. HIGHFALUTIN:

"Dear Sir:—Before proceeding to speak of the very remarkable cure which has been effected in my own case by your hitherto sufficiently-to-be-prized Elixir, I take the opportunity most solemnly to affirm that my testimony is entirely uncolored, and furthermore that I have not the slightest acquaintance with yours."

"So much premised, let me say that three months since, I was afflicted with nearly every disease to which the flesh of man is heir. When in health, I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. At that time, so great was my attenuation, I only weighed sixty-four pounds *an t'other count*. My weakness was so great that I was unable to lift even the trifling weight of a pin! For seventeen days I subsisted on a small tablespoonful of weak porridge daily. I was dreadfully troubled with scrofula, with a slight touch of the rheum, not to mention the neurgia, which was so severe that I never slept at all. To add to my misfortunes, I exhibited the premonitory symptoms of cholera.—Sick was I indeed when a friend recommended your Elixir. I bought a bottle, took one teaspoonful, and felt like a new man. The first day of my taking it, I gained twenty-three pounds, to five pounds a lb of steak and accompaniments, and began to grow cheerful. In less than a week, I was as well as ever, thanks to your invaluable remedy."

"Now, I have so far recovered from my weakness that I

yesterday pulled up a large oak tree by the roots, and carried it home on my shoulders without any unusual sense of fatigue.

"Believe me yours gratefully,

HEZEKIAH HOLDEN."

In conclusion, we trust, that if any of our readers find themselves similarly afflicted with Mr. Holden, they will not fail to patronise the wonderful Elixir.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.

Quite an animated discussion once arose in a hotel in "merry" England between John Bull and Bro'her Jonathan, on a point of law. The point was this—"Can a witness, in a legal sense, positively attest to a noted historical fact—a fact well known to everybody—yet a fact with which he has no personal acquaintance or knowledge, without committing perjury?"

"I say he can" quoth Jonathan, "and his oath will be taken as evidence in all courts of equity."

"And I say he cannot!" exclaimed John Bull.

"Wal, now, jest looker here, Mr. John Bull," began Jonathan, pointing his finger at him, and shaking it impressively and speaking emphatically, "don't you know there is such a place as America—the United States of America?"

"I've never crossed the Atlantic; consequently I don't know," was the rep'y.

"Wal," said Jonathan, "all I've got tew say is, if you'd lived in the days of the Revolution, and had been "rebound," you'd ha' soon found it out, I guess."

John Bull evaporated, and Jonathan began to whistle Yankee Doodle.

ADVICE TO SINGLE MEN.—If you don't want to fall in love, keep away from calico. You can no more play with girls without losing your heart, than you can at roulette without losing your money. As Dobbs very justly observes, the heartstrings of a woman—like the tendrils of a vine—are always reaching out after more to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going, you are gone, like a one-legged stove at a street auction.

A man who looks daggers, has contracted to sell to the Turkish government all of those weapons that he can produce in that way; some incredulous persons have a notion it is all in his eye.



Juvenile Depravity

DESIGNING ELDERLY LADY, (to SPOOKY YOUNG MAN, (Lg.)—
Thank you Mr. Jinks for your compliment on my youthful appearance. There is not a grey hair in my head.

SMALL (but disagreeable) CHILD.—Good reason why all women, you've got your new wig on.



Jonathan at the Theatre.

JONATHAN (laughing).—Well, I never. I'm darned if them 'ore gress sellers don't mernoperieve every thing. I can't begin to see the stage for the dead heads. Them vot don't pay their money gets the sight, and them vot does don't get no sight for their money. Telescopes ain't no use, you can't see through bats with 'em, and I'm darned if I can see anything but a sea of hate.

Some Rich Scenes in the Hog War.

The official removal of the piggeries about town was not unattended by scenes that somewhat relieved the tedious and annoying character of the duty. In one quarter of the city there was a neck and neck race between the officers and their satellites, and a party of stalwart Irishwomen and their darling swine. The latter parties had a little the start, and having got their four legged treasures out of the pen and through a fence, were intent upon driving them up a steep hill into the woods. The mercury ranged at over 100 degrees in the sun, and the race was a warm one; but the pigs and the women beat the "stars" and the darkies, and gaining the summit of the hill, each triumphant owner uttered a shout of triumph, and each emancipated hog gave voice to a grunt of supreme satisfaction.

An M. P. and his aid found great difficulty in capturing a sly old porker in one of the down-town wards. A sympathizing Emeralder, himself the owner of a bouncing "pig" of 8 months of age, which he had hidden in the neighborhood, and which he was desperately afraid would be unearthed, lent all his energies to help to get the obstinate animal into the cart. Just as the combined efforts of the pulling trio were crowned with success, and piggy rolled over helpless and a prisoner in the vehicle, Pat, by some familiar look or mark, at once made a startling discovery, and exclaimed, as he caught the squeaking creature by its two inches of a tail—

"Och! murher! what av I done?"

"What's the row?" cried the officer.

"Row enough, sir. Bo jubers, it's me own pig I've helped yez catch!!"

"All right!" exclaimed the "star" and amid the laughter and jeers of the crowd, the cart drove off, and Pat returned to his house cursing himself roundly.

A woman who kept a grocery and a piggery in Water-Street, and whose attention was about equally divided between rum and customers, and swill and swine, hearing that the officers were demolishing pig sty's and driving off their inmates, took her resolution quickly. Removing the bedding and furniture from a basement room where her "childer" slept, she bestowed into an attic chamber, drove the swine into the vacated

apartment, broke up the pen, and piled all the boards that had composed the edifice snugly in the woodshed! This done, she quietly awaited the expected form of the agents of their honors—"the authorities". Presently they arrived, and were astonished to find the coast clear. Biddy was quietly knitting by the door of her grogery, and talking with a cousin who had "just dropped in."

"Where are your pigs, ma'am?" asked the officer.

"Gone sir!" replied Biddy.

"Gone where?"

"Och! in the country, to be sure! I just put them to board through the hot-rayson, sir!"

"Where is your pig pen?"

"Is it the pen? What would I have it out for wh'n the pigs was gone? Sure there it is, all piled up saug in the shid."

At this moment a door opened and a sharp and most unnatural squeal rang through the house.

"Botheratshun!" cried Biddy, "them hogs av Pat Murphy's is by the back dewer again! Hero Phelim dhriu usf them hogs and bate the life out of them!"

"It's of no use m'm," said the keen-eyed and sharp-eared officer, "your pigs are in the house!" and in spite of Biddy's wit, quickness and protestations, the refugees were soon found and carted away.

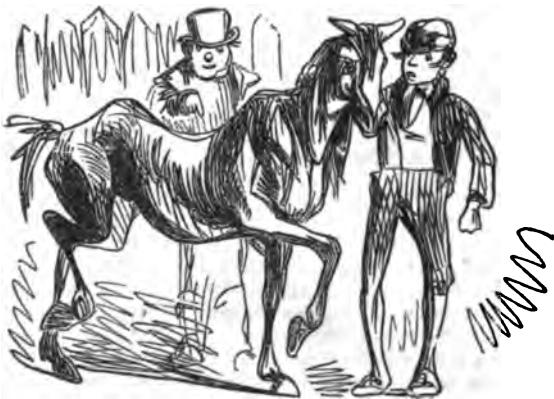
A woman in the Seventh ward actually concealed a whole litter of infantile piglings in a box under her bed, while the mother was thrust into a cellar! All very "cute," but the silly creatures would squeal, and thus lead to their detection and capture.

RICH AND ORIGINAL.—Among the emigrants who arrived in California over the plains in the summer of '53, was an honest farmer from Pike, accompanied by five or six strapping daughters. Farmer B.—soon after his arrival, concluded to continue his legitimate business in this country, and so picked out a ranch a few miles from—Valley. As soon as the good man and his daughters had got their new home comfortably fitted up, they concluded to give a ball in honor of the event, at which the elite of—Valley, were to be invited.

The thing was settled, invitations dispatched, cakes and all the et ceteras prepared, and white kids were in great demand. A "nice young gentleman" from one of the neighboring towns asked one of the misses B.—if he should have the pleasure of dancing with her. The lady smiling graciously said,

"Wal stranger, I haint no objection to dancing wi' yez, but ver musn't dance me hard, for I've just crossed the plains, and I'm chuck full of alkali!"

Mrs Partington's neice, upon being told by a young lawyer that in the country wh're he resided they held court, four times a year.—"La me! why you cint h'lf up to the business; the young fellows here come a courting three times a week."



The Sway backed Mare.

GENT.—Mike can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?

MIKE.—Sure and I can Sir. Before the bas'e was your property she was buckel agin an Irish horse, who buse her hollow, and she never got straight since.



Hard to Find.

FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.—*Father have you seen any thing of my bonnet? I must have left it in this room.*

FATHER.—*No my dear. I have not, but I will take the microscope and look for it.*

College Examination.

Was William Penn the inventor of writing?

Where was the celebrated Gunpowder plot situated, and was it a green plot?

Was Sterne, the writer, a very severe man?

Was Pitt the deepest politician of his day?

When a young h is said to be "fond of the weed," does it mean chickweed?

Is buckwheat a particularly smart-looking grain?

Does it follow that potatoes are suicides because they shoot out their eyes?

Are the people of Gaul very bitter in disposition?

Are pavement flags, stone-colored?

What is the ordinary size of a gar'en "box?"

Has wild thyme anything to do with the idle moments of youth?

Does being canonized mean being blown to pieces?

There is a fast boy out in Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, who, if he gets no back-sets, will scarcely fail to reach Congress or the Penitentiary one of these days.

His school teacher, a young lady, was prosecuted by his parents for pretty severely weling the young rascals back for his badness. The case went up to Court and the verdict of the jury was in effect, "served him right." We give one of the items of the boy's testimony, the wit of which stoned for its rudeness. He asked her to "do a sum for him"—which was to subtract 9 from 28. One of the counsels asked him if he could not do it without her assistance.

Boy.—"I might, but the arithmetic said I couldn't subtract 9 from 8 without borrowing 10, and I didn't know where the hell to borrow it."

It is a little questionable whether a boy who don't know where to borrow a ten will ever get to Congress.

A writer in the London Examiner lately saw a "blind man" looking with much apparent interest at the prints in Cagnagi's window. "Why, my friend" said we, "it seems you are not blind!" "No, thank God your honor," replied the man. "I have my blessed sight as well as another." "Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked we. "Why? because I hedge a dog for blind men."

Lord Mansfield and his Coachman.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench:

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in his class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" says his lordship.

"O, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me. I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows:

"The bearer John——, has served me three years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man; I discharged him because he cheated me."

(Signed)

"MANSFIELD."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognised his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"O! my lord," said John, "is was an exceeding good character" and I come to return you thanks for it; my new master, on reading it, said, he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'Then,' says he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman; I observe his lordship adds he discharged you because you cheated him. 'Hark you, sirrah,' says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me!'

"George Smith do you recollect the story of David and Goliath?"

"Yes, sir. David was a tavern keeper, and Goliath was an intemperate man."

"Who told that?"

"Nobody, I read it—and it is said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A good-natured husband, a dozen children, and a happy home. As these rights may be easily obtained, we hope the sisterhood will "make a note on it."



A Cause for Grief.

FIRST JUVENILE.—"Say Billy, where did you get the cigar?"

SECOND JUVENILE.—"Why, you see, dad came home & dinner a little sooner, and I stole out of his hat."

FIRST JUVENILE. (Admirably).—"Oh, ain't you one of 'em! I wish my dad would come home so soon; but (warmly) then he don't smoke, and I have to pick up old smokes."



A Hard Nut to Crack.

DARKEY, (astonished by a brick from the scaffolding of a four story bui'ding, tumbling on his head).—I say you white men up dar, if you don't want your bricks broke, jis keep 'em off my head.

Changed her Mind.

Dickey was poor—Susy had a rich mother—Dickey loved Susy, and vice versa—Dickey wanted to marry—Susy's mother was "down" on that measure—Dickey was forbidden the premises—notes were exchanged through a knot hole in the high board fence that enclosed the yard. One day the old lady went "calling" and Dickey was duly informed of the fact; called on Susy; remained a little too long: old lady was close at hand; no chance of escape without detection; at the instance of Susy, Dickey popped into the closet; old lady saw that Susy looked confused; guessed that Dickey had been about, supposed of course, he had rendered good his escape; thought perhaps the young couple had agreed to elope together; determined to be too smart for them: accordingly shut Susy up in the same closet where Dickey was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night; didn't see Dickey; next morning went to the closet to let Susy out:

"Oh Lord!"—a scream—couldn't get breath for a moment. Finally—

"Ahem! Dickey, is that you?"
"Y-a, ma'am."

"Dickey, you must stay to breakfast."
"Couldn't, ma'am."
"Oh, but you must."

Dickey concluded to stay.
Breakfast table—"Dickey, I have been thinking about you a good deal, lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am—very lately."
"You are industrious and honest, I hear."
"I never brag, ma'am."
"Well, now upon the whole, Dickey, I think you and Susy had better get married."

On His Guard.

Skeesicks came to "York" some three years since and during his stay was done by a watch stuffer who sold him three crickets and a shilling worth of pinchback for one hundred dollars. Since then Skeesicks has been "on his guard" and so suspicious that he would not even take good money without first passing it twice through the scrutinizing examination of a "bank note detector." Skeesicks arrived in the city again on Tuesday last, and going up Broadway, a young gentleman ran rather violently against his vest pattern—stooping down and immediately presented him with a watch, saying,

"I beg pardon—believe this is yours,"

Skeesicks however was not to be circumvented, and he replied,

"No I thank yon—been out enough on that sort of thing—not as green as you take me for—been to York a year ago last grass—cut my eye teeth some time ago, good morning."

The "well dressed young man" smiled, lifted his beaver and passed on; Skeesicks buttoned up his coat and resumed his saunter. As he approached the park, Skeesicks thought he would see how late it was; he put his hand on his watch pocket but his chronometer was gone; Skeesicks was thunderstruck, "Dash my wig" he exclaimed "if I have'n't been done out of another watch," and he had. The well-dressed stranger was a pickpocket whose seeming honesty threw Skeesicks off his guard and caused him to fall an "easy victim." How Skeesicks will act in the future is difficult to tell. He finds that to be too suspicious is quite as bad as to be too confiding.

P. S. Since Skeesicks "comes to recollect" he is quite certain that the young man who ran against him in Broadway is the "denical" individual, who "stuck him with them crickets." Skeesicks begins to think that New York is a bad place.

"Cuffy, you see dem two ladies of color cross de street dar?"

"Yes, I see de dear angels, Pompey."

"Well, don't dey look 'mazingly like one another?"

"True, Pompey, I give you credit for your nice pendrumation; dey do 'mazingly 'zemble one another, 'specially de one dis side."

Some of the bachelors of the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bustles! We never knew a bachelor yet that hadn't something to say against the ladies behind their backs.



Selfish.

BROWN, (log.)—I say Tompkins my boy, you don't do the fair thing with our tooth brush, you used it first yesterday morning, and now you got the first go again, it ain't fair.

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No. 12.

DECEMBER.

Vol. III.



JONATHAN'S INVITATION.

WELCOME FRIENDS!—A MERRY CHRISTMAS TEW YEOU ALL! WON'T YE SIT DEOWN AND DO AS
I DO? CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR. DON'T SAY NO. HERE'S ENUFF FOR ALL,
AND SOME TO SPARE; SO PITCH IN. HAVE A LEG, WING, PIECE OF THE BREAST,
SIDE BONE, SECOND JOINT OR POPE'S NOSE? SPEAK EOUT. TURKEY'S
THE WORD WITH THE BARK ON!



Published by T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau-st., N. Y. Price 12 1-2 Cents per Number, \$1 50 per Annum.



A Hard Hit.

COCKNEY, (seeing a drove of Jackasses going by; to Yankee boy.)—*My hi, there goes a lot of Yankees.*

JONATHAN.—*Yus, They'm a going to England to teach school.*

Apple Fritters—A Romance.

Soyer the great cook, has written a novel in which the art of the kitchen is set forth in a rather novel manner. The two heroines go forth among the poor and impart the receipts of the chef.

Although this book ought to be in every gentleman's kitchen, still we do not think that M. Soyer has made the most of his subject. Could he not in his second edition give us a few scenes something like the following?

It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by, laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from Natu'e's kitchen! The moon shone brightly as a bird's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvery and pure as a wedding cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said chere Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were 'neath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.

"Why this grief" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then turning her large pale grey eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added, in a disappointed tone, "They are baking apples, if I mistake not!"

"They are! they are!" cried chere Hortense bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! they reminded her of her home.

Some moments elapsed before chere Hortense could resume her wonted calmness. At length, with an effort, she said, "Forgive me, dear Eloise. I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple, I always think of him."

"You must indeed have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! ay, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted, I remember, we had apple-fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways, a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring up the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted, for my heart was breaking."

"Dear Hortense," exclaimed Eloise. "Ah! how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," sighed the brave girl. Then, resuming her story, she said, "When the whole formed a smooth consistency to the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, mixing it with the batter. I could endure my agony no longer. "Alexis!" I cried, "beware how you trifle with me!"

"Proceed! you interest me greatly," remarked Eloise. "What was his answer?"

Hortense, with an effort, continued: "When the mixture was hot, he put the apples in one at a time, turning them over with a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he turned towards me, his face glowing with passion!"

"Nay, say not so!" interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion, had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl; "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple-fritters are now cooked. Let us, perhaps for the last time, eat together!'"

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless from grief. Rising from the mossy bank, she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if we remain here."

"And the fritters?" inquired the gentle Eloise.

"They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a calmer tone. "That evening he presented me with the receipt for making them, together with a lock of his hair, which, however, formed no part of the receipt. Two hours afterwards he was on his road to London and the Reform Club. But to this day even the sight of an apple makes me tremble. Alas! such is the love of poor, fond woman!"

That night Eloise slept but little. She was thinking over the story of the "Apple-Fritters."

One of the excursionists to the Upper Mississippi says:—"Our driver was asked if it was healthy on the prairies? "Yes," he said, "people never really die on them; they keep living until they gradually dry up, and then blow away. Sometimes, when they want to die, as they do in the East, they move out of town and go down the river."

QUEEN CONCLUSION.—Daniel, of the *Sun*, in quest of an item, thus journalises:—"Saw two Chinese in Dupont-Street, making extraordinary gestures and ejaculations—swearing, probably—no harm nor sin in it; Heaven can't understand them."

A California paper gives the following as the best title to a lot in San Francisco:

"A shanty, and your self in it, with a revolver. If the title needs confirmation, blow somebody's brains out!"

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.



Consignment for Sales and Returns.

GREEN HORN, (to Bookkeeper of Astor House.)—See here Mister, I reckon I've used that cigar as much as I want to. I'm going out, and if you hear any body enquire for a cigar, just you try to sell him this woot y':? If not just keep it till I come back, and I'll take another pull at it.



Tone and Color in a Daguerreotype.

Scene in a Sixth Avenue Car.

It is not overgrown Ferry-Boat Companies, Railroad Companies, provision speculators, &c., &c which are the monopolists of the times.

Sitting in the car beside me was a very lovely lady, her husband, a fine looking man with a clear open brow and a pleasant eye, and a little rollicking rebel of three years. The little fellow sat on his father's lap, and by his playful sallies vastly amused the passengers which lined the seats of the car.

The rebel broke away from the arms of his father and made for the door.

Whilst his father was hastening after him the car stopped, and a lady of about twenty-five, who would have been quite pretty, but for a smirk of self-conceit, and a certain look which plainly said—"I know it all, no one can teach me anything." She was evidently a practising, if not one of the preaching "strong minded." She came in followed by her three children, looked about, saw the vacant seat of the gentleman, who was just bringing back his truant boy.

"This seat is taken," modestly suggested the mother.

Certainly," replied the strong minded, "I have taken it."

The beautiful lady glanced up at her husband with a half-comical, half-despairing glance, which he answered by a smile of infinite humor, and carried his boy out on the platform.

The strong-minded, took her youngest child upon her lap, and throwing her bright, black eyes on the gentleman who occupied the seat next her, she fairly looked him up out of his seat. He could not stand the fire of those piercing orbs. Her next step was to squeeze the other two children in the vacated place.

Just then the conductor came along for the fare.

The strong-minded handed him a half-dime.

The conductor stood a moment and then politely requested fare for the children.

"I never pay for children," replied she of the strong-mind.

"But madam you have three," urged the conductor.

"I never pay for children," was the decisive reply in a tone that plainly said, "I am not to be moved. I hold the purse-strings, so help yourself."

The conductor could not dispute with a *lady* and so passed on.

The children began to grow uneasy and candies and apples were handed out of the strong-minded's basket as peace-offerings. But they were not content in their usurped seat, but began roaming about the car. The moistened candies and juicy apples came into close contact with some of the passengers' dresses and they looked toward the mother for redress, but she smiling blandly looked on; a living picture of the exemplification of the doctrine of the *rights of the individual*. The check-string was pulled, and those who wished to preserve their dresses for another day, darted daggers at the sub-imemly complacent mother, and left the car.

Finding I had come to the end of my journey I followed in their lead.

The following dialogue took place on the occasion of a person applying to a broker to discount a note for \$800, which had eight months to run. The parties were well acquainted with each other:

Victim—"Good morning, old Timestrings; what's the news this morning?"

Timestrings—"Nothing new, only money's d—d tight."

Victim—"I'm sorry to hear that, as I kinder wanted a little piece of paper shaved, if you could manage not to lather it on too thick."

Timestrings—"Money can't be had at any price. Whose paper have you got? Let me look at it."

Victim—(Producing the note.)

Timestrings—(After looking at it, and being perfectly satisfied with its goodness)—"I can't do it for you, Tom, without skinning you alive! Money's worth a *quarter per cent*, a day, and scarce at that."

Victim—(Turning pale and staggering against the wall, exclaims in a stuttering manner)—"Ti-mestrings, wh-at in the de-vil's na-me would th-at bring this no-te to?"

Timestrings—"Well, I'll figure. (After cyphering) Here you have it. This is the principal, (holding up his little finger,) and this is the interest," (showing his thumb.)

Victim—(In increased excitement.) "O—oh! I see it all, now. If you could only manage to give me the interest, and you take the principal, I should feel mo-st damnedly obliged to you."

"Pete, what am lub?" asked a sable youth of his companion, a perfect African Plato.

"And you don't know nufin 'bout him?"

"No, Uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadful imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bussum, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waistcoat. "No I don't, uncle Pete."

"Ignorant, nigger! It am a strong pashun which rends the soul so severely dat even time itself can't heal it!"

"Den, uncle Pete, I know who be in lub."

"Whom am it?"

"Dis ole boot of mine. It's sole am rent so severely, dat Jonsing, de cobbler, utterly refuse to mend him; and he say dat the debble hisself couldn't heel 'em."

Some genius recently published a work that had a great run. It ran to the shelves of the booksellers, and thence to the auction room. It is often the destiny of genius, like other cattle, to be knocked down.

A mechanic up town makes watches that go so fast they get fourteen days into a week.



A Hard Swallow.

GENT.—*Why what's the matter, sonny?*

JUVENILE PARTY.—*Oh my! I've swallowed an odd fellow he's a givin me the grip.*

**Presumptive Evidence.**

INDIGNANT SERVANT MAN.—*Master, this ere chambermaid keeps a saying I'm a thief.*

MASTER.—*Why what does she say you have stolen?*

MAN.—*She says I stole her character!*

LITTLE GIRL, (jumping up) *I geth he did, I geth he did, for I theen him behind the barn eatin something.*

Taking Notes.

Some years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favorite servant, by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper and pen and ink. The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro, "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you was preaching.*"

Some years ago, when Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing were on a political pilgrimage to the northern part of the State, they were invited to stop over night with a distinguished local politician. The guests arrived rather late, and the lady of the mansion being absent, the niece undertook to preside on the occasion. She had never seen great men and supposed they were elephantine altogether, and all talked in great language. "Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea, sir?" inquired the young lady. "Yes, miss, if you please," replied the quondam salt boiler. Corwin's eye twinkled.—Here was fun for him. Gratified with the apparent success of her first trial at talking with big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner: "Will you take condiments in yours sir?" "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom. Of course nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to amend the matter, and was volatile in compliment, anecdote and wit. But the wound was irremediable. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, disagreeable man.

"Aunt," inquired a medical prodigy of fifteen, fresh from a lecture on surgery, "what do you think the most difficult operation in surgery?"

"Don't know, Charley—what?"

"Taking the jaw off a woman," answered the hopeful youth.

**Exacting.**

"Well, Ann, have you consented to be the wife of Mr. White?"

"No, Sally. I didn't quite consent."

"Why not? I think he loves you."

"Yes, but he didn't pile up the agony high enough. When I give my hand to a wooper, I want him to call upon the gods to witness his deep devotion to me. I want him to kneel at my feet, take one of my hands between both of his, and with a look that would melt an adamantine rock to pity, beg me to take pity on his sufferings; and then I want him to end by swearing to blow his brains out on the spot, if I do not compassionate his sufferings."

**Tender Sollicitude.**

(Being an extract from a young lady's farewell agonizing letter to a young officer ordered to the seat of War.)

"Oh! Charles, dear, they tell me you are ordered off to the Theatre of War. I beg of you therefore, dear, as you love me, to bear in mind one thing—and that is, above all, not to forget to take your opera-glass with you, for I know myself how extremely inconvenient it is to go to the Theatre without one."

A hard run for Truth.

Old Parson M—— of —, Worcester County, sometimes used to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what he had seen in York State. Among other wonders, he said he had seen monstrous great mosquitoes so large that many of them would weigh a pound. The people were by this time wide awake.

"Yes, continued Parson M——, and moreover, they are often known to climb trees and bark!"

The next day one of the deacons called on him, and told him that many of the brethren were much scandalized by the big stories he had told the day before.

"What stories?" says Parson M——.

"Why, sir, you said that the mosquitoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound."

"Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound."

"But," continued the deacon, "you also said they would climb up trees and bark!"

"Well, sir," says Parson M——, "as to the climbing up on trees, I have often seen them do that; haven't you, deacon?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, how could they climb up on trees and not climb on the bark?"

The deacon left.

Some of the bachelors of the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bachelors! We never knew a bachelor yet that had ~~had~~ something to say against the ladies behind them who ~~were~~ yesight.

BABIES IN DEMAND.—The Stark county Ohio Agricultural Society are offering premiums for the finest specimens of Young Americans. Here is the list:

For prettiest baby,	\$500	and diploma to mother.
For 2d do	\$300	" "
For 3d do	\$200	" "
For largest and heaviest child, under 12 months old—age to be considered,	\$500	and diploma to mother.
For 2d largest and heaviest child, under 12 months old—age to be considered,	\$300	and diploma to mother.
For 3d largest and heaviest child under 12 months old—age to be considered,	\$200	and diploma to mother.

The above is not a fair list—all the rewards go to the mother—no encouragement to the fathers.

We advise them to bolt and teach the Stark County Agricultural Society that fathers are some as well as mothers.—Wonder if the directors are not in favor of Bloomerism?

Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table.

"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends.

"Counted it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no, I forgot that."

A postmaster of Pennsylvania, on entering his house in the night, a few days ago, found an infant boy on the doorsteps, which somebody had left there. Being asked how he accounted for this incident, he replied, "that the mails were very irregular all over the country."

**Effects of the Crisis.**

GROCER.—Mrs. Smith do you ever intend to pay me for that mackerel you owe me for?

Mrs. S.—Certainly.

GROCER.—And may I be permitted to enquire when?

Mrs. S.—When the present money crisis is over.



Forbearance.

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL.—*Sir, you have called me a scoundrel and a liar; you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice. Beware! Beware! how you arouse a sleeping Lion, for I cannot tell what may be the consequence, if you carry this any further.*

The Model Clerk.

Mr. Blotter, a Boston merchant, being in want of a clerk, took the readiest means to obtain one, i. e., he advertised.

On the morning succeeding the appearance of his advertisement, he was looking over the numerous papers in his office, when a knock was heard at the door, and in answer to his investigation "come in," a young gentleman (?) of the times, dressed in the most extreme of fashion, with his hat turned jauntily on one side, a delicate cane swinging from his right hand, and an eye glass sitting astride his nose, made his appearance.

"What is your business, sir?" inquired Mr. B., with some curiosity, for he was not accustomed to such visitors.

"I believe, sir," said the young gentleman, "you advertised for a-a-w-a secretary."

"A clerk—yes, sir."

"Aw, the same thing. Well, sir—aw—if we can agree upon terms, I should be—aw—flattered to proffer my services."

"Ah, indeed."

"Yes, sir. You will be pleased to learn that all my connections—aw—move in the first circles."

"Undoubtedly, that is extremely gratifying. But you mentioned terms. May I ask what you expect?"

"Well, sir, perhaps a couple of thousand or so. Then, sir, I should make certain stipulations—aw—as to the time I'm employed."

"Go on."

"For example, I never get up very early. I think it injures the health, but I think, to get to the office by ten o'clock every day. I suppose there wouldn't be any difficulty about that?"

"Oh, no, sir. It's exceedingly reasonable."

"Then I should want—aw—to have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at my disposal. I always go to the Rehearsals—so many pretty girls there."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Then sir, I should not be willing to work later than five o'clock in the afternoon. Excessive labor is injurious to the health."

"Anything more?"

"Well, no. Oh, yes. I should expect to have a vacation of six or eight weeks in the summer to go to the Springs."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir, I believe so. What do you say?"

"Simply that on these terms I will become your clerk, if you will guarantee their fulfilment. As to myself I really must try to find somebody who can get along without the

springs, rehearsals, etc., and who does not set quite so high a value on his services."

The young gentleman left, in visible disgust, protesting that Mr. Blotter, was "decidedly behind the times."

SOME MORE THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW. Whether the person who stood upon ceremony has found any falling off lately?

When the man who stopped up all night is likely to take the plug out?

If the invalid who was given over has been handed back again?

When the philanthropist who got up a petition is likely to come down?

What discount is given for cash by the party who made an allowance for another's feelings?

A certain minister lately paid a visit to a lady of his acquaintance, who was newly married, and who was attired in the most indecent fashion. After the usual compliments he familiarly said,

"I hope you have got a good husband, madam?"

"Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too."

"I don't know what to say about the goodness," added the minister, rather bluntly, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go naked!"

A gentleman well known in a celebrated sporting circle, more for good humor than straight riding, arrived at home, a short time since, in a plight which would lead to the conclusion that he had something better than "a good thing."

"What sport?" asked a friend.

"C-a-pital!" replied our friend, emphatically. "Never had a better run in the whole course of my life! Was thrown into the first ditch and it took me three hours to catch my horse!"

A well-known chemist of this city has ascertained a method of extracting molasses from a cake of ice. He puts the molasses into the water before freezing. Great philosopher, that.

**Cruelty to Animals.**

MISERABLE SWELL.—*What are you about? Come with your horrid sprinkling?*

DRIVER.—*Beg pardon sir, but I f---, is were not fond of water in the Dog days.*



A Commentator (a Common tater) on Burnes.

A good Story.

Two chaps came in contact at one of our restaurants some time since, and were regaling on a long "nipe," when the mud and bad roads became the topic of their conversation. One observed that several coal teams were stuck in the mud, axle-tree deep, and that he saw twenty yoke of oxen straining every nerve, but without effect. The other, no doubt thinking that a pretty tough yarn, replied—

"That when he was coming to the city he saw a man sitting on a fence, cracking his whip and yelping and bellowing at a furious rate, he approached him and inquired what was wrong?"

"Oh! nothing much," replied the teamster, "only (pointing to the road) I have a wagon and four yoke of oxen in the mud, and the plaguey brutes won't pull a bit!"

At this moment, an old Hoosier entered, who heard only the winding up part of the story, drew up a chair and commenced a yarn about what he had seen.

Says he, "friend, were you ever on the American bottoms? I crossed there once, and on wading through the mud, which as a matter of course, was not the best walking, I kicked out a hat, when a voice which said—

"Quit that, old fellow," saluted my ears.

"Looking around and seeing nothing I concluded to give it another, which I did; when the same voice was heard to exclaim—

"Stop, you're kicking my hat!"

"I here discovered that a man was sticking in the mud, and observed—

"Old fellow, you had better be getting out of that before night or you will sure to freeze to death; he hallowed out—"I don't care a darn—I've a good mule under me!"

Mrs. Partington's niece, upon being told by a young lawyer, that in the country where he resided they held court, four times a year.

"La me! why you aint half up to the business. The young fellows here come a courting three times a week.

A chap from the country stopping at one of the hotels in the city of New York, being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, said he didn't care a darn what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetinin' in it.

A new play, has just been brought out in Brooklyn. It is called "The Haunted Dog Cart; or the Mysterious Bow wow." It is written by the gentleman who proposed to curtain Hamlet.

The Boston Post says that the "black (berry) tongue, has made its appearance in Boston, and has already assumed the character of an epidemic."

A French author says:—"When I lost my wife, every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse no one offered to make him good."

The fellow who said he would "see the bill paid," probably has good eyesight.

"Do you love me, Simon?"

"Do I love you—ask the sun if it loves the flowers—ask a cold kitten if she loves a warm brick. Love you, Milissa Jane?—the gods know I do. Love you—show me the man what says I don't, and I'll cave his head in with a cistern-pole."

An Irishman in a store asked for a pair of silk gloves, and was told that the kind he wanted would come to one dollar.

"Oh, by my soul, now thin" exclaimed Pat. "I'd sooner have my hands go barefooted all the days of my life, than give ye that for 'em."

BAD FOR THE DRAMA.—Hot weather and unripe water-melons. In Dr. Francis' opinion, a relaxed state of the bowels are as bad for Shakespeare as a panic in the money market.

It is so dry up in Iowa that the steamboat people have to sprinkle the rivers to keep the dust from choking the water wheels. Some drought that.

Young Sol who is of a very enquiring turn, says he always knew that corn would pop, but he never observed until these no-license times, that *pop* would *corn*.



Awful Murder.

[Scene a Court Room, Prisoner on trial for Murder.]

MURDER COUNSEL.—Where was deceased when you last saw him?

WITNESS.—In the "Casket."

COUNSEL.—What did he do?

WITNESS.—Well he took a drink, and then he took another, after that he took six or eight more, and then one more for the last.

COUNSEL.—Well, what happened then?

WITNESS.—Why he got slived.

COUNSEL.—Who slew him?

WITNESS.—RUM!



Luxurious Habits.

(Scene, front of the National Theatre.)

FIRST BOY.—Aint yer goin' in Jem, to see Bulger play the "Knight of the Bloody Bell?" he's some!

2D DO.—disconsolated,—Wot's the use o' goin' in to see the play, when you're only got a shillin', just enuff to buy a ticket, and nothin' over for pea-nuts.

A Hard Knock.

The Boston Post is a jewel of a paper. The editor says good things with a happy felicity peculiarly his own, and he has a set of correspondents who are not a whit behind himself in the way of perpetrating fun. A late number of the Post contains a story which is "not slow," but as there is one wicked word in the recital, it would be well for the over-scrupulous to skip that particular phrase.

The Post's correspondent "Tell," says that the County Court was sitting, a while ago, in _____, on the Banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year—cold weather anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin, in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder, and staff in hand. He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle which hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved however; and unable to sit down for want of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, and listened to a legal discussion that was going on, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller."

"Wal, I suppose I am—I come from Wisconsin a-foot, at any rate."

"From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through h—ll on your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly physiognomy—"I've been through the out-skirts."

"Well, what are the manners and customs of the people there? some of us would like to know."

"Oh," said the pilgrim deliberately—half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of

yellow teeth and a mass of masticated pigtail appeared thro' the slit in his cheek; "you'll find them much the same as in this region: *the lawyers sit nearest the fire!*"

Naming Children.

One of our Ohio correspondents perpetrates the following good story :

We cannot speak with any degree of certainty as to whether it is a prevailing custom to endow the mother with the right to christen the first born, the father to name the next, and so on alternately; we only know that this rule was established between a certain couple of our acquaintance. The wife (as is the case with most wives) was a pious woman; and like most pious woman, has strong predilection for Scriptural names. For some weeks prior to the advent which was to constitute her a mother, she had been turning over the leaves of the Bible in search of a name to bestow upon the little issue. Having had a presentiment that it was to be a male, the name of course must be applicable to that gender. The selection being finally made, the same was written on a piece of paper, which was carefully folded up and deposited for safe keeping.

Time rolled on, and the already happy pair became doubly blessed. Bounteous Providence presented them with one more than they had prayed for—a male and female. When the day for christening arrived, the lady handed her liege the folded scrap, saying, "here is the name I've selected for our boy." Upon opening the paper, the husband's eye caught the Scriptural name—with a slight deviation from correct orthography—of "Je-ho-a-phat."

"Very beautiful indeed!" exclaimed the husband, "and to main the similarity, I christen our girl 'Je-mare-a-phat'"

"But recollect," said the wife "I am to choose for the next."

"I don't think there will be any *next* to choose for," said the discomfited husband, as he left the house on urgent business.

HARD TO PLEASE.—A lady went into a grocery, lately, and asked for some self-raising flour. The clerk for the moment was a green Irishman, who, opening a barrel, showed her some of the ordinary superfine.

"This is not what I want," said the lady, with some pique; "I want self-raising flour."

"Oh," said Pat, with promptness, "a devil a bit will ye find fault with its not rising; the whole barrel went up this morning from nine to eleven dollars, and if that don't suit, you are hard to please intirely." The lady disappeared in a huff.

Mrs. Partington advises all young people inflicted with preparation of the heart, to apply a plaster of the contract of mustard, to draw out the information, and she says she has never known a failure where this device was swallowed.



Attic Muse (Mews.)



An Ancient Law-Suit.

THE SELF-SACRIFICING FATHER.—We heard a good one, a few days since, of a Mayor of one of the neighboring cities, who seemed very anxious to prepare his family and fellow-citizens to meet the anticipated dreadful ravages of the cholera. He would allow no food to be eaten by his family but plain salted meat, fish, bread, &c.; and whenever any of them wished for something a little extra, they had to shy over to an obliging neighbor's, where they never failed of getting a slice of excellent pie, cake or pudding. Previous to this however, they could boast of all these delicacies at home. Things went on thus for a week. The Mayor, it was noticed by his worthy better half, did not have a very good appetite whenever he came to his meals,—for the very good reason probably, that there are many good eating-saloons in the place,—and she thought that good rhubarb pie would do no harm, but rather give her husband a relish for his dinner. She accordingly placed one at his side, when he sat down to the noon-day meal. A cloud passed over the brow of the head of the family.

"Wife," said he, "how often must I speak of these things? It seems as if you were determined to give us the cholera, despite of all my precautions. Please take away this detestable green stuff."

The meek dame silently removed the offending delicacy to the kitchen, followed by the greedy eyes of half-a-dozen disappointed youngsters. The father soon got through his dinner, arose from the table and passed out; leaving the others to finish their meal of plain bread and butter and cod-fish. The son, however, not having the fear of the father before his eyes, and withal sighing for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," as soon as he thought his father well out of sight, slyly crept into the kitchen to get a slice of the coveted pie. But, "when he got there the table was bare," the rhubarb pie was gone! Thinking perhaps that Bridget had thrown it into the swill-barrel, he went to the door of the wood-shed, when lo! what a sight presented itself to the boy. Hamlet

could not have been more surprised at the sight of his father's ghost, than was our hero at the appearance of the veritable Mayor, seated upon a saw-buck, with the half-devoured rhubarb pie in his hand! He was sacrificing himself to save his family, and eating the pie, cholera and all! The son got a good share of the prize, by giving a promise not to tell; and the old man slid for his office. He has not been heard to say anything against "green stuff" since.

Anecdote of the Giraffe.

One of our correspondents relates a humorous story of a very well dressed and genteel looking person who was curious to see the Giraffe, and who stepped up to the "man wot" receives the money, with—

"Is the Giraffe to be seen here?"
"Yes, sir."
"I want to see him."
"Very well, sir."
"It's fifty cents, isn't it?"
"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for servants."
"Well, I'm a servant."
"You a servant!"
"Yes, sir."
"The devil! Whose?"
"Yours, sir, your humble servant."
"Walk in and take a seat."

The joke was worth the price of admission.

THE USE OF THE MOSQUITO BAR.—"Gosh!" said Johnny Spooner, the other morning, to the clerk at Lovejoy's, "that skeeter net o' yours's a first rate article, I kin tell yeou."

"Glad to hear," said the other; "calculate to make every-thing work well in this shop."

"Wal, it was jest all that. I jest pulled up one corner of the net, an' waited till a hull lot on 'em, mor'n half a gross of the pesky critters, piled down on me, when I let it go and catched the hull cantankerous crew."

"Caught the mosquitoes?" said the astonished clerk.

"Wal, I didn't do nothin' else, ole f---; I'm just about as quick on the trigger as any of your town folks, I kalk'late. They bit me some, though, through the night, but I reckon I fixed their flints for 'em in the mornin'. I'm jest agoin' out here to git one of 'em bars. Great things, they is, fur ketchin' varmint."

There were some curious movements in the regions of the clerk's quarters, just at the moment; the sounds accompanying resembled a laugh somewhat—they did.

To expect that a young lady who has pretty shoulders will not favor the "low-neck" style of dresses, is on a par with believing ice-cream is mutton-chop, or a submerged down-east farm is subject to droughts. It is as natural for "alabaster" to come to light, as it is for sin, spermaceti and kindred vegetables.



Niggerology.

SAM.—Gumbo, whar does you lib now, eh?

GUMBO.—I doesn't lib no whar's now. I gib up residing tree weeks ago, and moved off on account of de wedder.



Is Anybody Looking for Me?
(Written expressly for the *Notions*.)

Western men are not easily "taken in and done for," and in spite of butter-nut pants and red flannel wammuses they are generally anything but green, and he who picks one up for a fool had better take care or he will have to drop him with burnt fingers.

Here is a case in point:

A party of Louisville bloods were standing one day on the forward hurricane deck of a steam boat bound for St. Louis, and were watching, to beguile the time, ere "the last bell rung," the varied scenes of the levee. A man who looked as though he might be a county court lawyer, from the "rural districts," attracted their particular attention, and one of the crowd suggested that some fun might be had out of him. One more aspiring than the rest volunteered to "try it on," and going on shore he approached the stranger, who was evidently in deep cogitation and entirely unaware that any one had noticed him.

The "blood" walked quietly up to the "green 'un," and slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed,—

"So I've found you at last, have I? you're the man I've been looking for."

"I be, eh?" said "greeney" not at all disturbed.

"Yes, I've been looking for you all day."—At the same time winking to those who were waiting to see the joke.

The green one raised his arm and with a powerful blow knocked the enterprising young man prostrate, and turning around shouted out, "May be there's some one else looking for me; if there is I am waiting to be found!"

It is not necessary to say that "the right of search" was at once relinquished by the bloods, who from the steamer's deck had seen how much "fun" was to be made out of a green one.

The man who keeps his word, is supposed to be of a miserly turn.

The fellow who "went it strong," now "comes it mild." He went to the State Prison.

The Borough market intelligence says hops are going up. We are glad to hear it, as this is decidedly a step in the right direction.

The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this—one goes best when its "tired" and the other don't.

A youngster, on coming home from his first term at boarding school, being asked what he had been fed on replied. "Multiplication tables hashed, and stewed subtraction."

Another Brick.

Everybody has his suggestion to make as to the origin of the Know-Nothing.—A lively correspondent makes the following contribution to the pile of conjecture:

"Speaking of the origin of Know-Nothingism; I have another good one to tell.—It came from a Louisianian, bold and chivalrous respected and beloved—the place where it was told was a barber's saloon. Our friend boasted of having practically studied the Know-Nothing over twenty years ago, and been their proselyte.—The way and occasion was as follows:

"Crossing some twenty years ago the upper end of one of the extensive prairies of Illinois or Missouri, we forget which, (the word, our friend insisted, was and should be pronounced, 'per-a-ra,') he found himself late in the evening completely at

a loss as to his path. A sea of meadow was before him, its green surface waved regularly to the breeze and every thing betoken a houseless traveler, and a lonely night. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of smoke, and hurrying to it he found a little cabin with a buxom handsome woman of some twenty-five years, its only occupant. Without alighting from his horse, our friend first enquired for his way.

"My good woman, which is the way to P——," a little settlement as he thought, some ten miles off.

"I know nothing about it, at all"—was the rather unsatisfactory response.

"Well, my good woman, how far from here is the main road to Dr. D——," naming the point of his destination, again enquired the anxious traveler.

"I know nothing about that, either," returned the occupant of the cabin.

"But, my good woman, you certainly must know the road to S——," naming the place which he had left that morning.

"I know nothing about that, either, I tell ye," once more broke forth from the lips of the female.

"Well, madam, I'm sorry for that; but can you tell me the road to any place?" finally enquired our friend, thinking that some information, no matter what, was better than a vast negative of knowledge.

"I tell ye, I know nothing whatsoever. I'm just married. Can't you be satisfied?"

"And our friend as he heard it, was satisfied, and wended his way in search of some other path-finder. To this day he claims that lady of the per-a-ra as the first 'Know-Nothing,' and himself as her first disciple!"



A Hand Cuff.



High Water Mark.

"Low me to inform you, sah, dat you is labrin under aight delusionation. I ain't no nigger."

"Yes, you is a nigger, nuffin but a nigger, but if you ain't a nigger, what is you!"

"Ise a Quarteodon."

"A what?"

"Ise a Quadderoon, sah."

"How you get to be a Quadderoon?"

"Why my muddur was a white woman, and my fadder was a Spanyid, sah; that's how I came to be a Quadderoon."

"Whar you git dat 'plexion?"

"I got um in de Souf, sah—'fect of de climate, every pu-
ssen in de Souf got um sah."

"Whar you git dat wool?—say, whar you git dat wool?"

"I git dat by a—by a-a-a accipum on my mudder's side,
sah." (Stovepipe slightly confused.)

"Now, how you git dat wool on your mudder's side, if
your mudder was a white woman, say how you git dat wool."

"Because she got frightened afore I was borned."

"How she git frighten,—eh?"

"Why, she git chased by a black man, sah."

"Look a hea, nigger, I dosen't want to be puusonal, but
from de 'pearance of your mudder's son, dere ain't no doubt
dat de time your mudder was chased by de black man she
was overtooked."

A moment after you might have played dominoes on the
east tail of the South'n gemman, as he streaked it up Mc-
Alister street, and dived into the doorway of an aristocratic
caravansary for the accommodation of distinguished in-
burnt pussens, known as the Hotel Dumas.

The editor of the Kenosha (Wis.) Telegraph, says: "Last year we had a tree which bore one apple. This year the crop of the tree is doubled." We think the nature of the tree must have been totally changed, as it is certainly the first instance that we remember of any tree bearing one year an apple, and the next year a pair.

He got him on the Wool.

"Look a hea, nigger, whar you swelling to?" was the unceremonious salutation of a sable colored gentleman to an excruciatingly dressed darkey, whose complexion was not many shades removed from that of a recently polished stove pipe; as the latter "pusson" made a graceful swing from the promenade on Fourth street, where he had been exhibiting himself for a couple of hours, to the envy of the "Bucks" and the fascination of a score of "nuss gals"—into McAllister street.

"Who-o-o-o you call nigger, sah," was the indignant response, with a majestic roll of a pair of eyes with a great deal of white and a very little of any other color in them.

"Why, I call you nigger," was the flat-footed reiteration of "sable color," as he recognized in "stovepipe," a gemman who two years ago exercised his genius about town in the white washing and boot blacking line, but who since that time had been "abroad," and had cultivated a moustache and foreign airs.

Short Letters.

Nu Orleans, June 5.

DEER DAD: Markets is dull corn is mity lo and Bills dead.
Your affectionate son,

J. H.

This is short and to the purpose. It reminds us of the celebrated correspondence between a stay-at-home 'mother and her absent son:

Penobscot, Maine.

Dear John; Come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
Your loving mother.

The answer was not long in coming back, and was not long when it got back:

Red River, Texas.

Dear mother; Come here. A setting hen never grows fat.
Your loving son.

A still shorter letter is the answer given to a gentleman by a lady whom he had offended by his dilatoriness, and who, for a long time had refused to speak to him. His letter was earnest in its supplications for forgiveness. It concluded with:

'One word from your lips will make me happy. When and where will you speak it?'

Her answer was:

'Wednesday, at the altar.'

But the shortest correspondence on record is the one between an American merchant in want of news and his London agent. The letter ran thus:

and the answer thus:

0

Being the briefest possible intimation that there was nothing stirring.



Ins and Outs.

Tom.—Look here Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me.

Jem.—Why here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out how could it be there?



A Human Impossibility.

ACCOMMODATING DRIVER.—*Plenty of room up here sir, climb up sir.*

Doing a Dun.

"I have a small bill against you," said the pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes sir, a very fine day indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied Peter in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the collector, and raising his voice:

"Have you any money to pay on the bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognize you."

"I'm collector for 'the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher,'" "sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector at the top of his voice, producing the bill and thrusting it into the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse for no one; you may put that note back in your pocket-book, I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsement—will you pay it?"

"You'll pay it, no doubt, sir, but there's always a risk about these matters you know, so I must decline it."

"The money must be mine to-day."

"Oh, yes—ninety days, but I would not endorse you for a week; so clear out of my store. It's seldom that I'm pressed upon for an endorsement, even by my friends; on the part of a stranger, sir, your conduct is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises."

And the bill was returned to the "Extinguisher" office, endorsed—"so confounded deaf that he couldn't understand."

Mrs. Nervis.

Mrs. Nervis is a lady who has already arrived at the age of thirty-five years—beyond which she seems undesirous of going. To reach the age of three score and ten, so much desired by others, seems to her a special horror. Indeed, Nervis says that a few years ago, having grown tired of the difficulties into which the rigid adherence to thirty-

five exposed her, she set herself back ten years, calling herself twenty-five, since which time she went steadily forward until she again reached thirty-five—but here her courage forsook her. She was unable to pass this Rubicon, and pass it she would not, if she had to dye for it.

Unfortunately for her assumptions of youth she has children already married, but they are all girls,—Mrs. Nervis hated boys, she always said—and consequently could appreciate their mother's feelings, and did all in their power to repress impudent curiosity on the part of others. Her greatest plague is Nervis himself, who, the brute, on his birthday always comes in with—"Well, Peggy, my love,—her name is Margaret—to-day I am forty-nine years of age."

"Dear me, forty-nine; well, then I will be thirty-five next January."

"Thirty-five! Ha! ha!"

"Why do you laugh, Mr. Nervis? I am sure you are quite rude."

"Oh, excuse me, Peggy, but I was just a-thinking that when married, you were twenty and I twenty-three—just three years difference. Now there is a difference of fourteen!"

The only consolation Mrs. Nervis meets with on these occasions, is in retirement to a solitude, in which she studies the effects of sundry preparations for the complexion.

Shopping.

She stood beside the counter,
The day he'll ne'er forget,
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet;
He watched her playful fingers
The silks and satins toss,
The clerk looked quite uneasy,
And nodded at the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Bergere and satin turk,"
She said, "I want to purchase!"
Then gave the goods a jerk;
The clerk was all obedience,
He travelled "on his shape,"
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape!

Arms vs. Legs.

An individual in San Francisco, descanting on what he would do were he an editor, said, "If I had a newspaper office, I would arm it." A friend standing by, quietly remarked, "Yes, and at the first symptom of difficulty you would leg it."

A cockney at a tea party, overhearing one lady say to another. "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against privateering."



Note of Hand.



A Tax on the Memory.

(Scene, interior of a Georgia Log Cabin, on a cold night, doors and windows all open.)

PLANTER.—Well stranger, I don't know how it is; I keep these tarnation great fires agoin all day long, but some hour or other, the room aint the thing no how.

STRANGER. (Getting up and shutting door and windows.)—That's the way to make it the thing.

PLANTER.—Well, I'm dorned if it don't make it better. I tell you what, wife, you must recollect that.

Making faces at a Witness.

One of the "smartest" lawyers in one of the New England States has an unfortunate infirmity of the muscles of his countenance, and the convulsive movements or twitches of his ponderous eyebrows, nose, and the parts adjacent thereto, are almost frightful to persons unacquainted with the gentleman, and with this peculiarity of his physiognomy. It happened on one occasion, during a trial in which Squire H.— was engaged, that a buxom matron was placed on the witness' stand. The good lady was one of the class who are not afraid to look about them, and withal, understand the use of their tongues. Squire H.— was observing her attentively while the junior counsel conducted the examination. The lady proceeded with great volubility, in her narrative of what somebody did and said in the house, in reference to something in dispute between the parties litigant.

At length she caught the eye of Squire H., and, reddening with anger, she stopped, but at the suggestion of the examining attorney proceeded. But she soon observed the legal gentleman's visage turned towards her again, and the eternal grimace of the unconscious lawyer upset her temper.

She stopped, looked furiously at Squire H., gave her head a toss, fanned herself violently a minute, and then proceeded with her testimony.

Again on looking around at Squire H.—, she caught him at it, and her anger rose almost to the boiling point. She shook her fan at him, and looked as if "she would eat him up." His honor, the judge, at length requested her to go on with her narrative. The indignant witness drew herself up as stiff as a whalebone, and snapped out:

"Please yer honor I can't as long as that ugly man sits there a-making faces at me."

The gravity of the bench, bar, jury-box and spectators' gallery, was all upset in a promiscuous heap, and everybody but Squire H. thought it a capital joke—on the face of it.

Gross Levity of the Czar.

When Nicholas compelled the Jews to serve in his army, he took a very unwarrantable method to increase his Levies.

KEMP COOL.—Burton tells a capital story of "The Yankee in Hell." His description of some of the characters he found "down below," is laughable in the extreme.—Nebuchadnezar, the king of the Jews, he describes as good at "all fours," and particularly expert in the preparation of "salad." The introduction of the Yankee to his infernal majesty is peculiar.

"How d'y'e dew, folks," said the stranger puffing away at a long segar; "is the boss devil at hum?"

His majesty looked sulphur and saltpetre at the intruder.

"Reptile!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, that rumbled and reverberated in the depths of a pit without a bottom, "who are you that dare intrude upon our sacred privacy."

"Whew," said the stranger, "don't tear your shirt! why, what on earth is the use of your goin' off at half cock in that way?"

Why do you jump far afore you're spurred? there aint such an almighty occasion for you to get your dander so awful riz, just as if you was goin' to bust your boiler. Seein' that your climate's rather of the warmest, it would only be doin' the civil thing if you jist said, "Mister, toe your mark, and take your bitters."

"Worm! hence to your appointed place in the yawning gulf! there in the hottest flame."

"Waell, I guess not!" drawled out the man, with imperturbable calmness. "I've got my ticket, Mister from the regular agent, and I don't choose a berth so near the injine."

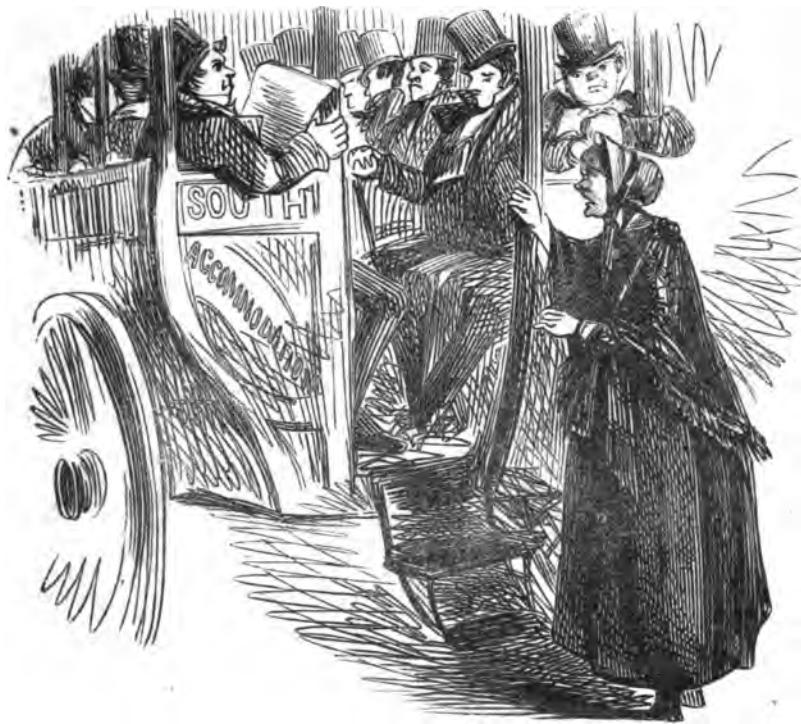


How to obtain a Title in San Francisco.

BROWN.—Well, Smith, how do you get on with your lots?

SMITH.—Well, I find I can't get a good title.

BROWN.—You don't go the right way to work. Just erect a tent and sit in the doorway with a revolver, and if any body disputes your title, get out of the tent and shoot somebody.



All Full.

ALL THE PASSENGERS.—*Go on driver, you'r full. No room.*

Getting into the Wrong House.

"For me, I adore
Some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly."

Such was the light air hummed by a young man one evening in the month of September, between the hours of seven and eight, as he turned into a court leading out of Washington Street, where was his boarding house.

The character of the air suited well with the appearance of the young blade, for as he turned into the light of the lamp it "illuminated" him: he was tall and somewhat slender, but finely formed; his pale and handsome features, large bright eyes, with dark circles around them, told of late hours and excitement.

His exterior frock coat, buttoned at the top by a single-button, pants of snuff-colored hue, white vest, and chain fastened at its lower hole attached to the deuce knows what in his pocket, boots, hat and dickey of the latest fashion, and switch cane, surmounted by a delicately carved lady's leg in ivory, completed the rakish *tout ensemble* of our young hero.

As we said before, he was humming a tune as he went into the court. Passing up, he ceased; and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would have been something like this:

"Byron was a hard one: one of the b'hoys, decidedly; hang me, if he was n't the very personification of his Don Juán—he went on the principle 'go it while you're young' and he did go it, with a vengeance."

During these cogitations, he reached, [as he supposed] his boarding house. Ascending the steps he sent his hand on an exploring expedition in his pocket, and extracted an instrument resembling a portable poker with a joint handle—Inserting this instrument into a round hole in the door he effected an entrance.

On entering, he was surprised at the disappearance of the hat tree, and a table in its place.

"Where the deuce has that tree gone now, I should like to know?" he mentally exclaimed, throwing down his hat—"How awful quiet 't is just now," he continued, proceeding towards the sitting room. Finding it total darkness, he was still more surprised.

"Juno! is every body dead, I wonder? I'll have some light on the subject," and with that determination he crossed

the room to a mantle-piece, to search for a match. He placed his hand on something that made him utter an exclamation of surprise.

"By every thing that's blue, a lady's shoe; extraordinary events must have transpired during my absence—a sola here!" he exclaimed, striking his hand ; just one under the mantle-piece. "They have been pitching the personal estate around at a terrible rate. Ah! a baby's shoe! Oh, mine Got, as the Dutchman said."

"Charles, is that you?" whispered a soft voice at the moment, and a warm hand clasped his own.

"Whew! What the deuce is to pay now?" he almost ejaculated in surprise: but recovering himself, he answered in a whisper, "yes, dearest, it is n—over the left," he said to himself.

"I see how it is: I'm in a bad box, and this damsel thinks I'm Charles; no matter, I'm in for it now, and might as well put it through."

"So thinking, he seated himself by her side on the sofa, with one hand clasped in hers, and an arm around her waist.

"Charles," she said, "what made you stay so late? I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"The deuce you have," thought

he, "Indeed, I am sorry, but could not come sooner," he said.
"The folks have all gone away this evening, and we will make the best of our time," said she, squeezing his hand.
"Yes, by Jove, we will," was the reply, as he embraced and kissed her several times.
"I wonder who I am kissing in the dark, thought he, during the operation."

"Why, Charles, I should think you would be ashamed of



A FIRE SIDE COMPANION.



Anything for a Change.

SCENE—St. Louis during the "Know-Nothing" riots.

MAN ON CORNER.—What's the matter?

IRISHMAN.—Matter? master enough be jabers. Och mirther! don't I wish I was a baste, or a black nager now, or anything but a bloody Irishman, for the Know Nothings is afther me.

yourself; you never did so before."

"This Charles must be a bashful youth, thought our hero." "Charles, you mustn't do so!" she exclaimed. What do you mean?"

"I'm making the best of my time," was the innocent reply.

"You remember the last time I he saw you, you said you'd tell me to night when we should be married," said she.

A whistle nearly escaped the lips of Gus (such was the abbreviated sponorial of our hero). 'I would say immediately, thought he, but she might mistrust, and it would be no go.'

"The time, dearest," he replied, "shall be when it will be most convenient for you."

"Oh, how glad I am," she exclaimed.

"What a pickle I would be in if the folks should pop in all of a sudden," he thought at the moment, as he had a presentiment. As the thought passed his mind, a latch key was heard fumbling at the door. At this ominous sound, she sprang to her feet, greatly frightened.

"Oh, dear!" was her exclamation, what shall I do? here come the folks!"

"What shall I do?" was the question of Gus, as he sprang to his feet.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she bitterly exclaimed, "where shall I hide you? There's no closet, and you can't get out of the room before the folks will see you. There, the door is opening, quick—hide under the sofa, it is a high one."

He didn't stop to look for a better place, but popped down and commenced crawling under. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied quite heavily to his side.

"Thunder! what a plantation she's got," said Gus, as it came in contact with his ribs.

He found the space under the sofa quite narrow; so much so, that he was obliged to lie on his face.

"Whew! they keep a cat in the house! Hist, there they come—one, two, three daughters, the old man and woman, and two gents, friends of the ladies. I suppose. Here they are down on the sofa. How I would like to grasp one of these delicate little feet! Gods! she would think the devil had her. I wonder how long I've got to stay here. Hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts ran for about an hour. By that time, he found his situation anything but pleasant, not being able to move at all. There was no signs of their departure, judging from their conversation, which was lively and well kept up; and not knowing how long he would be kept in that position, caused him to anathematise them most severely. He finally became worried to such a degree, that he accidentally let an oath slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed one, but the others heard nothing.

"Jesus! Maria!" thought Gus, "what a narrow escape. If any of the others had heard it, I should have been discovered, and then a pretty plight would I be in—I would be taken for a burglar."

While thus congratulating himself on his narrow escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies hanging over the back of the sofa, slipped behind. It was soon missed, and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," surmised the fair owner.

"I will soon ascertain," said one of the young men, rising from the sofa.

Seizing one end of the sofa, he whirled it nearly into the middle of the room.



Plenty of Room.

ALL THE PASSENGERS.—Here's a seat, Miss. Plenty of room.



ON HIS RETURN HOME FROM THE THEATRE, HE IS MUCH ALARMED BY AN AWFUL "NOISE" HE HEARS IN THE STREETS. HIS FEARS ARE DISPELLED WHEN, BY THE AID OF A FRIENDLY LAMP, HE DISCOVERS IT TO PROCEED FROM A PARTY OF STREET NUISANCES, WHO ARE ADDING THEIR OWN TO THE OTHER VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Gods! what a scream! The ladies fainted away at the sight of Gus lying on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" shouted the head of the house, retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up.

The two young men promptly seized him and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself; how came you here?" were the questions put to him.

"Thieves! robbers! watch!" screamed all the young ladies.

"Stop your noise," shouted the old gentleman, as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus, "you have found me concealed under the sofa in a burglarious manner, but 'pon my soul, it was for a different purpose altogether."

He then gave a lucid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the old gentleman in a roar of laughter. The girl was called in to be questioned about the matter.

"I shall see now, at any rate, who I have been skylarking with," thought Gus, as her step was heard on the stairs.

A moment more, and a daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades, strode into the room. Such an apparition of darkness struck our hero dumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement; but a roar of laughter from all in the room restored his scattered senses, and he became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where's my hat?" he faintly ejaculated, as he rushed from the room.

Until sleep closed his eyes, did the roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when sound asleep, a vision of the "negress" flitted before him.

quietly along, listening to Bill's jokes and drolleries, when, on a sudden, the coach came in contact, with a huge stone in the run. Bill lost his equilibrium, and tumbled heels over head across the dasher, striking heavily upon the sod.

Bill arose to his feet, dug the gravel from his nostrils and ears, and commenced berating the driver for his carelessness in upsetting the coach, and thus endangering the lives of the passengers.

"Wot'n thunder yer doin'?" said Bill. "You mis'ble saw—ic—sawney: a knock—'ic—ockin' people's brains out'n this way?"



AFTER A NIGHT'S REST SOMEWHAT INTERRUPTED BY HIS DREAMS OF JERIMIAH, HE RISES EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND REFRESHES HIMSELF BY A RIDE ON HORSEBACK IN THE BOIS DE BOLOGNE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH, AND TO THE EFFECTUAL SHAKING UP OF HIS BONES.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.
Some weeks ago, we had occasion to journey a short distance in New Hampshire by stage, after leaving the railroad terminus. It chanced Bill P_____, a well known wag and punster of that religion, was one of the "outsiders" on the way up.

Bill is not a bad man, by any manner of means, but it is also well known that he will "partake," or "indulge," at times, and especially when travelling. On this occasion, he enjoyed the companionship of a mysterious black bottle, to which he turned his countenance so frequently, *en route*, that he even acknowledged himself, finally, a "leetle over the bay!" (the nigh horse by-the-bye, was a bay one, and Bill sat on the left side of the box!)

We were proceeding

quietly along, listening to Bill's jokes and drolleries, when,

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way?"



HE PURCHASES A PAIR OF GLOVES, WHICH THE PRETTY GRISETTE KINDLY PUTS ON FOR HIM, MAKING HIM FEEL AS HE EXPRESSES IT, AS "SKITTISH AS A FOUR YEAR OLD." HE IS SO PLEASED WITH THE OPERATION THAT HE IS IN GREAT DANGER OF EXHAUSTING ALL HIS FLOATING CAPITAL IN GLOVES, TO THE DETRIMENT OF HIS POCKET, AND HIS VOWS TO JERIMMA.

The driver informed him that the stage had *not* been overturned at all; and the passengers assured Bill that Jehu was right.

Our good-natured friend approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat outside.

"Didn't upset, d'ye say?"

"Not at all," replied the driver.

"Well—ic—if I'd a know'd that," said Bill, "I wouldn't ha' got off."

An Incident in a Railroad Car.

The parties are a lady of uncertain age, with a decided expression of pain on her features, otherwise quite pretty—her face tied up with a white handkerchief—and a little man in a snuff-colored coat, and a decidedly woolly style of countenance. Little man fidgets awhile, and then turns to the dame—

"Be you aluin' anything, ma'am!"

"Yes, sir, I have a toothache."

"Oh, toothache, have ye? Well, I know some thin' that'll do ye good."

"What is it, sir? I am suffering very much, and should like to know."

"Well, I forgit the name of it, but most anybody knows. Be you going to New Ycrk?"

"Yes, I am goin to New York."

"Oh! well! be ye? Well, you know Broadway? Yes!—well, go up Broadway till you come to a cross street—I forgit the name of the street, but you'll know when you get there; there's lots o' people going up and down it. Well, you turn up this street, and I forgit which side, but you'll see. You will see a 'pothecary's shop—you'll know it when you see it. There's a good many shops about there, but this is a large one. Then you must ask for—well. I forgit the name—but it's a powder. The 'pothecary, he'll know. It's dreadful strong—strong as ginger! You must mix the powder—they'll mix it for you; then you must take—well, I forgit how much—about a table-spoon, or a small bucket full and put it on here, (laying his hand on the pit of his

stomach) just as hot as you can possibly bear it."

"But, sir," said the lady, "I don't see how that is to help a toothache!"

"Oh! toothache you've got? Well, dear me, I forgot. To be sure—yes, well—but I thought you said stomach ache."

Samuel Patch still Lives.

I suppose it is generally known that Samuel Patch was a notorious diver. Enough to say, the last leap he took was off the Falls of Niagara, and he has never been heard of since, until the other day, Capt. E. Wentworth saw him in the South Sea.

"Why," says the Captain to him, "how on earth did you come to get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines!"

Says Sam, "I did not come on earth here, at all. But I come slap through it. In that ar Niagara dive I went so everlasting deep, I thought it was just as short as come up tother side, so out I come in these parts. If I don't take the shine off the sea-serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch."

The component parts of an editor are defined thus: The constitution of a horse, the obstinacy of a mule, the independence of a wood sawyer, the pertinacity of a dun, the endurance of a starving anaconda the impudence of a beggar, and he must be a moving target for everything, and to assist "busy-bodies" to pry into the business of their neighbors. If he does not come up to this description he is not thought a *good editor*.

The man who "took a walk" the other day, brought it back again; next day he "took a ride," and has not been heard from since.



HE IS STILL FURTHER FLUSTERED BY A PRETTY FLOWER GIRL, AND COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE TEMPTATIONS IN PARIS ARE AWFUL

Net Bed.

The Piscataquis Observer is responsible for the following:

A gentleman called at a hut in the Aroostook valley and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler, as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Moosehead Lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the Aroostook valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's going to do it—it's the cussed Indians."

The Iowa Sentinel of September 14th, thus apologizes for its typographical mistakes: "By neglect of our boys, several columns of our paper was left uncorrected."



HE IS STRUCK WITH THE NOVELTY OF A PERIPATETIC POST OFFICE, AND A PRETTY APPLICANT FOR A LETTER. JONATHAN SYMPATHISES IN HER DISAPPOINTMENT, AND IS STRONGLY TEMPTED TO ADDRESS ONE TO HER HIMSELF.

BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.—A St. Louis correspondent relates the following amusing incident, as having occurred there a few weeks ago:

One of Health's sprinkling wagons that used to dampen the streets of our city by water from a large reservoir, containing several hogsheads, was proceeding slowly down Fourth street, engaged in the laudable task of flooring the dust, when the attention of a raw Hoosier was attracted towards the singular looking vehicle.

"Hullo, stranger!" said he, addressing himself quite audibly to the driver, "you're losin' all your water thar."

No answer was made by the person addressed.

"I say, old boss," said the Hoosier, "you're losin' your water right smart thar, I tell you, and I'll be dug-on'd if your old tub wont be dry, next you know."

The driver was still silent, and the stranger again addressed John.

"Look here, you fool, don't you see somethin's broke loose in your old cistern upon wheels, and that all your water is leaking out."

Still the driver was silent, and the Hoosier turned away in disgust, saying—

"I'll allow that feller is a little the biggest fool I ever did see; but if he's so blind to his own interest as to throw his labor away in that manner, let him do it and be d——d!"



TO AVOID FURTHER TEMPTATION HE PROCEEDS TO THE CHAMP ELYSEES, AND REGALES HIMSELF WITH A GLASS OF LEMONADE, AT THE SAME TIME NEARLY DRIVING THE VENDOR MAD, BY HIS ENQUIRIES INTO THE MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE "DERNED QUERR MERCHEEN" FROM WHICH THE "STUFF" IS DRAWN.



HE CONCLUDES TO TAKE A RIDE ON THE FLYING HORSES, BUT FINDS IT ANYTHING BUT PLEASANT, AS IT RECALLS FORCIBLY TO HIS MIND HIS SENSATIONS ON BOARD OF SHIP. HE SHUTS HIS EYES AND BELLOWS TO THE MAN TO "PUT ON THE BRAKE."

A GOOD "SELL."—While the crusade against all hogdom and pigdom was at its height in this city, the following incident occurred:

Citizen.—"Well, Mr. Officer, do you think you've cleaned out all the hogs and hog sties in your beat?"

Officer.—"Yes, I reckon we've got 'em out pretty ~~borough~~."

C.—"I don't."

O.—"You don't? Why?"

C.—"Best reason in the world."

C.—"What's that, eh?"

C.—"Why, I can show you, in five minutes, if you'll go with me, a yard right on a public street, that's got mor'n a hundred pigs in it."

O.—"Stuff and nonsense! I know better than that!"

C.—"Oh! you do, do you? Will you step just up street here a ways and satisfy yourself?"

O.—"O yes! Drive ahead!"

So the citizen led the officer a brisk walk, up one street, down another, through a stove foundry, and at last into the foundry yard, where he very quietly but triumphantly pointed the incredulous officer to a corner of the enclosure, in which there were hundreds and hundreds of *pig*—of Scotch iron piled up! The "star" bravely acknowledged the sell, and the two adjourned to "take a little summut" to wash it down

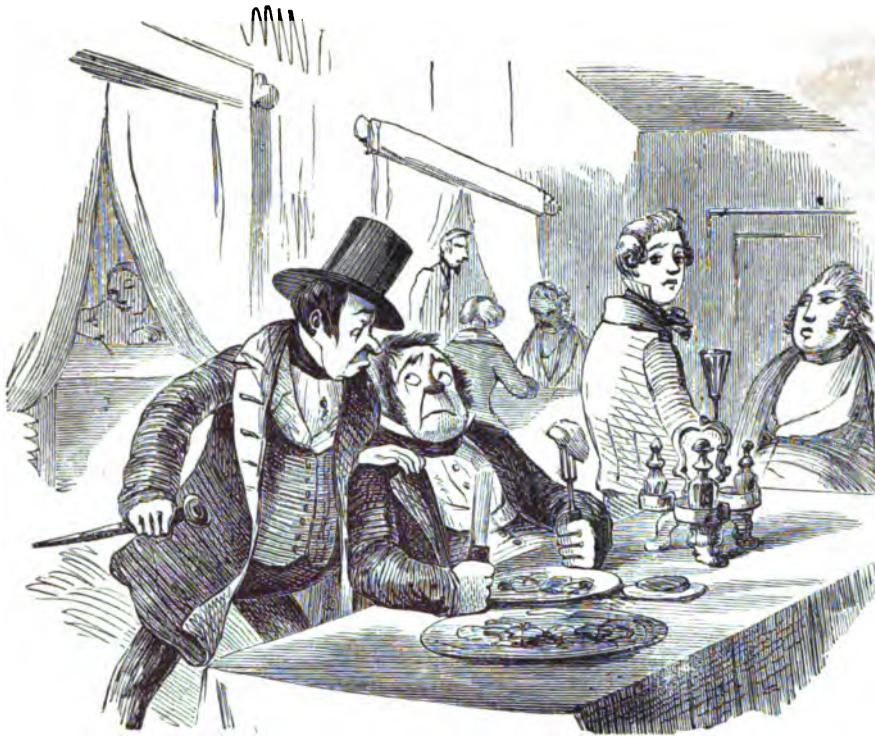
The following "cure for the gout" is taken from an old work:

"First—The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition. Second—He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. Third—He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous. Fourth—He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. Fifth—He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Sixth—Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow."



HAVING SEEN PRETTY MUCH ALL THE SIGHTS IN PARIS, HE PROCEEDS TO BUSSLES. ON THE JOURNEY HE IS AWAKENED FROM A DEEP SLEEP BY WHAT HE SUPPOSES TO BE A GHOST. IT PROVES TO BE THE "GUARD" OF THE TRAIN, WHO DEMANDS NOT HIS LIFE—BUT HIS TICKET.

(To be Continued.)



A Slight Mistake.

(*Mr. Ebenezer Toast-and-water overhears Mr. Stiggins call for "Porter" at an eating house. Both gentlemen are members of the Temperance Society.*)

TOAST-AND-WATER.—What! brother Stiggins calling for porter? For shame.

STIGGINS.—Porter! No, quite a mistake. Waiter, I say, waiter,—WATER, not porter. How stupid these waiters are.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Cale W. is well known as a practical joker. He prides himself upon his reputation, and loses no opportunity of adding to it. Innumerable are the tricks he has played upon travellers, and some of them have not been calculated to make his victims love him "as a man and a brother." Many have tried to get even with him, but few have succeeded,—among the few was Jack S., and the way in which he did it was in the manner following, to wit:

One day C. came to the city and ere he left, succeeded in playing a rather cruel joke upon Jack, in which the latter suffered to the tune of about seventy-five dollars. Jack grinned and bore it, paid up like a man, but inwardly determined upon playing a return match which would put him at least even, if not a point or so—a-head.

Jack quietly bided his time till on a certain Thursday he met his friend in the city, at the house of a celebrated caterer to the spiritual wants of a thirsty public. They chatted together, laughed together over the old joke, drank together, and finally parted to meet again on the following Saturday. The appointment was kept; again they chatted together, laughed together over the sell, and after taking "one-more-for-the-last," separated—W. to meet an engagement he had in Wall Street, and Jack to the stable where his horse-flesh was taken in and done for, for a stipulated sum per week.

The vehicle was got out, the horse was attached, and off posted Jack to the country residence of W., where he knew he should find his wife, a lady of a certain age, remarkable for her plain speaking, and the assumption of the bifurcated garments of her better half. Jack drove up to the house and encountered the afore-mentioned lady upon the verandah, mop in hand.

"Is Mr. W. at home?" enquired Jack.

"No, he is not," replied the lady, "he has gone to the city."

"Indeed! very sorry—wanted to see him most par-

ticularly. However, perhaps Mrs. W. will answer the same purpose; is she at home?"

"Yes sir," answered the lady with the mop, "I am Mrs. W."

"You!" exclaimed Jack, showing incredulity in every lineament of his face. "Pardon me madam, but that cannot be possible."

"Not possible sir," said the lady, giving the mop an energetic twirl, "not possible! but I tell you, sir, I am Mrs. W."

"Pardon me, madam, but I must have made a mistake.—is this Mr. C. W.'s house? I wish to see Mr. C. W., and not his brother; this cannot be his house."

"Oh yea, sir," and the mop was twirled with greater energy than before, "this is Mr. C. W.'s house and I am Mrs. C. W."

"Well," exclaimed Jack, looking very much bothered, "this is certainly very strange. I thought I knew Mrs. C. W."

"I don't know how you should think that," said the lady, "when I never saw you, to my remembrance, before in my life."

"That," replied Jack, "may be very true.—I dare say it is, for you are not certainly the lady who was introduced to

me, by Mr. W. on Broadway a few days ago, as Mrs. W."

"WHAT!" fairly screamed the lady, the mop performing at least sixty revolutions a minute, "what?"

"I say," Jack went on with the most imperturbable gravity, "that you are not the lady to whom I was introduced on Broadway, a few days ago, by Mr. W., as his wife."

"His wife, the villain! When? what day was this—what



Characteristic.

SCENE—Stage-Coach.

GERMAN, (wishing to be social,) observes some cigar ashes on Englishman's vest and a spark on his collar, so calls his attention to it.

ENGLISHMAN.—"Why the deuce can't you leave me alone? Your coat tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."



An Equivocal Compliment.

FASHIONABLE, FAT AND FOREIGN YOUNG LADY, (*at piano forte*)—*My deah sah, vich of de great artists you tink I resembe most? Jenny Lind, Albion, or vich?*

INDIFFERENT YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—*I should think Grisi [Greasy] most, madam.*

day? His wife indeed!"

"What day? let me see," said Jack, pretending to ponder very thoughtfully, "let me see. It must have been on Thursday last; yes, it was on Thursday."

"On Thursday, oh!" and the lady's face began to assume a formidable aspect, "yes, he was in New York on Thursday, and he told me he went in to sell the bay colt. I'll colt him, the villain."

"Can you tell me sir," she went on, trying to appear calm, but showing in her face the evidences of a feeling that argued anything but pleasantly to the supposed false one, "Can you tell me, sir, how this lady was dressed, and what sort of a looking woman she was."

"Oh, certainly, madam. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman, light hair, blue eyes, tall, full, round figure, a small hand, very delicate mouth and teeth like pearls,—a very beautiful woman,—and she was dressed neatly and elegantly. She had on, as near as I can remember, a black silk dress with several flounces, a very elegant bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and wore a very heavy gold watch and chain, with a diamond cluster brooch. Do you know her madame?"

"Know her?" said the now almost frantic woman, still making an effort to choke down her strong indignation.—"Know her? no sir. I do *not* know her, but I *will*. I'll know her. Silk dress, indeed, blue eyes, round form, gold watch, diamond pin! The woman is an impostor, sir, and Mr. W. will hear of this. Silk dress, indeed, sir. I am Mrs. W.; I am Mr. C. W.'s lawfully-wedded wife, and an honest woman, sir. I don't walk on Broadway with a silk dress, gold watch, and diamond pin;—not I. Mr. W. can't afford such luxuries for me. I never *had* a silk dress, no, nor a gold watch, and as for a diamond pin!—oh, but I'll see about this; wait, sir, till Mr. W. returns. I shall certainly have a little conversation with him.

"Really," said Jack, stammering and looking quite confused, "really I am very sorry that I mentioned the subject. I—I assure you that—that—I had no idea of creating any domestic difficulty, and am sorry that I should have said anything to cause you any unpleasant feelings. Good day, madame," and away went Jack, "down the road," leaving the lady to her mop and the end of sweet and bitter fancies, while he indulged in pleasing anticipations of the warm reception his friend would meet with when he returned to the bosom of his family.

Jack drove down the road but a short distance, to a roadside inn, where putting up his horse under the shed, he "cut across lots" and taking up a position in the orchard near W.'s house, waited his return and the bursting of the consequent storm.

He did not have to wait long. W. soon drove up in great style to the door of his house, and flinging the reins to the black stable boy, rubbed his hands, stretched his limbs, and entered the house.

Jack, lying *perdu* quietly, waited the denouement which he rightly guessed would not be long delayed, for in a few moments he saw the door open: a hat flew out, followed by W.'s head, then W. A broom next made its appearance, followed by Mrs. W. In a moment broom and W.'s head were in contact; away went W. down the garden path, Mrs. W. in close pursuit, and the intimacy between W.'s head and shoulders and the broom growing continually.

Gold watch, eh!—whack. Diamond pin!—whack. Silk dresses! oh yes!—whack. Your wife, eh?—whack. Flounces!—whack. Round form!—whack. Blue eyes, eh!—whack—whack, till poor W. was driven into a corner and received the reward of merit over the head and shoulders till the broom was nearly worn out and Mrs. W.'s strength quite so.

"Take *that!* you villain," she exclaimed in a voice like the scream of a steam whistle, as she united all her energies in one final whack, "take that, and go to your other Mrs. W. You don't come into the same house with me again, unless you come in as a burglar, I can tell you;" and Mrs. W. marched into the house, locking the door after her.

W. gathered himself up and rubbing his shoulders, walked up to the house in search of his hat, which having found, he stood surveying the premises. At this moment Jack made his appearance.

W. saw the sell and advancing to him gave utterance to a fragment of his wrath. He saw it all. Meanwhile Jack jumped the fence to avoid the missiles which W. was gathering, and after adding insult to injury by politely asking "Who's sold *now?*" was off down the road with a loud ha! ha! while W. returned to the stable a sadder if not a wiser man.

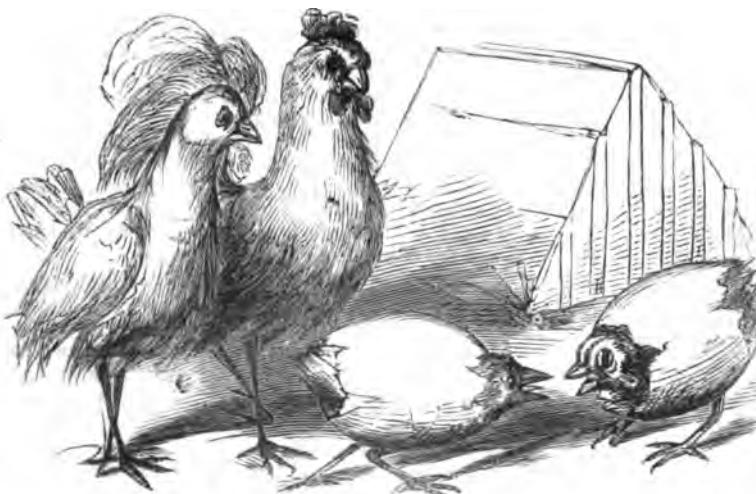
W. kept quiet for some time after this, but if you want to bring him up all standing, even now, just whisper "diamond pin" in his ear, and his dander rises.

A gentleman out west advertises that he has a copartnership with himself, for the purpose of earning an honest living, and calls the attention of the public to the new business firm.



Questionable.

Sir; Can you tell me whether the Fall River Line goes in the Winter?



**Parental Solitude,
OR
The early developement of Pugnacious Propensities.**

A Flirtation.

"What flirts all you men are," said she. "But oh my sakes! aint that tree lovely? just one mass of flowers.—Hold me up, please, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple-tree. Oh, dear! how sweet it smells."

"Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nose-gay.

"Don't hold me so high, please. There, smell that, aint it beautiful? I hope I aint a showin' of my ankles."

"Lucy, how my heart beats," says I; and it did, too, it thundered like a sledge hammer; I actilly thought it would have torn my waistcoat buttons off. "Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a biler; for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe, it is as much as one's—"

"Don't be silly," said she, larfin', "or I'll get down this minit. No," said she, "I don't hear it beat; I don't believe you've got any heart at all."

"There," said I, bringin' her a little farther forward, "don't you hear it now? Listen."

"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin', and she larfed like anythin'; "I thought so."

"You havn't got no heart at all, have you?" sez I.

"It never has been tried yet," said she; "I hardly know whether I have or not."

"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not."

"Yes it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes it is just the right place, just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it, "where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But, hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Aint it provokin'? that gal fairly haunts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."

"I'll lift her up to the tree, too," says I, "if you like; and then—"

"Oh, no!" said she, "it aint worth while, I don't care what she says or thinks one slap of my finger."

An Original Anecdote.

The Portland Argus relates that Capt. K., a shrewd steam boat captain from the State of Maine, caught a 'Jeremy Diddler' on board his boat one day, as he was making from Boston to 'down east,' and pinned him up in good style. It seems the fellow laid a traverse to get clear of paying his fare, and insisted to the clerk that he had paid but lost his ticket.

'Whom did you pay?' asked the clerk.

He rather guessed it was the captain; so K. was summoned to the conference.

"Oh, yea, yes, said Capt. K., 'it appears to me I do recollect. Let me see, you gave me a five dollar bill?'

"Yes," says the Diddler, 'I did.'

'And I gave you change in half dollars, didn't I?' (The fare was only half a dollar—competition was high.)

'Yes,' says Jeremy, 'that's it—I recollect it perfectly.'

'Very well,' says Capt. K., 'I won't dispute your word for anything—but if you please, I should like to see the halves.'

The fellow was tripped when he least expected it. He could not produce the halves, and had to fork out his fare.

The Importance of Written Medical Prescriptions.

Some few years ago, a well-known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and as he was leaving the room said, "Oh, cheer up!

Mr. Jones; I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you all right again. I want to find your wife." To the latter, whom he met on the stairs, he said, "Mrs. Jones, I'll be back here again very shortly, and meanwhile make your husband a large bowl of poppy-head tea."

The wife of the sick man was a German woman, and did not exactly understand what was ordered. In the evening, when the doctor returned, he asked—

"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure I have doctor."

"Well, and how does it operate?"

"Operate, sir? I can't tell; but I'm sure Sam will kill me when he gets well."

"How, kill you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"

"Because, Doctor, he's been offered two guineas a-piece for them puppies and I know he wants the money."

"Puppies, woman," replied the astonished doctor; "what have you been giving your husband?"

"Puppy-head tea," replied the woman.

"Puppy-head tea! I told you poppy-head tea," and the doctor rushed from his patient, who by the way got well, and after a while forgave his wife, and never the doctor.

"Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation around the axletree of your understanding a few minutes this evening?" The lady fainted.

"Mother, this book tells about the 'angry waves of the ocean,' now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."



A Steam Boat Landing.



The Stingiest Man on Record.

HANS VON SPIGEN is notorious in the upper portion of the State of New York for the excellent quality of his cider, and he is furthermore notorious for being the meanest, stingiest Dutchman that ever visited those parts. He never was known to give a living soul one drop of his delicious beverage.

Now, at the time of the following occurrence, John B.—visited the town, and, hearing of the excellent quality of Hans' cider, rode over to his farm one morning, when the following conversation took place:—

"Good morning, Hans!"
"Goet mornings, Zhon!"
"Hans, you have a fine orchard!"
"Oh yes, goot orchart!"
"Fine press, that of yours!"
"Yes, vine bress, vine orchart!"
"Hans, I hear that your cider is the best in the country."
"Zhon"—to his son—"go down and draw a muck of citer."

John brought up the desired mug, and Hans drained it to the bottom, then turned round to the astonished B., and said: "If you don't believe dat's goot citer, just SMELL de mug!"

Poor B. mounted his horse and rode away, fully convinced that Hans Von Spigen was the meanest Dutchman on record.

THE CATTLE SHOW.—Mr. J. B. Sass sends us the following effusion, in which he gives a pleasing account of the late Exhibition of the Agricultural Society:

kum list tu me, A minnate,
wile i a song, begin It;—
its awl Abowt the dedham kattel show,
(&, gude Lord! wat a Time it was, you Know!)
grate Thanks & praises loud Are due,
in mistur kies & Mister wilder, Too;—
with ready Hands and willin harts, in the Wurk they Went,
on It, no time, nor labur did they Spare, nor e'n A cent;
the wun Is *secretary* of the Konsam, ye see
its *president* As I sed Afore, is Marshall P.
skeerely Had the kock his Krown dune,
wen On tuesday morning, Wun by wun,
in Kam the kuntry Yanks—so too Thar sweet harts—
sum On foot, sum in Gigs & sum in Karts.
tucker, Too, kum rattlin Down,
his kars, Brimfull, from walpole Town;—
so hawking, boyd, & kinball, [a jolly Trio thay!]—
kum boomin up from Gude old boston way.
in a Trice, the town Filled up, in Sooth did i,
for i Tuck breakfast with howe & Son, on cheese and apple pie;
& then Awl 3, we started Oif, arm-in-arm,
tu see The produkts of The dairy & the farm.
the appels, Purrs & plums did Luk delightful,
& I Longed to git Bitefull;—
but a feller, With a badge, sed t'was agin The rule,
"Well, well!" sezzes I, "you, nedn't make a fuss, you Fool!"
& mistur howe he larfed—and so did allen,

to see The struttin hero so Chop-fallen.
the kattel, Kows, pigs, & Uther swine,
[altho' i say thay don't kompare with mine,]
made quite A show as they Wallered in the pena,
so also Did the fowls, Turkies, & Dorking hens.
[but in This conneckshun, I would menshun,
that the greatest *Hog* that Tuk my attenshun,
was old joe brown—& the biggest *Calf*
was deborah's titcomb hen, by Mor'n wun half!]
the services in the meetin house, nex Dey,
was fare Tu middlin, [so Tu say,]—
the *carmin*, though, Was distressin dull, —t'was too Long-winded.

twice i Rose tu leave, but sumthin hindered;—
the parson Was determined that Wat he lacked in *strength*,
he'd make Up, at awl Events in *length*.

john wright, The katerer, sett up the Dinner tabel,
& did as Well as he was Abel,—

[more, Sartingly, need not Bee said,
for of john's Gude cheer, who Hasn't read?]

i hore Wud close, but Wait a minite,
for This varse, tho' larst, Has sumthin in it;—
sed mistur kies, arter dinner We had got Thro,
"here's a Thing that'll interest i & you:

a little Miss, [her name is mary,]
has done The thing extraordingly;
her father's Socks she's been Darning,
[wat, i Fear, few girls are Larning,—
a prize Of 2 dollars, i wud therfore award Her,
for puttin The Socks into such perfeekt gude Order."



Circumstances alters Cases.

Boy.—Do you want a dog skin?

TANNER.—Was it a fat dog.

Boy.—Oh yes, he was a fat dog.

TANNER.—Was he very fat!

Boy.—Oh yes sir, he was werry fat.

TANNER.—Very fat, eh? How fat was he?

Boy.—Well, he was the fattest dog I ever see.

TANNER.—Oh if he was so very fat, his skin is not good.

Boy.—Well, he wasn't sich an almighty fat dog after all.

**Hypercritical.**

TAILOR.—Well, sir, what do you think of the fit. Can you suggest any alterations?

SWELL.—Why aw, don't know, perhaps—aw, you could make it a little longer.

Practical Preaching.

We have heard of various specimens of negro eloquence in our time, but never actually listened to an illustration till yesterday. Dropping in to an African meeting house in the outskirts of the city we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sable divine thus illustrated his argument:—

Bredren, when I was in Virginny one day de ole woman's kitchen table got broke, an' I was sent into de woods to cut a tree, to make a new leaf for it. So I took de axe on de shoulder and I wander into de depths of de forest. All nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple trees, like new quarter dollars in de miss.onary box, de sun shone as brilliant and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell round de ole ram's neck tinkled softly and musical-ly in de distance. I spied a tree suitable for de purpose and I raise de axe to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree! De branches reach to de four corners of de earth, and raise up high to de air above, and de squirrels hop about in de limbs like little angels flopping deir wings in de kingdom ob heaven. Dat tree was full ob promise, my friends, jest like a great many of you.

Den I cut into de trunk, and make de chips fly like de scales dropping from Paul's eyes. Two, three cut I give dat tree, and like, alas, it was holler in de but!

Dat tree was much you, my friends—full of promise outside but holler in de but!"

The groans from the amen corner of the room were truly contrite and affecting, but we will venture a small wager that that was the most practical sermon preached in the city on that day at least.

A VERY LIKELY CASE.—A Western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, advised him, when news was scarce, to read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be "new" to him.

Interior Entertainments.

A gentleman away off in Arkansas, who has been stopping at a cross-road tavern about two weeks to recover his health, writes to a friend, concerning the manner in which "hotel affairs" are conducted. He says:

The regulations of the house are written in a bold round hand, and tacked on the door of each bed room. The rules are rigidly enforced, and the slightest deviation is met with the penalty. Here they are:

1. Gentlemen will black their boots before leaving their rooms or they will not be admitted to the table without an extra charge of a bit a meal.

2. Gentlemen going to bed with their boots on will be fined a quarter for the first offence, four bits for the second and turned out and sued for their board for the third—the landlord holding on to the plunder.

3. No person allowed to call twice for the same dish, without paying an extra bit.

4. Gentlemen not on hand at meal time, can't come to the table without paying an extra bit.

5. Any gentleman found going to the ladies' rooms will be fined five dollars, and perhaps turned out if the case is aggravating.

6. All travellers are expected to treat before leaving the house—the landlord holding on to the plunder until he comes out.

7. Loud snoring not allowed, and a fine of a bit for every offence.

8. Country soap for washing given free—a bit a week for town soap.

9. A half dime will be charged for the privilege of the back porch on shady afternoons.

10. Liquors with white sugar a bit a drink, with common sugar five cents.

11. The landlord trusts that his boarders will observe the above rules and say nothing, or means will be taken to see that they do.

**Fashion.**

LITTLE GIRL.—Madame, your shawl is dragging in the mud.

LADY.—Well, you little hussy, suppose it is, isn't it the fashion.



The Candidate.

I.

A worthy Cit, whose name was Brown,
Bethought himself one day,
That every lane must have its turn,
And every dog his day.
So to himself, at once he said
Methinks I'll try my fate,
And for some office and the spoils,
I'll be a candidate.

II.

Ha! ha! he laughed, Brown stock shall rise,
I will raise a public clamour,
When B-R-O-W-N,
Shall grace a mammoth banner.
My name shall be in every eye,
And every tongue shall speak it,
And fame herself shall burst her cheeks,
As through her trump she'll squeak it.

III.

He told his wife, and from her face
Quick vanished every frown,
She smiled to think that soon she'd be
The "Hon'ble Mrs. Brown.
The little Browns all ceased their play,
And said that they expected
"No longer petticoats to wear,
But pants—when "PA'S" elected."

IV.

So Mr. Brown, he went at once
To the sovereigns of the nation,
And soon persuaded them that he
Should have the nomination.
And quick his name on every wall,
On fence, on post, through town,
In mammoth capitals was seen,
Till all was Brown! *Brown!! Brown!!*

V.

This made Brown happy, but "alas
Who can control his fate"—
He'd yet to learn the trials of one
Who is a candidate.
Reports were soon abroad that he
Had "took what wasn't his 'en,
And that, at one time of his life,
He'd spent some years in prison.

VI.

One party swore, his marriage bed
Had ne'er been blessed by parson,
Another one could easy prove
He'd once committed arson.
A fourth knew him a murderer—
This raised at once a robbery—
A fifth could swear that he besides
Had done a highway robbery.

VII.

The Natives said that he was born
In Ireland's Isle so green,
While others said in Hindostan,
The light he first had seen.
Adopted cits quite the reverse,
A "KNOW NOTHING" him did call,
And one man bet that he could prove
He wasn't born at all.

VIII.

Brown bore it well, but t'was no use
He fell beneath these shocks,
He couldn't steer his bark at all
Among so many rocks.
So beaten, drove half mad with rage—
He hung himself at sun down.
Left Mrs. B. a widow, and—
Was regularly *done* BROWN.



A Broad Hat.

SAM.—*You didn't stay long at Squire Jones's last night.*

ZEE.—*No he gave me a hint to go.*

SAM.—*What sort of a hint?*

ZEE.—*Why he gave me my hat, opened the door and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I began to think I wasn't wanted—and so—I took the hint and left.*

A Western Wedding Fee.

A minister settled in one of our frontier Western villages, in which the primitive manners of a pioneer life had not been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, was seated in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the head's of his to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the door.

The visitors proved to be a tall, gawkey, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, attired in a dress of stout calico, which, from the frequent and complacent glances toward it by the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister, politely.

"Much ob'eeged square, I don't know but we will. I say you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsy and me—that's Betsy, a first rate sort of a girl, anyhow—"

"Oh, Jotham," simpere i the bashful Betsy.

"You are now, and you needn't go far to deny it. Well, Betsy and me have concluded to hitch teams, that's all, and we won't you to do it."

"You wish to be married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before you begin, I t's know what's going to be the damage, I reckon tisn't best to go it blind."

"Oh, I never set any price; I take whatever they give me."

"Well, that's all right; go ahead, minister, if you please, we're in somethin' of a hurry, as Joe's got to finish planting the potatoe patch afore night, and Betsy, she's got to fetch the butter."

Thus abjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few moments.

"Kiss me, Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom.—"You're my old woman, now. Ain't it nice?"

"First rate," was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk," said Jotham, as he left his bride abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the wagon had been left.

"What's your husband gone out for?" asked the minister, somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's the sausages," was the confused rep'y.

Just then Jotham made his appearance, dangling in his hand a tin pail full of the sausages, which he handed to the minister, with the grin of one conferring a favor.

"We hain't got much money," said he, "and so we thought we'd pay you in sausages. Mother made 'em, and I reckon they are good. If they ain't, jest you send 'em back, and we'll send you some more."

The minister expressed a gratitude which he was far from feeling—"sausages" being far from a favorite dish with him, and the happy couple withdrew, supposing that they had done everything in order.

The minister has since made it a rule, to exclude "sausages" from the list of articles he is willing to receive as wedding fees.

A swell clerk from the city of New York, who was spending an evening in a country tavern, cast about him for some amusement. Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer:

"I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest shall take the whole and treat the company."

"I'll do it," said an old farmer.

The cockney dropped in a quarter, the countryman followed with a bungtown copper.

"Go on," said the cockney.

"I won't," said the farmer, "take the whole, and treat the company."

A lady, passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:

"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, 3s. 6d.; short tails, 2s." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason of the difference of the price. He answered, "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented that they can hardly eat at all."—This was the long and short of the matter, and the lady was satisfied.



A state of things to be guarded against in windy weather by gentlemen who adopt the new-fashioned long-skirted coat.



The Bulls and Bears of Wall Street.

Speculating in Erie.

I have done it! Done what? Why sold out my Erie—realized, as the brokers and speculators would say. I had idealized long enough. Bought at 80, and dreamed of par, or, according to the knowing ones, 120 in less than two years; at any rate a good investment, regular dividends at 8 per cent per annum, which at 80 would be just 10 per cent. Went home elated. Stuck the certificate in the India-rubber band, saying, "regular dividend of 8 per cent and a large margin for a rise." Felt vertically elongated. Next morning rose early. Thought the newspaper carrier uncommonly late—he always is late when important news is expected. At last he came. Took the paper out of his hand, and turned to the stock list:—Erie, last sales \$1. Good! She goes up—a hundred and twenty in less than two years!

Went out and met Mordecai Ben Jezreen, the Jew broker from Amsterdam. What do you think of Erie? "Oh, it is goot—great roat, wide guage—makesh five hundred dousand a month. It vill pe par in vone year." Good again, thought I, a Jew never mistakes in money matters. Abraham was the very first man who made a cash bargain. He bought a grave of the sons of Heth, and weighed out the silver for it. His posterity from that very day quit land speculations and went into stocks. Jew knows. "Par in one year," Mordecai says.

Walked down to Wall street; went clear through from Trinity to the East River. Overheard all sorts of commercial and monetary terms: dollars—cash on time—short—fall—margin—tight—operators for a rise—[thought that good]—interest principal—bear—bull, &c., &c.

Went home and waited for the evening paper. It came about 4 o'clock. Looked at the stock list. Erie 78. Ehue! What is the matter? "Arrival of the Baltic." Bank of England short of coin. Erie therefore down to 78. Railroad riot at Erie, Pa. Track torn up—travel interrupted. Peanuts, pies and gingerbread! Loss of at least \$25,000 to the company. Erie goes down to 73. Think of selling out, but can't afford to lose \$7 on each share; that would be \$210 dead loss on 30 shares. Advised to hold on. Difficulty soon over. Touched bottom. Conclude to hold on a few days longer.

Next morning telegraphic despatch from Halifax brings a week's later news from Europe. "Position of Austria and Prussia still doubtful." Erie goes to 70. Won't look at the stock list for a week.

Looked at stock list next morning. Erie down to 67.—Thunder! where is the thing going to? Took the certificate out of the india-rubber band, and walked right down to Wall street, determined to realize. Met a bull; he said I had better hold on. Changed my mind, went home, and put the certificate in the india-rubber band. Looked at the stock list that afternoon. Erie advanced 1. Good! The tide has turned. Conclude to sell out at 85. Several weeks go by and Erie hangs at 68.

"Arrival of the Atlantic." Lord Raglan had said in Parliament that men yet unborn would shoulder their muskets in the present war. Erie went down to 65. Began to feel mad. Talked with an old friend worth a half million, all in bonds and mortgages except ten shares of Erie. Told me to put it away and think nothing about it till it reached par. That was the way he did. He wondered that I, who had nothing in the world but thirty shares of Erie, should be so annoyed about it. Took his advice as far as I could. Put it away but thought of it ten hours out of every twelve. A week passed.—Schuyler fraud fell like a thousand bombs, or hissed like a million fiery flying serpents in Wall street. Erie went down, down, down to 50. Murder! Why didn't I sell it at 60, 65, 71? Why did I buy at all? Because, in imagination at least,

All the demon made his full descent,
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.

That's why. Well, after all, 50 is a round sum, and just half way to par. It looks as if it would stop at 50. At any rate,



Violating a City Ordinance.

When Colonel W. was Mayor of Milwaukee, and Hans C. was his "right bower," the two met upon the sidewalk one day.

"Colonel," said Hans, "it is too bad for you, a Mayor of the city, to live in daily violation of a city ordinance."

"Why—how—what," said the Colonel, "what ordinance have I violated?"

"Why, here you are," replied Hans, "going around projecting more than five feet over the sidewalk."



Removing a Cause.

MOTHER.—*Mary, you were a naughty girl this morning, and did not learn your lesson. You won't be naughty again will you.*

MARY.—*No, Ma, I cannot be naughty again, 'cause I burned the nasty book that made me naughty.*

can't think of selling out now, should lose just \$900 by the operation. Watched the stock list eagerly as ever. Not satisfied to wait for the morning and evening papers, must go into Wall street and read the list on the brokers' books.—Erie stands about 50. Good! the crisis has reached a focus. Think of selling out at 50, to bring down the average. Tell it to a friend. "Don't do it, my dear sir; don't do it." Took his advice. Next day a panic. Income bonds due in February. Who didn't know that before? Erie down to 47. Scared outright. Went home and took the certificate out of the india-rubber band, and ran down to Wall street. Out of breath. "Sell—me—that—for—cash." "Any limit, sir?" "No—cash." In two hours I had the stuff for thirty shares at 43. Went home, knocked a brick out of the wall and deposited. I did it. Fact!

Triumph of a Travelling Mesmerist.

THE author of "Sam Slick" observes in the course of a work he has just published, that the trials to which travelling mesmerists are put in America are at times humiliating enough, albeit they afford infinite sport to the unbelievers.

One poor fellow, on arriving at a town near Detroit to lecture, was surrounded by several citizens, who told him there was a rheumatic patient up stairs who must be cured, or he himself would be escorted out of town astride of a rail, without the accompanying ceremonies. We had best give the rest of the story as it was related by the disciple of Mesmer himself;

"Up stairs I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you, first at being thought a humbug, and next that my individual share of the American eagle should be compelled into a measure, by thunder!—I'd gin them fight, if it had not been for the science, which would have suffered anyhow, so I jest said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could have mesmerized a horse, and I determined, whatever the case might be I'd make it squeal, by thunder!"

"Here he is," said they, and in we all bundled into a room,

gathering around a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie knife at the same time. "That's your man" said he. Well, there lay a miserable looking critter, with his eyes set and mouth open, and his jaws got wider and wider as he saw the crowd and the bowie knife, I tell you! "That's the idea," said old Big Inglin.

"Rise up in that bed," said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadfully, for he jumped on eends, as if he'd just got a streak of galvanic.

"Get out on this floor," said I, with a wus look, and I wish I may be shot if out he did'n come, lookin' wild I tell ye!

"Now cut dirt, drot you!" screamed I, and Jehu Gineral Jackson! if he didn't make straight for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they came, and perhaps there wasn't the orfullest stamped down three pair of stairs that ever occurred in Michigan!

Down cum old rheumatiz through the bar-room, out I cut after him; over went the stove in the rush after both of us. I chased him round two squares in the snow, then headed him off, and chased him back to the hotel agin, where he landed in a fine sweat, begged for his life, and said he'd give up the property!

Well, I wish I may be shot if he wasn't a feller they were offerin' a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself, cured of his rheumatiz—run it right out of him; delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and established the science, by thunder!

Precocity.

Speaking of smart young ones, Newburyport can just take them all. At an infant school, last week, the services opened as follows:—

Teacher.—"Now children, you must all be good and no tell wrong stories, for God always punishes those who tell lies."

Scholar.—(Three years old.)—"Oh! Mith!—what a lie that ith! I told the biggeth lie t'other day, and Dod never touched me!"

The moral of which is, that speculative truths ought always to be administered to children with a due regard to their limited idea of the use of language.



A Bad State.

Mrs. MUGGINS.—*How's your husband, dear?*

Mrs. WIGGINS.—*Oh, he's in a bad state.*

Mrs. M.—*What state, pray.*

Mrs. W.—*Why, the STATE PRISON.*



Political Shaving.

JONATHAN.—Wait your turn gentlemen, I'll shave you all in time. You can't be too barefaced for Politicians, I'll fix you all off presently. I've got the Know Nothing by the nose now, and you all have to stand on one side for him you know. More soap Sam.

Pigs and Dutch Babies.

At the Agricultural fair the other day, we observed an incident that is worth narrating:—Among the animal curiosities on exhibition were a pair of Chinese pigs, which attracted considerable attention on account of their plumpness and beautiful proportions. They are but small when full grown, of a pretty flesh color, and the absence of bristles or hair renders them as little swinish as possible.

Around them were gathered a group of criticising observers, among whom was a comfortable-looking dame from the country, who, as she scanned them through her copper-framed spectacles, as they lay pig fashion, heads and points together asked an Irishman who was reading the last number of the *Freeman's Journal*,

"What kind of critters is them air, Mister?" pointing at them meanwhile with a dingy brown parasol.

"Them is jist like Dutch babies, so they are, ma'am, and I lave it to yeas all"—addressing the crowd—"if yeas can give a rayson for that same."

"You go 'long," rejoined the old lady, "there ain't no reason why they are like Dutch babies at all."

"Be me sowl an' there is," answered Pat, as he folded the journal and consigned it to his pocket, "they're just exactly, for all the wurruld like them."

The old lady grew indignant.

"Maybe it's because they get weared on lager beer," suggested a newsboy with an armful of *Yankee Notions*, and consequently a knowing look.

"No, 'taint that, nayther," said Pat, "although, be jabers, you ain't slow at a guess."

"Arrah tell 'em Pat, at wonst, an' be done wid it," said another Irishman, "sure it's a good rayson ye must have or ye wouldn't be afther saying it."

"Yees wants to know why thim pigs is like Dutch babies, do yeas?" asked Pat.

"Yes, yes," said the crowd.

"Well thin, yees admit that whin a pig grows up he gets to be a hog, don't yeas?"

"Yes, sartain," replied all.

"Well, be the whiskers of Moses' dog, and so does a Dutch baby?"

A RICH SCENE.—A couple of Tennessee girls came on board the steamer at the town of Nashville. They evidently were making their first trip on a steamboat. The oldest one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of an opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the oldest, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on the plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table—"Sal, dip into the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em." This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, when they left the boat all hands gave three cheers for the girls of Tennessee.

A SCHOOLBOY'S ASPIRATION.—O! how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could be always playing.



Gentlemen, shew your Tickets!

Monsieur Ponpon resides in a pleasant cottage in Hoboken, and enjoys the utmost extent of happiness in all his domestic relations, which is only alloyed by a certain degree of acerbity in his temper which required all his efforts to overcome. Ponpon does business in New York, so that every morning after his coffee and toast are duly discussed, and Madame Ponpon and the little Ponpons affectionately kissed, he wends his diurnal journey to the ferry.

One morning Monsieur P. who is a commuter, unfortunately left his ticket at home, and the astute German who receives the fare stopped him short with the abrupt remark—

"Hullo here Mister! you shust can't pass mitout you show your ticket."

"Wat you say, mine friend," said Ponpon "can't pass viz-out ze teekit?"

"Yaw; you shust come right back mitout you got a ticket."

"Diable! But I have left at home mine teekit."

"Dat makes me no teeference, you shust goes home and brings it."

Ponpon was awfully irritated for he was late that morning, and his pockets were entirely bare of change to pay his fare; so back he was compelled to trudge. Having reached the house and hunted up the forgotten slip of pasteboard, the services of Madame P. were called into requisition, and it was securely sewed fast to the seat of his pantaloons. He then sailed back to the ferry house, chuckling in anticipation of the joke he intended playing upon the near-sighted ferry master.

When he reached the spot he was again asked for his ticket, and assured that he could not be permitted to pass without it. Ponpon instantly

threw himself upon all fours in the most approved manner, as our artist has graphically portrayed the scene, and backing up his posteriors in close proximity to the ferry master's spectacles, curtly remarked, amid a group of ladies and gentlemen—

"Begar, you want to see ze teekit; now read ze teekit two tree timea, begar. Zen you know ze teekit ven you see him again."

The roar of laughter that greeted the discomfitted toll taker were absolutely uproarious—they fairly shook the old ferry house on its moorings.

ARKANSAS GIRLS.—The Memphis Express tells the following story of a friend of the editor's who went over into Arkansas recently, to attend a 'break down,' that is a dance:

"The ladies, upon the occasion, were arrayed in their best, with all the gay colors that an uncultivated taste could suggest. The gentlemen were dressed in home-spun clothes, and none but our friend had broadcloth on his back. During the evening, sweet potatoes of an enormous size, roasted in the ashes, were handed round to the company, together with a handful of salt for each guest. A beautiful young lady soon became smitten with our friend (perhaps with his magnificent moustachas,) and resolved to dance with him. She therefore turned to a friend, and addressed her in these words:

"Sal, hold my tater, while I trot round with

that nice hoss what's got on store clothes."

Our friend was clinched accordingly; he could not extricate himself from the grip of the rustic beauty, and was obliged to 'trot round' after her for one mortal hour before he could obtain a respite from his labors. He made his escape the first opportunity, resolving that he would never again go to an Arkansas break down."

THE following is a specimen of exlent fonografi:

"Ol Grimes ces ded, that gudol sole, wenere shalsey imore; E uzd 2 ware anole gra cote, oil but n'doun b 4.



HOME MANUFACTURES, OR WHAT MANTUA MAKERS AND TAILORS ARE ACCOUNTABLE FOR

A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

Jeewolikins ! heow time flys ! It don't 'pear more'n a mitey short spell since I writ a partin' word for " Yankee Notions," Volum 2, and now I'm brought up all standin'-like a mad bull agin a stone wall—at the butt eend of Volum 3, and, looking behind—over my right shoulder for luck, I no yeou will exqueueze me if I feel a little peart and hifalutin' over what I have done in the last twelve months. The volum, of which this is the last number, contains Three Hundrcd and Eighty-Six pages of printed matter ; thus perpetooating more rale harty good jokes than were ever printed before,—and in these pages there is no less than Eight Hundred picturs of the funniest kind, drawd by the cutest critters at a joke, and engraved by the greatest engravers for whittlin' fun, that the Universal Yankee Nation ever seed.

I know my readers air satisfied by the way they hunger and thirst after the Notions, and the way they increase ; so if they're satisfied I'm just as happy as a clam at hi water, and as proud as a boy with his first pair of what'-dye-call-'ems on.

VOLUM IV

will commence in January, and yeou'd allbettur beleeve that, good as the Notions has been afore, they are going to be a heap bettetur. Mr. Strong has gone to work, like a rale, entur prisin, liberal feller as he is, and got a new lightnin, everlastinggly greased, back action, for'ard drivin, nevur stoppin, un-wear-out-able, steam peowur press; lots o' bran new, copper-bottomed—no, copper-faced—type, expressly to print the Notions with, and has got awl the best writers in the country to write, the best artists to draw, and the best engravers to engrave ; so that you can kalk'late on a purfect harricane of fun in the year 1855, jest as sure as you're alive. With this rime I stop, and sine myself

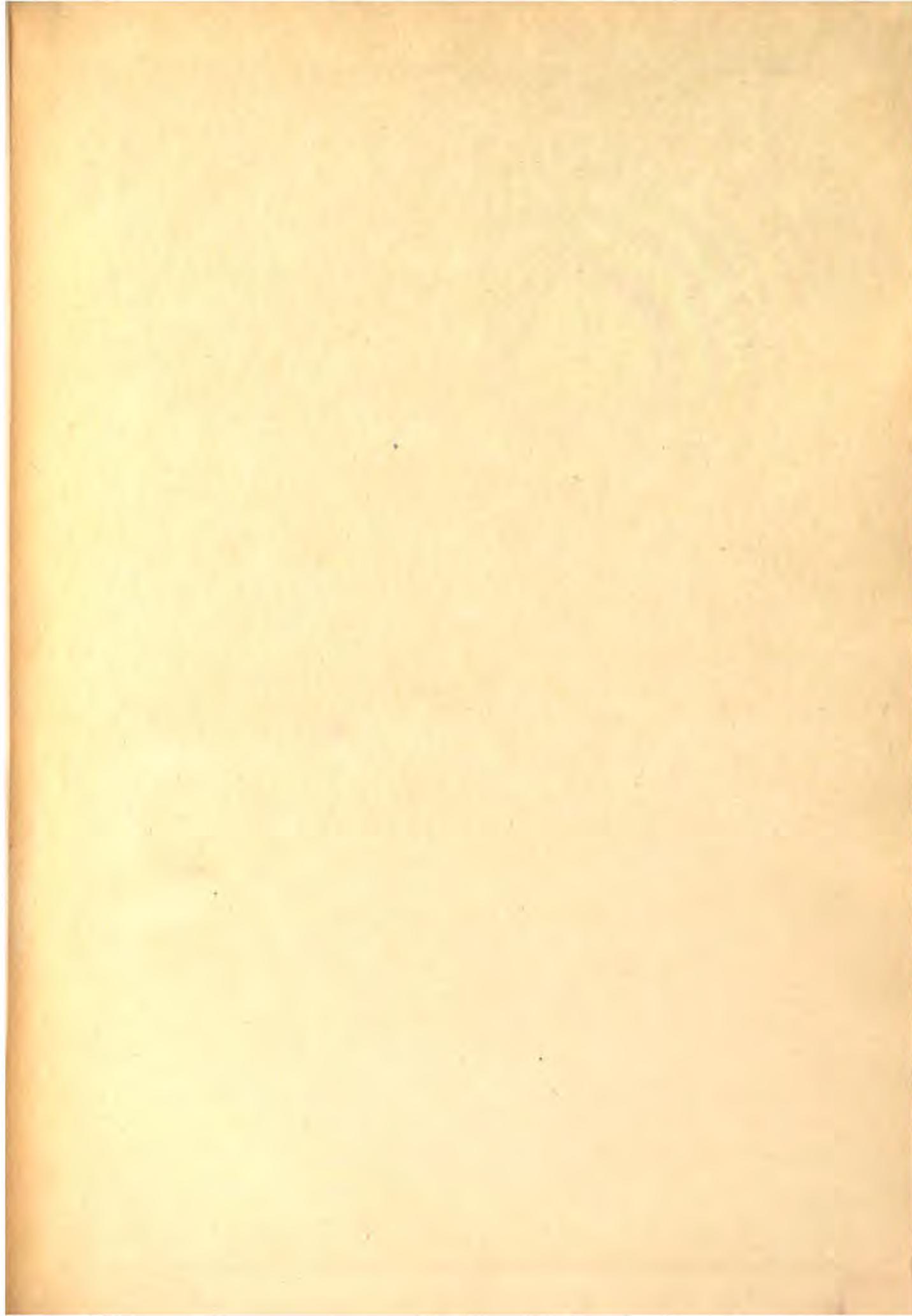
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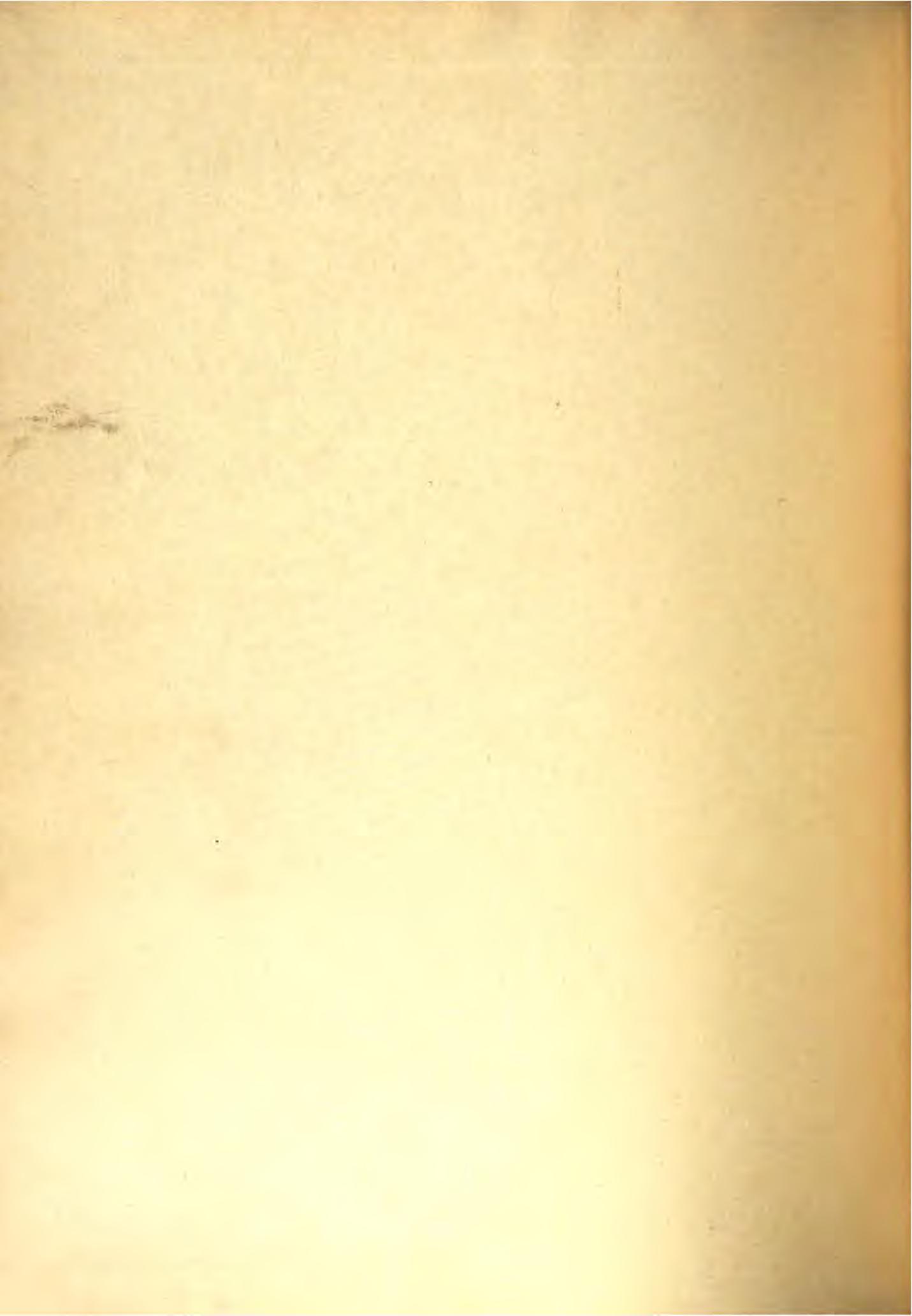
JOATHAN.

" O RESERVOIR," as the French say.



End of Volume III.





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